THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

FEB. 19, 1910 5cts. THE COPY

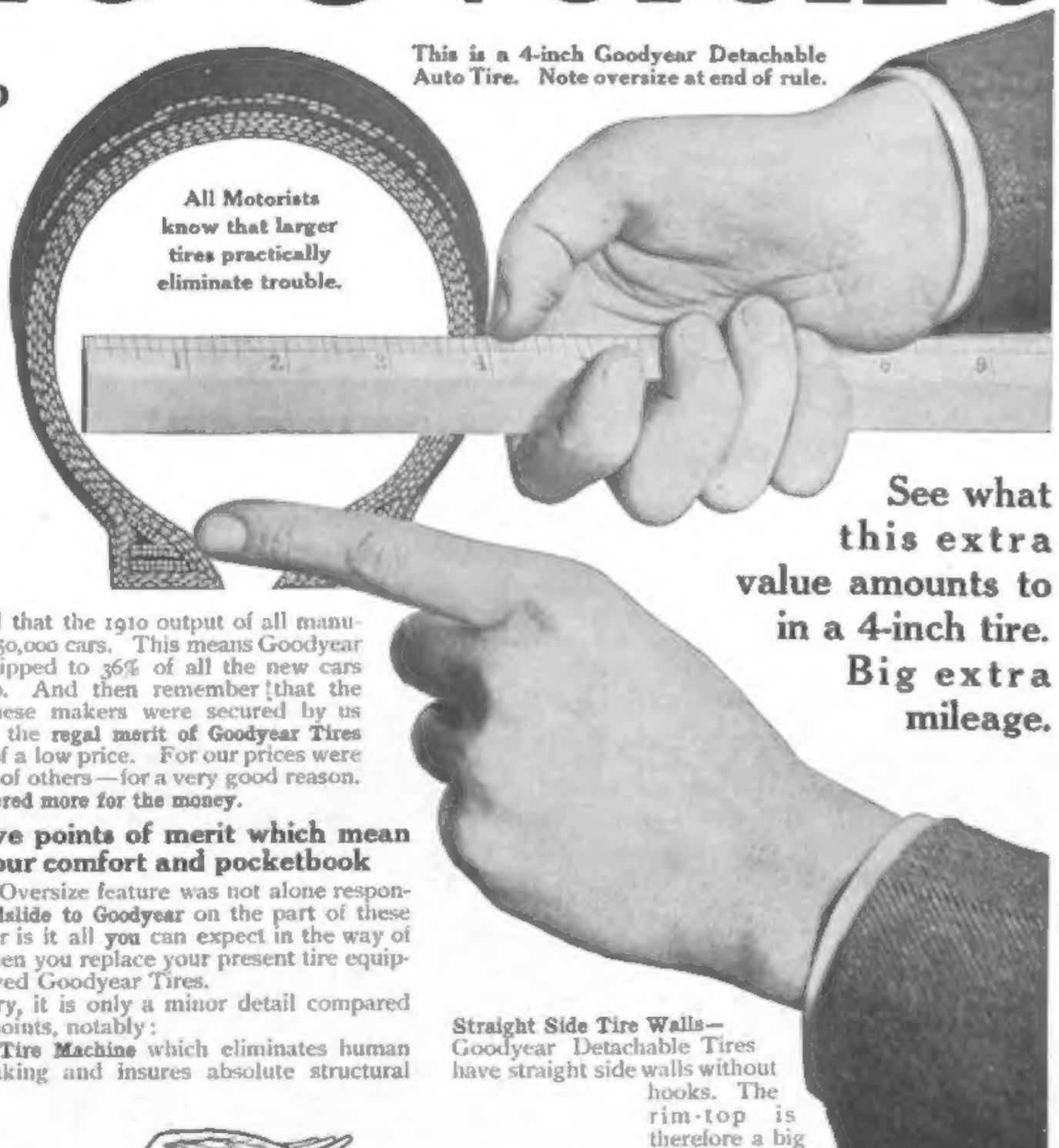
More Than a Million and a Quarter Circulation Weekly

Every Tire Oversize

Each Goodyear Detachable Auto Tire is larger than its rated size.

So you get extra size in addition to extra quality each time you buy a Goodyear Detachable.

This means a most pleasing relief from punctures and blow-outs, for, as all motorists know, big tires mean little trouble.


This is a 4-inch Goodyear Detachable Auto Tire. Note oversize at end of rule.
All Motorists know that larger tires practically eliminate trouble.

See what this extra value amounts to in a 4-inch tire. Big extra mileage.

All things being equal, tire mileage is wonderfully increased and troubles correspondingly reduced by using larger tires. Most motorists have now found this out.

They have likewise discovered that tires of the size used on most automobiles are carrying every pound of weight they were ever expected to carry, when a normal load of passengers of average weight is carried in a "stripped" car, and that the addition of top, glass front, searchlights, gas tank, extra tires, extra tools—or any one of the little extras that the up-to-date motorist likes to carry for comfort or convenience, overload the tires to just that extent.

In other words, if we compare your tires to a steam boiler, you are carrying (because of these accessories) from 300 to 400 lbs. of steam in a boiler tested to 200 lbs. and never intended to withstand a higher pressure. The result is the same in either case—a "blow-up" sooner or later.

These points are recognized as **facts** by every motorist of experience. The remedy is, of course, **larger tires.** In Goodyear Detachable Tires you secure this trouble and money saving **extra size.**

Because each Goodyear Detachable Auto Tire is larger than any other automobile tire in the market sold for the same size.

Which means if a set of tires of any other maker will safely carry 2,000 lbs., Goodyear Tires of the **same size** will with equal safety carry more.

But even if your tires are ample for their load—even if the accessories you have added have not weighted them to the limit of their endurance—think what this extra size means to you as a **"margin of safety."**

Every bit of the material used in the car you drive has a "margin of safety" of 5 to 7—that is, it must be capable of withstanding a strain from 5 to 7 times greater than it will **ever be subjected to in use.** Tires alone are expected to work to the **limit of their resistance.** When you overload them there is no "margin of safety." It has been exceeded. You are taking chances every minute you drive.

Because of this Oversize feature and the other Trouble-Saving and Extra-Service-Giving features to be found only in Goodyear Tires, we have been awarded contracts from 44 automobile manufacturers to equip their 1910 cars. The contracts total up to **the greatest number of tires ever ordered from a single tire maker in the history of the automobile industry.**

Read this list of representative cars under contract to use 216,000 Goodyear Tires for 1910. Nearly all the admittedly **best cars in the country** are on this list. Think what a unanimous acknowledgment of Goodyear supremacy:

American Locomotive Co.
American Motor Car Co.
Austin Automobile Co.
Babcock Electric Carriage Co.
Bartholomew Co.
B. C. K. Motor Car Co.
Buick Motor Co.
Cadillac Motor Car Co.
Cartercar Co.
Clark Motor Car Co.
Columbia Motor Car Co.
Columbus Buggy Co.
Corbin Motor Vehicle Corp.
Crawford Automobile Co.
Crow Motor Car Co.
Croxton-Keeton Motor Co.
Demotcar Co.
Elkhart Carriage & Harness Co.
Elmore Manufacturing Co.
Fuller Buggy Co.
Great Western Automobile Co.
Indiana Motor & Mfg. Co.
Jackson Automobile Co.
Kissel Motor Car Co.
Marion Motor Car Co.
Maytag-Mason Motor Co.
Metz Co.
Mitchell Motor Car Co.
Oakland Motor Car Co.
Ohio Motor Car Co.
Olds Motor Works
Overland Automobile Co.
Packard Motor Car Co.
Peerless Motor Car Co.
Pierce Motor Co.
Pope Manufacturing Co.
Simplex Motor Car Co.
Speedwell Motor Car Co.
Starr Motor Car Co.
Stevens-Duryea Co.
Waverley Co.
Welch Co. of Detroit.
White Star Automobile Co.
York Motor Car Co.

It is estimated that the 1910 output of all manufacturers will be 150,000 cars. This means Goodyear Tires will be equipped to 36% of all the new cars made during 1910. And then remember that the contracts from these makers were secured by us solely because of the **regal merit of Goodyear Tires** and not because of a low price. For our prices were higher than those of others—for a very good reason. **Goodyear Tires offered more for the money.**

Other exclusive points of merit which mean much to your comfort and pocketbook

Of course the Oversize feature was not alone responsible for this **Landslide to Goodyear** on the part of these manufacturers, nor is it all **you** can expect in the way of **exclusive merit** when you replace your present tire equipment with long-lived Goodyear Tires.

On the contrary, it is only a minor detail compared with some other points, notably:

The Goodyear Tire Machine which eliminates human frailty in tire making and insures absolute structural perfection in every Goodyear Tire manufactured. . Every Goodyear Tire will now be exactly like every other Goodyear Tire of the same size and kind—and with conditions the same will give the same mileage.

The Goodyear Double Vulcanizing Process—All Goodyear Tires are cured by a combination of the "Moulded" and "Wrapped Tread" processes, one or the other of which (but not both) are being used by all other makers. Goodyear Tires are half-cured in an iron mould on an iron core, as in the former process. This generates a tremendous **squeeze** which welds rubber and fabric into an inseparable unit. The iron core is then replaced by an air bag (heavy inner tube) and the outside tightly wrapped with tape as in the latter process, when the curing is complete. The play of the air in the air bag and the give of the tape smoothes out any ridges or wrinkles inside the tire which may have resulted from the **squeeze** mentioned above, and which, if left, would wear into a blow-out spot, as a ridge in your sock will wear a blister on your foot. This makes certain that the structural perfection secured by means of the Goodyear Tire machine is not lost in the curing.

These two steps combined make certain that each Goodyear Tire will give thousands of miles of service, if not ridden soft or otherwise abused.

Straight Side Tire Walls—Goodyear Detachable Tires have straight side walls without hooks. The rim-top is therefore a big round surface instead of the sharp edge of the clincher-type rim. So Goodyear Detachable Tires can NEVER RIM-CUT even though necessity compels you to ride a tire absolutely flat for a considerable distance.

The Tape of Piano Wire in the base or feet of each tire, which shortens with inflation until the tire grips the rim so tightly that it can never creep, even though but partially inflated. No tire bolts need be used.

These are but a few of the exclusive patented features of Goodyear Tires which are of vital interest to every tire user, as they **save trouble and expense and insure such unheard of mileage that users who have once ridden Goodyear Tires can never be induced to use any other kind.**

All these are described in detail in our fully illustrated book "How to Select an Auto Tire," which in revised form is now ready for distribution. It is filled from cover to cover with general information of such vital importance to an auto tire user that it will actually **lose a man money** if he does not send for it and profit thereby. It should be in the library of every motorist for ready reference. Use the coupon and this valuable book will be sent you **free.**

SEND TODAY for Free Book "How to Select an Auto Tire." Worth its weight in gold to the motorist with no money to throw away.

Name.....

Address.....

A GIFT—If you own a car, give name and number, and we'll include our "Dictionary for Tired People"—64 pages of wit, facetiousness and satire—the hit of the season. Otherwise send 10c silver.

Name of Car..... *No.*.....

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GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., Seneca St., Akron, O.

GOODYEAR Tires

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Seneca Street, Akron, Ohio

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The Only Accurate and Reliable Speed Indicator

That is the high rank conceded to the Warner Auto-Meter by the motoring world at large.

In every important speed contest, in every test, on every occasion where accuracy and reliability are essential, the Auto-Meter is used as a matter of course.

There are two main reasons for this acknowledged supremacy. The first lies in the principle on which it is made —that of magnetic induction. Years of experiment have demonstrated this to be the only absolutely dependable means of speed indication—unvarying under whatever stress of usage or wear.

Model "M" The Most Popular Type

The Warner Auto-Meter

The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators

The other reason for the supremacy of the Auto-Meter lies in the ***manner*** of its construction. No expense is spared in material or in workmanship.

Price has never been a factor in the Auto-Meter.

In fact, so little has price been considered that the phrase "it's cheaper than the Auto-Meter" may almost be said to be the slogan of competition.

Our aim has not been to make a speed indicator to sell as cheaply as we could, but to build a ***perfect*** speed indicator and sell it at the lowest price possible for perfection.

The Auto-Meter is not "nearly always right" or "always nearly right," but ***always all right.***

It is built with exactly the same care, the same attention to detail, the same regard for accuracy and dependability, as a high-grade watch.

We issue a very interesting booklet which discusses in detail the origin, development and utility of speed indicators.

A copy will cheerfully be sent you free, on request.

One Operation in Auto-Meter Construction—Illustrated

There are Many Others of Equal Delicacy

Adjusting the Speed Disc—This is an operation of great delicacy. The pivot hole is bored exactly in the center and exactly at right angles by a special machine. Another special machine forces the pivot through the hole until the exact center of the pivot comes in the center of the disc. The pivot is then put in a trial frame and the disc revolved. It is first "tested for center." If it "runs out" or is eccentric to the pivot more than 1-1000 inch it is not considered fit for use.

The disc is next "trued" until it shows not the slightest "wobble" when turned rapidly. Here 1-1000 inch is again the standard.

To appreciate what this means it must be remembered that 1-1000 inch is about *half the diameter of an average human hair.*

The indicating scale is now put on and the disc is balanced. This is a delicate operation, performed with the aid of one of the many devices that show almost as much study and ingenuity as the Auto-Meter itself. The disc is supported at right angles to its normal position on very delicate bearings, so as to leave it quite free to turn if one side is heavier than the other. If it moves from any position it may be placed in, it is re-adjusted until it will balance in that position. To overcome the last remnant of friction and allow absolute freedom of motion, the bearings are trembled by a tiny electric hammer in the base of the device, controlled by a push-button. The disc is balanced in six positions until it will not turn from any one of them when the hammer is started.

It is a delicate process and a tedious one, but is simply another painstaking step toward the supreme accuracy and reliability which is found in the Auto-Meter.

The Warner Instrument Co. Factory and Main Offices: 770 Wheeler Street, Beloit, Wis.

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NEW YORK, 1902 Broadway
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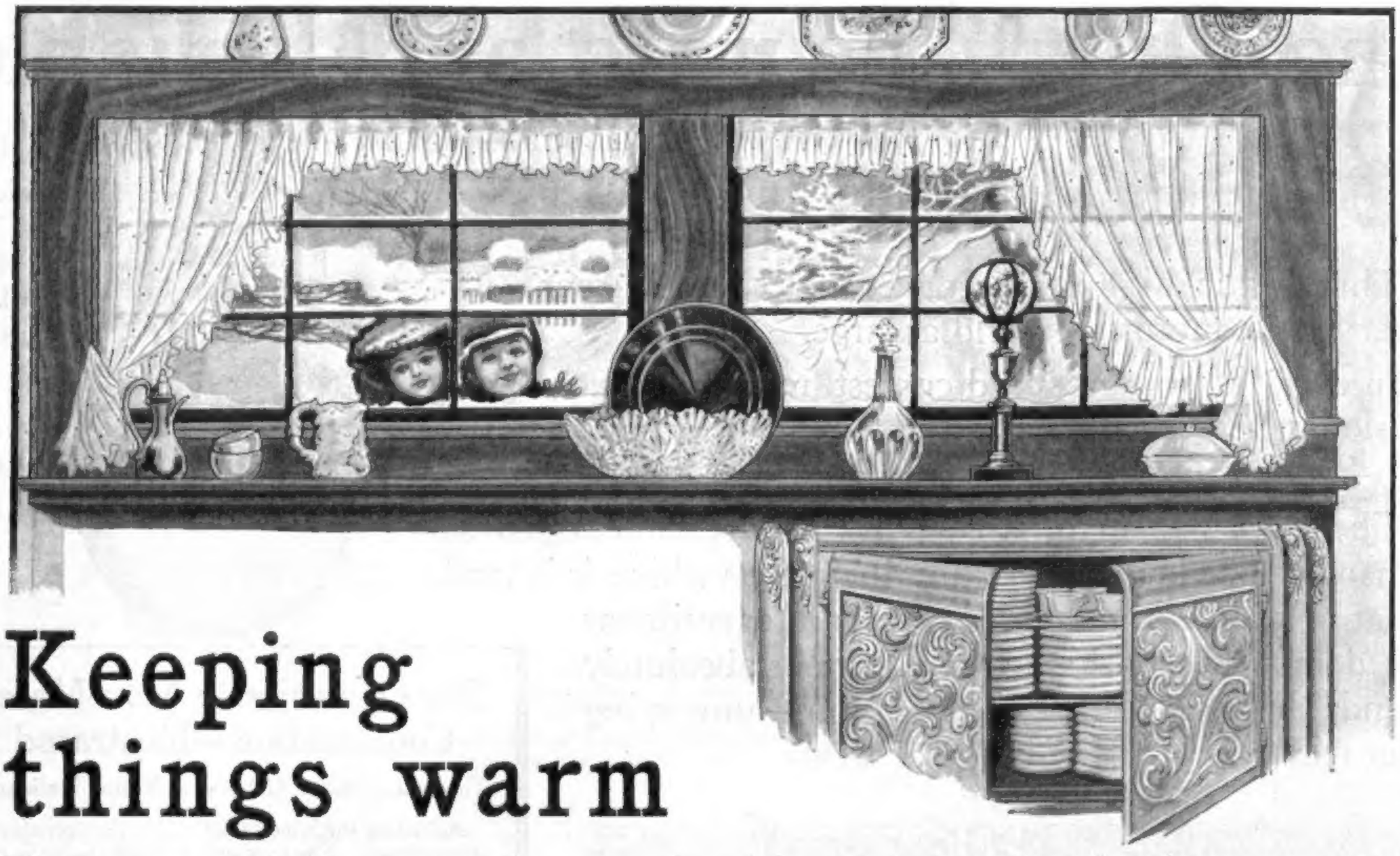
PITTSBURG, 3432 Forbes St.
SAN FRANCISCO, 36-38 Van Ness Ave.
SEATTLE, 611 E. Pike St.
ST. LOUIS, 3923 Olive St.

(46)



Keeping things warm

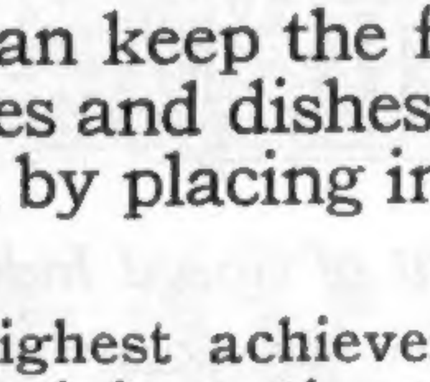
If someone is late to the meal, you can keep the food warm, or you can keep nice and hot those plates and dishes that must be served so, to be tasteful and relishable, by placing in your dining-room one of our oven-radiators.

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS are the highest achievement in house-warming and domestic economy. IDEAL Boilers save the cost of the entire outfit in a few years and AMERICAN Radiators distribute Florida weather throughout the house. Anyone can care for an IDEAL Boiler.

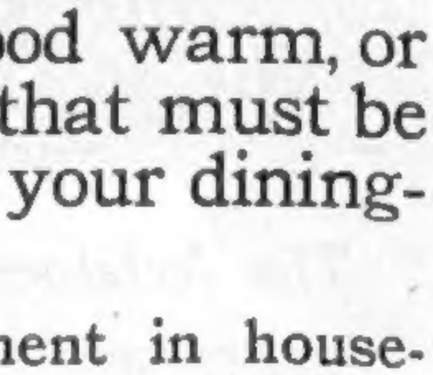
It is automatic and *absolutely safe*. AMERICAN Radiators supply a gentle warmth without the dust and dirt of hot-air furnace, stove, or open fire. They are designed as a part of the general scheme of home comfort, economy, and beauty and so made as to collect no dust. The oven-radiator is but one of many kinds designed to add comfort to the home and decrease labor.

ADVANTAGE 16: Air must be supplied under the grate to the fuel in the fire-pot, in addition to a proper amount through the fire-door slide over the top or face of the fire to mix with the flame and free fuel-gases, and thus to cause good, sharp, complete combustion. In proportion as the right amount of air is supplied, at right points, the right economy in fuel is secured. The air-burning features of IDEAL Boilers are as fully developed as in the highest forms of modern gas and oil burners. Ask for our free catalog, "Ideal Heating," which tells *all the advantages*.

Do not wait to build a new home, but enjoy comfort and content in the present one. No tearing up nor disturbing occupants or old heating equipment. Sizes for all classes of buildings—smallest to largest—in town or country. Our *free* book, "Ideal Heating Investments," tells much that it will pay you well to know. Write us today kind and size of building you wish to heat. *Prices are now most favorable.*



A No. 17-3-W IDEAL Boiler and 300 feet of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $150, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.



A No. 3-22 IDEAL Boiler and 400 feet of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $205, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.

At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write to Dept. 8

282-286 Michigan Avenue, Chicago

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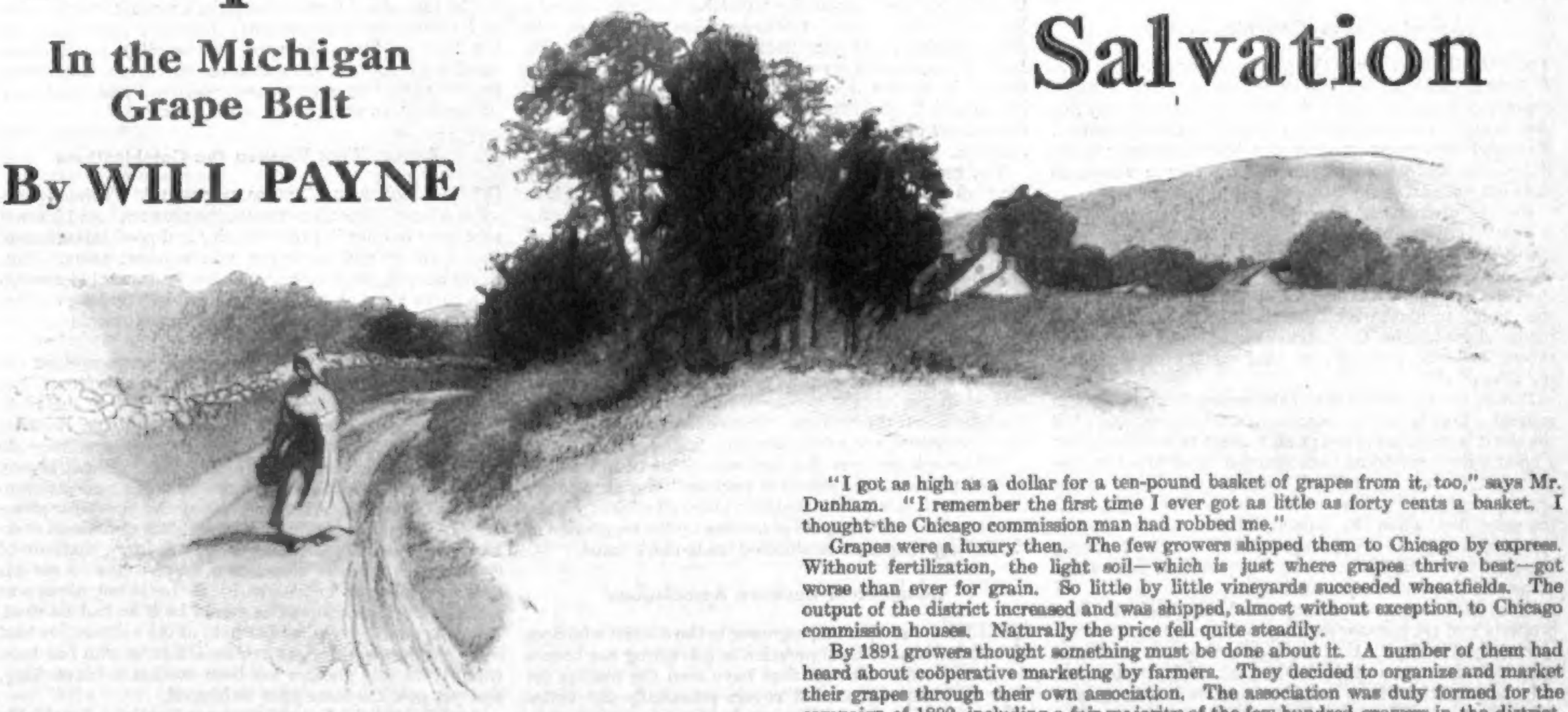
Coöperation: the Small Man's Salvation

In the Michigan Grape Belt

By WILL PAYNE



IT WAS colder than usual at Lawton, Michigan, the twenty-ninth of last December. Will Nelson, living a mile north of town, said his thermometer registered two degrees below zero at five o'clock—which is about the time the winter day begins for busy people thereabouts. Snow lay a foot deep on the level and made little heaps on the soldier's monument next the red-brick, church-like town hall, so that the stone effigy of the volunteer, with his musket at parade rest, seemed to have changed its cap for a conical hat.

A group of farmers in thick coats and felt boots trampled the snow in front of the town hall before the whistle of the grape-juice factory blew one o'clock. Inside the hall others stood about gossiping and absorbing the heat of the furnace. Directly the whistle blew, the crowd increased. By ten minutes after one every seat in the hall was occupied, and later comers presently packed the standing-room between the last row of seats and the door. Mostly they were men from the fields, clad and muffled for winter driving, with weather-beaten faces; but there were some townfolk. There were over four hundred of them altogether.

They were grape-growers, meeting to see if they couldn't get up a stronger organization for the coöperative marketing of their produce—something that literally hundreds of thousands of farmers all over the United States are now doing, or trying to do. At almost the same time, and for the same purpose, there were big state conventions of grain-growers at Minneapolis, Des Moines, Sioux Falls, Lincoln, Nebraska, and in Illinois; of peach-growers in Georgia. Following California's lead, Florida fruit-growers are organizing. Southern cotton-growers are hard at work to the same end. After a hundred years of talk, coöperation among farmers is becoming a fact.

How the Grape-Growers Got Together

THE Lawton meeting was slow in getting started. Calls for nominations of chairman and secretary were followed by a modest silence, while the audience contemplated the Italian villa painted on the back drop of the stage—for the town hall is occasionally used as a theater. A table and two chairs had been placed on the stage; but Chairman Stanton and Secretary Pugsley hastily lifted them down to the floor of the hall. One could see they didn't relish setting themselves up conspicuously on the stage. In short, there seemed to be no self-seeking here, nobody wished to put himself forward; while the lapses and hesitations which marked the early proceedings showed that these men were not habituated to working in an organization.

The effort to organize the grape-growers, however, dates back at least seventeen years, and already has been successful to a considerable degree.

In the early days this pleasant rolling district about Lawton—which is a hundred and twenty-five miles northeast from Chicago and about thirty miles east from the Lake Michigan shore—was altogether a grain country; but the light, sandy soil of the uplands is not well adapted to grain. Just about forty years ago an adventurous farmer set out a few acres to grapes. The vines throve and are still bearing. Gradually a number of neighbors followed the example. Carey Dunham planted his first vineyard thirty-four years ago.

"I got as high as a dollar for a ten-pound basket of grapes from it, too," says Mr. Dunham. "I remember the first time I ever got as little as forty cents a basket. I thought the Chicago commission man had robbed me."

Grapes were a luxury then. The few growers shipped them to Chicago by express. Without fertilization, the light soil—which is just where grapes thrive best—got worse than ever for grain. So little by little vineyards succeeded wheatfields. The output of the district increased and was shipped, almost without exception, to Chicago commission houses. Naturally the price fell quite steadily.

By 1891 growers thought something must be done about it. A number of them had heard about coöperative marketing by farmers. They decided to organize and market their grapes through their own association. The association was duly formed for the campaign of 1892, including a fair majority of the few hundred growers in the district. Men who were interested in it think it should have succeeded; but, in fact, it lasted only a single year.

They were shipping grapes by freight then, perforce; but they did not use refrigerator cars. The managers of the association, alive to the disadvantage of dumping nearly the whole output into Chicago, were anxious to open other markets. They shipped several carloads, in ordinary box cars, to Kansas City. Unfortunately, the shipment was delayed and the grapes spoiled. The loss fell upon the association, and so disgusted a majority of its members that they abandoned coöperation then and there.

The history of coöperation among farmers has been nearly the same all over the United States. It is hard to get them to coöperate and pretty easy to get them to stop it. After the bad luck of 1892 there was no further organization among the Michigan fruit-growers for six years. Then it was simply forced upon them, for conditions had radically changed.

How the Buyers Kept Prices Down

FOR many years after grapes had been profitably grown about Lawton, the culture of the vine was practically confined to that immediate neighborhood, although nearby places had the same conditions of soil and climate. Around Paw Paw, only four miles away, for example, the farmers still stuck almost altogether to grain. The upland soil was not well adapted to it at best, and continual cropping without fertilizing had put it much below its best. Nevertheless, the farmers could manage to make a living by raising grain—and until of late it has been rather generally true that if farmers could manage to make a living doing the thing they were accustomed to, it was necessary to explode a bomb under them to get them to do anything else.

Then came the panic of 1893 and the hard times following—with wheat down to fifty cents a bushel; corn and oats below twenty cents. It seemed there was no longer even a living in raising grain on sandy land. So Paw Paw and nearby localities began going in for grapes.

The selling was done on a strictly individual competitive basis, the fruit being shipped to commission houses in Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis and some other cities. As the output of the district rose, Michigan grapes made an item worth going after, and the commission houses began sending their own buyers into the field—to Lawton and Paw Paw. By 1896-97 a dozen or fifteen houses were thus represented by buyers on the spot, who bought the grapes on the wagon as they were hauled into town and paid cash for them.

Here, it seemed, was the competitive system in its full flower, operating for the benefit of the growers. Here were several independent buyers, with cash in their hands, bidding against one another and thus insuring the farmer the highest price for his fruit that the market would bear. But, alas, these commission men knew very well that competitive buying was no better for them than competitive selling was for the farmer. The buyers used to get quietly together and agree upon the maximum price which they would pay during the day. Farmers say that the only real competition among them was to see how many baskets they could get below the maximum price.

"Well, sir," said a veteran grower, slapping his leg in appreciation of the joke, "we used to think we could beat their game. You see, some of us bright fellows noticed that pretty often, along about five o'clock, a buyer would have his car almost full; he'd need just a load or two to fill it up. He couldn't afford to hold it, or to ship it part empty, so he'd bid up maybe two or three cents to get the last load or two. Us bright fellows noticed that, so we took to holding back our loads until late in the afternoon, thinking the buyers would bid up for 'em. You can guess how it worked out. Along about five o'clock the buyers would be offered more bright fellows' grapes than they could handle. Of course, we couldn't afford to haul our grapes back home and keep 'em till next day. We had to sell 'em—and we did, at the buyer's figure. Often I've seen the farmers haul in big loads by ten o'clock and hang around till five, losing nearly a whole day for themselves and their teams, and then getting no more for their grapes than they could have got in the morning, or not even as much."

Associations *vs.* Commission Men

IN THESE hard times the prices of grapes might have been low with the best marketing organization. With no organization at all the price dropped at periods to only five and six cents a basket—which spelled ruin plainly enough. Men said that grape-growing had been overdone; there was no market for so big an output. Some vineyards were left uncultivated. Some were grubbed up.

But the district had been forced to abandon grain. If it were forced to abandon fruit—what next? There were men who believed that grapes could be grown with profit and market found for all the district could produce; that the fatal trouble lay in lack of organization. If growers were going to hand over their produce for whatever the buyers chose to offer, they argued, what could be expected except the lowest possible price that would keep the industry alive at all?

It may be mentioned here that among fruit-growers in general a firm belief that commission men are possessed of the devil is quite prevalent; and it must be admitted that a great many individual instances can be adduced in support of that view. But if half a dozen commission houses at a particular point receive half a dozen cars of grapes on the same day, when the capacity of that market is only two cars a day, the real responsibility for the resulting loss rests upon the farmers who dumped their fruit there rather than upon the commission men.

Fresh, ripe grapes are a very perishable product. In a properly iced refrigerator car they will "stand up" twenty to twenty-five days; but the sooner they are marketed after they leave the vines the better. Delay means not only deterioration of the fruit, but ruinous demurrage and icing charges. When the fruit reaches its destination, therefore, it must be disposed of promptly—if not at one price, then at another. With the best intentions in the world, a commission man could not avoid loss on fruit in a heavily overstocked market.

Not in blaming the commission houses, then, but in coöperative selling thoughtful men among the grape-growers saw salvation for the hard-pressed district. Starting at Lawton, with some of the same men who had engineered the brief experiment of 1892, a new organization with the name Southern Michigan Fruit Association was formed in 1898.

Nominally, the association sells one share of capital stock, at five dollars, to each member; but the five dollars may really be considered a membership fee. Except to provide its small frame offices and big scales at Lawton, Paw Paw, Mattawan and other shipping points in the district, the association needs little capital. Each member agrees to market his fruit through the association. He delivers his grapes, by the wagon-load, directly to the refrigerator car on a sidetrack—whence it will start to its destination that evening—and gets a receipt for so many baskets. The association does the rest.

It sees that enough refrigerator cars are on hand to take care of that day's receipts, and it aims to see that only sound, ripe, properly-packed fruit is put into the car. But its big work is in marketing. No longer are Michigan grapes sent to commission houses on consignment, to be sold for whatever they will fetch—perhaps in a market that has received twice as much fruit that day as it can absorb. The association sells outright and direct to fruit-jobbers upon a positive telegraphic order from the jobber, at a stipulated price. Moreover, it sells "free on board" at Lawton.

By this method the fruit is distributed direct from the growing district to the point of consumption—or to the central market nearest that point. As the buyer has positively ordered the fruit, the risk of an overstocked market is up to him. Last fall, for example, Michigan grapes were sold in car lots as far east as Providence, Rhode Island, and Newark, New Jersey; as far west as Spokane; as far north as Duluth; as far south as Mobile. Minnesota and the Dakotas are a fine market; Oklahoma has developed a long tooth for grapes; Colorado takes many cars. In short, the fruit now goes pretty nearly over the country. During the shipping season the association is in touch constantly by wire with scores of market points East, West, North and South, offering the fruit and receiving bids. Sometimes of a morning over a hundred telegrams are sent out.

The terms of sale are cash. As soon as returns are received for all the grapes that were shipped on a given day, the amount is pooled and divided among the members according to the number of baskets they delivered that day. Thus each member gets the same price for grapes delivered on the same day. For various reasons this is found more satisfactory than trying to pool the price of each car, or for the whole season. In dividing the money, however, ten per cent is held back until the close of the season, when the expenses are deducted and the remainder disbursed. Some years expenses have been as high as six per cent; others as low as four. Five per cent has been about the average. This covers pay of the manager and agents, and all other expenses.

The association sees that the baskets are of full weight—eight pounds is the standard package—and aims to see that the fruit is in prime condition and well packed. This, of course, is for the purpose of holding up the reputation of the fruit, giving it an established trade-mark value.

Competition Between Associations

THERE is hardly a grape-grower in the district who does not feel that this coöperation in marketing has been a decided benefit. The growers have seen the market for their fruit expand until it covers practically the entire country. They know they get better prices than they could hope to receive if every grower sold independently. By marketing through an association, which urges that the fruit be in first-class condition and properly packed, the reputation of the grapes has been advanced.

But after the Southern Michigan Fruit Association had been in operation a year there was a change of managers—the present incumbent, Mr. Dunham, being elected. The former manager, Mr. Benway, then organized the Michigan Fruit Exchange on rather similar lines, with headquarters at Lawton. Paw Paw had become an important shipping point, and Mr. Wildey and others organized the Paw Paw Fruit Growers' Union, with headquarters at that town. Since then, three or four little associations, sometimes including only a dozen members, have sprung up.

Thus there are three large and as many little unions, each operating in complete independence of the others. The inevitable result is to keep up that competitive selling which the farmers wished to avoid. One organization, for example, discovered a good market in Oklahoma. Another association learned of it and at once began offering grapes there in competition with the first, often underbidding it.

Here is a letter to one association from a fruit-jobber in the Dakotas:

Your telegraphic offer of grapes this day was not accepted by us for the reason that another association offered us grapes at a cent and a half a basket below the price quoted by you. This is the same article, shipped from the same point, on the same day. We do not understand this difference in price. Our business with you has been satisfactory, but we feel that you should give us the benefit of best price ruling at your point.

Here is another from Minnesota:

We are remitting herewith at the rate of twenty cents a basket for car of grapes purchased from you. Your offer was twenty-two cents, which we accepted by wire. But later in the same day we were offered the same grapes at twenty cents a basket. As we have done considerable business with you, we suppose you intend to protect us. Of course we cannot hold our trade if competitors are able to buy the same grapes two cents a basket lower than we.

The files of the larger associations contain many letters and telegrams of the same sort. Now, it is clear to most of the farmers that whenever one association underbids another the growers as a whole lose money, for they do not get the price they might have received if there had been no competition among the associations.

Factors That Weaken the Combinations

THE associations, of course, are mutual. Their only reason for existence is to benefit the growers. And it is not necessary to question the sincerity and good intentions of the directors and managers who conduct them. But, being human, each manager naturally wants his association to do as much business as possible. So long as they are in an attitude of competition, one toward another, they are bound to compete.

That this rivalry among the associations tends, on the whole, to lower prices seems clear. It tends also to weaken an association's power of discipline over its members. It is true the associations insist as strongly as they can that only prime, well-packed fruit be shipped, and they do refuse fruit which is very decidedly unfit. But it is easy for a farmer to shift his allegiance from one association to another. At most, he has only to pay the five-dollar membership fee, and it is said that even this is sometimes overlooked. Naturally a manager who is in an attitude of rivalry with another association doesn't like to see his members go over to his rival. So he is not always as strict in his inspection as he would be if he had no rival. And this tends to weaken the hold of the coöperative idea upon the farmers, for sometimes a farmer who has been careful sees that another has been careless in his packing, and yet gets the same price as himself.

Again, three rival associations are hardly as formidable to a tricky buyer as a single monopolistic association.

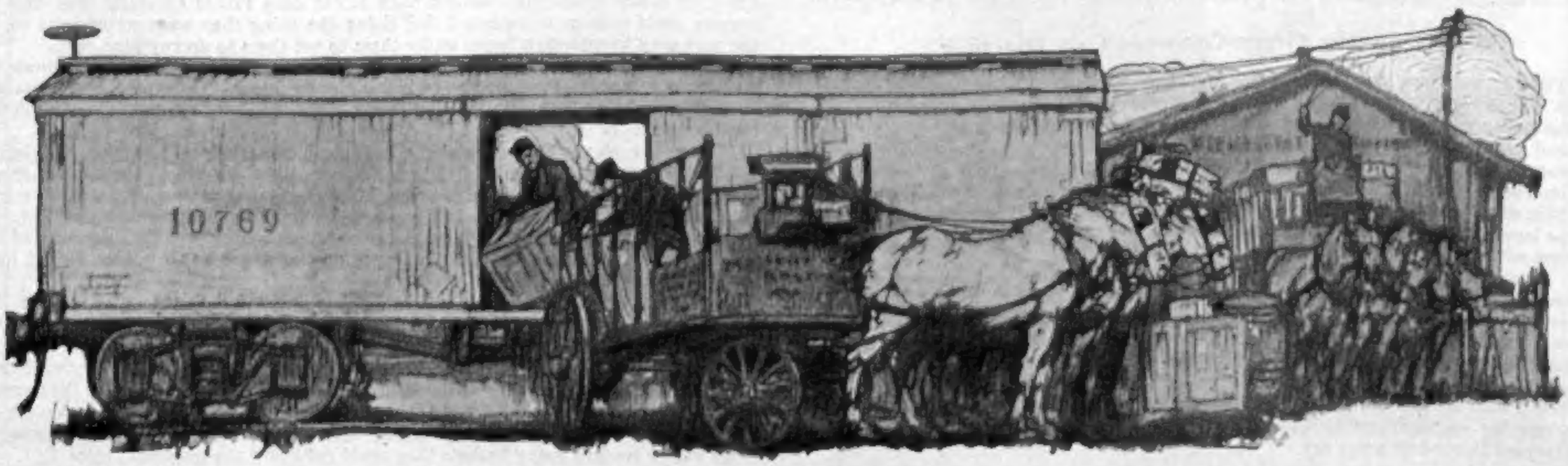
To illustrate this, take the case of a fruit-jobbing house which we will call Smith, Jones & Co., of Paulapolis, Wisconsin. The house makes a tempting bid for a car of grapes f. o. b. Lawton or Paw Paw. The manager of the association wants to sell the fruit at that price, but is somewhat dubious about Smith, Jones & Co. So he attaches a bill of lading for the car to a sight-draft upon Smith, Jones & Co. for four hundred dollars, the stipulated price, and has his bank send the draft to Paulapolis. Smith, Jones & Co. must pay the draft before they get the bill of lading, and they must have the bill of lading before they take possession of the car.

The car arrives and Smith, Jones & Co. wire:

Car here; inspection shows fruit badly damaged; about one-fourth spoiled. Instruct bank to reduce draft by one hundred dollars and we will pay same. Otherwise car remains subject to your order.

The manager thus has a car of perishable fruit at Paulapolis where demurrage and icing charges are rapidly

(Continued on Page 37)



MAKING OVER MILTON

The Regeneration of a Lowlife—By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

I

"TAKE it from me, Mr. Zwiebel, that boy would never amount to nothing," said Levy Rothman, as they sat in the rear room of Wasserbauer's café and restaurant.

"You are mistaken, Mr. Rothman," Charles Zwiebel replied; "the boy is only a little wild, y'understand, and if I could get him to settle down and learn a business, Mr. Rothman, he would settle down. After all, Mr. Rothman, he is only a boy, y'understand."

"I'll Make You Sweat for This!"

"At twenty-one," Rothman replied, "a boy ain't a boy no longer, Mr. Zwiebel. Either he is a man or he is a loafer, y'understand."

"The boy ain't no loafer, Mr. Rothman. He's got a good heart, Mr. Rothman, and he is honest like the day. That boy wouldn't dream of taking no money from the cash drawer, Mr. Rothman, without he would tell me all about it afterward. That's the kind of boy he is, Mr. Rothman; and certainly Mrs. Zwiebel she thinks a whole lot of him, too. Not that he doesn't think a whole lot of her, Mr. Rothman. Yes, Mr. Rothman, that boy thinks a whole lot of his mother. If he would stay out all night he always says to her the next morning, 'Mommer, you shouldn't worry about me, because I could always take care of myself,' and I bet yer that boy could take care of himself, too, Mr. Rothman. I seen that boy sit in a game with such sharks like Moe Rabiner and Marks Pasinsky, and them fellers couldn't do nothing with him. Yes, Mr. Rothman, that boy is a natural-born pinocle player."

"Might you think that a recommendation, maybe?" Rothman exclaimed.

"Well, Mr. Rothman, my brother Sol, *selig*, used to say, 'Show me a good pinocle player and I will show you a natural-born salesman.'"

"Yes, Mr. Zwiebel," Rothman retorted, "and show me a salesman what is a good pinocle player, Mr. Zwiebel, and I will also show you a feller what fools away his time and sells the firm's samples. No, Mr. Zwiebel, if I would take your boy in my place I certainly wouldn't take him because he is a good pinocle player. Ain't he got no other recommendation, Mr. Zwiebel?"

"Well, certainly, everybody what that boy worked for, Mr. Rothman, couldn't say enough about him," Mr. Zwiebel said enigmatically; "but anyhow, what's the use talking, Mr. Rothman? I got this proposition to make you. Take the boy into your place and learn him the business, and all you would got to pay him is five dollars a week. Myself I will put ten to it, and you could pay him fifteen, and the boy wouldn't got to know nothing about it."

"I wouldn't give him five dollars a week or five cents, neither," Mr. Rothman answered in tones of finality. "Because I don't need nobody in my place at present, and if I would need somebody I would hire it a feller what knows the business. I got lots of experience with new beginners already, Mr. Zwiebel, and I always lost money by 'em."

Mr. Zwiebel received this ultimatum in so crestfallen a manner that Rothman's flinty heart was touched.

"Lookyhere, Mr. Zwiebel," he said, "I got a boy, too, only, *Gott sei dank*, the young feller ain't a loafer, y'understand. He's now in his third year in law school, and I never had a bit of trouble with that boy. Because I don't want you to feel bad, Mr. Zwiebel, but if I do say it myself, that boy is a good boy, y'understand; none better, Mr. Zwiebel. I don't care where you would go. That boy comes home, y'understand, every night, y'understand, except the night when he goes to lodge meeting, and he takes down his books and learns it till his mommer's got to say to him: 'Ferdy, *lieben*, you would ruin your eyes.' That boy is only twenty-three, Mr. Zwiebel, and already he is way up in the I. O. M. A. They give that young feller full charge for their annual ball two years already, and ——"

"Excuse me, Mr. Rothman," Zwiebel broke in. "I got to get back to my business, and so, therefore, I want to make you a final proposition. Take the boy into your place and I would give you each week fifteen dollars you should pay him for his wages."

"I wouldn't positively do nothing of the kind," Rothman cried.

"And"—Mr. Zwiebel said as though he were merely extending his remark instead of voicing an idea that had just occurred to him—"And I will invest in your business two thousand dollars which you would only pay me savings-bank interest."

Rothman's eyes glittered, but he only laughed by way of reply.

"Ain't that a fair proposition?"

"You must think I need money bad in my business," Rothman commented.

"Every man in the cloak and suit business needs money this year, Rothman," said Zwiebel, who was in the cigar business. His specialty was the manufacture of cigars for the entertainment of cloak and suit customers, and his own financial affairs accurately reflected conditions in the woman's outer garment trade. For instance, when cloak buyers are anxious to buy goods the frugal manufacturer withholds his hospitality; but if the demand for cloaks is slack, then M to Z customers are occasionally regaled with cigars from the "gilt-edged" box. This season Zwiebel was selling more and better cigars than for many years past, and he made his deductions accordingly.

"Yes, Mr. Rothman," Zwiebel concluded, "there's plenty cloak and suit men would be glad to get a young feller like my Milton on such terms what I offer it."

"Well, why don't you talk to 'em about it?" Rothman replied. "I am satisfied."

But there was something about Rothman's face that to Zwiebel augured well for his son's regeneration. Like the advertised loft buildings in the cloak and suit district, Mr. Rothman's face was of steel construction throughout, and Zwiebel felt so sure of Rothman's ability to cope with Milton's shortcomings that he raised the bid to three thousand dollars. Firmness, however, is a quality that makes for success in every phase of business, particularly in bargaining; and when the deal was closed Rothman had hired Milton Zwiebel for nothing a week. Mr. Zwiebel, on his part, had agreed to invest five thousand dollars in Rothman's business, the same to bear interest at three per cent per annum. He had also bound himself to repay Rothman the weekly salary of fifteen dollars which Milton was to receive, and when they parted they shook hands warmly on the transaction.

"Well, Mr. Rothman," Zwiebel concluded, "I hope you will see to it the boy behaves himself."

Rothman's mouth described a downward arc.

"Don't worry, Mr. Zwiebel," he said; "leave it to me."

II

MILTON ZWIEBEL had not found his *métier*. He had tried almost everything in the Business Directory from Architectural Iron Work to Yarns, Domestic and Imported, and had ascertained all of them to be lacking in the one quality he craved—excitement.

"That boy is looking for trouble all the time, Mommer," Charles Zwiebel said to his wife on the night after his conversation with Rothman, "and I guess he will get so much as he wants by Rothman. Such a face I never seen it before, like Haman. If Milton should get fresh with him, Mommer, he would get it a *Schlag*, I bet yer."

"Ain't you ashamed to talk that way?" Mrs. Zwiebel protested.

"It'll do the boy good, Mommer," Mr. Zwiebel replied. "That boy is a regular loafer. It's eleven o'clock already and he ain't home yet. What that lowlife does when he stays out till all hours of the night I don't know. One thing is sure, he ain't doing no good. I hate to think where that boy will end up, Mommer."

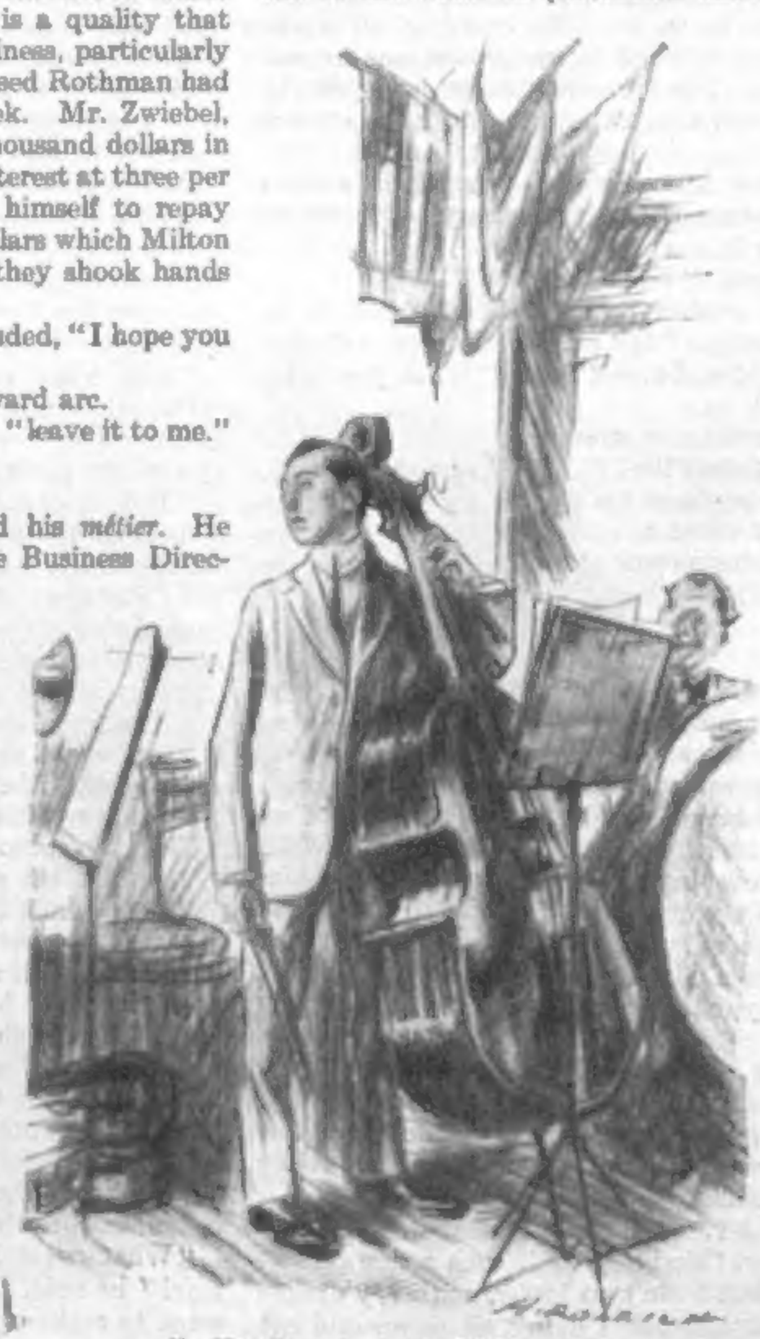
He shook his head and heavily ascended the stairs to bed, while Mrs. Zwiebel settled herself down with the evening paper to await Milton's return.

She had a weary vigil ahead of her, for Milton had at last found serious employment. Only that evening he had been engaged by Professor Felix Lusthaus as a double-bass player in Lusthaus' grand orchestra of forty pieces. This organization had been hired to render the dance music for the fifteenth annual ball of Harmony Lodge, 142, I. O. M. A., and the chairman of the entertainment committee had been influenced in his selection by the preponderating number of the orchestra's members over other competing bands.

Now, to the inexperienced ear twenty-five players will emit nearly as much noise as forty, and in view of this circumstance Professor Lusthaus was accustomed to hire twenty-five bona-fide members of the musical union, while the remaining fifteen pieces were what are technically known as sleepers. That is to say, Professor Lusthaus provided them with instruments and they were directed to go through the motions without making any sound.

Milton, for instance, was instructed how to manipulate the fingerboard of his ponderous instrument, but he was enjoined to draw his bow across the metal base of the music-stand and to avoid the strings upon peril of his job. During the opening two-step Milton's behavior was exemplary. He watched the antics of the other *contra basso* and duplicated them so faithfully as to call for a commendatory nod from the Professor at the conclusion of the number.

His undoing began with the second dance, which was a waltz. As *contra basso* performer he stood with his fellow-artist at the rear of the platform facing the dancing floor, and no sooner had Professor Lusthaus' baton directed the first few measures than Milton's imitation grew spiritless. He had espied a little girl in white with eyes that flashed her enjoyment of the dreamy rhythm. Her cheeks glowed and her lips were parted, while her tiny gloved hand rested like a flower on the shoulder of her partner. They waltzed half-time, as the vernacular has it, and to Milton it seemed like the apotheosis of the dance. He gazed wide-eyed at the fascinating scene and was only brought to himself when the drummer poked him in the ribs with the butt end of the drumstick. For the remainder of the waltz he performed discreetly on the music-stand and his fingers chased themselves up and down the strings with lifelike rapidity.



He Had Espied a Little Girl in White

"Hey, youse," Professor Lusthaus hissed after he had laid down his baton, "what yer trying to do? Queer the whole thing? Hey?"

"I thought I—now—seen a friend of mine," Milton said lamely.

"Oh, yer did, did yer?" Professor Lusthaus retorted. "Well, when you play with this here orchestra you want to remember you ain't got a friend in the world, see?"

Milton nodded.

"And furthermore," the Professor concluded, "make some more breaks like that and see what'll happen you."

Waltzes and two-steps succeeded each other with monotonous regularity until the grand march

for supper was announced. For three years Ferdy Rothman had been chairman of the entertainment and floor committee of Harmony Lodge I. O. M. A.'s annual ball, and he was a virtuoso in the intricate art of arranging a grand march to supper. His aids were six in number, and as Ferdy marched up the ballroom floor they were standing with their backs to the music platform ten paces apart. When Ferdy arrived at the foot of the platform he faced about and split the line of marching couples. The ladies wheeled sharply to the right and the gentlemen to the left, and thereafter began a series of evolutions which, in the mere witnessing, would have given a blacksnake lumbago.

Again Milton became entranced and his fingers remained motionless on the strings, while, instead of sawing away on the music-stand, his right arm hung by his side. Once more the drummer missed a beat and struck him in the ribs, and Milton, looking up, caught sight of the glaring, demoniacal Lusthaus.

The composition was one of Professor Lusthaus' own and had been especially devised for grand marches to supper. In rhythm and melody it was exceedingly conventional, not to say reminiscent, and when Milton seized his bow with the energy of despair and drew it sharply across the strings of the *contra basso* there was introduced a melodic and harmonic element so totally at variance with the character of the composition as to outrage the ears of even Ferdy Rothman. For one fatal moment he turned his head, as did his six aids, and at once the grand march to supper became a hopeless tangle. Simultaneously Milton saw that in five minutes he would be propelled violently to the street at the head of a flying wedge, and he sawed away with a grim smile on his face. Groans like the ultimate sighs of a dying elephant came from underneath his bow, while occasionally he surprised himself with a weird harmonic. At length Professor Lusthaus could stand it no longer. He threw his baton at Milton and followed it up with his violin case, at which Milton deemed it time to retreat. He grabbed his hat and overcoat and dashed wildly through the ranks of the thirty-nine performers toward the front of the platform. Thence he leaped to the ballroom floor, and two minutes later he was safely on the sidewalk with nothing to hinder his exit save a glancing kick from Ferdy Rothman.

It was precisely eleven o'clock, the very shank of the evening, and Milton fairly shuddered at the idea of going home, but what was he to do? His credit at all of the pool parlors had been strained to the utmost and he was absolutely penniless. For two minutes he surveyed the empty street and, with a stretch and a yawn, he started off home.

Ten minutes later Mrs. Zwiebel recognized with a leaping heart his footsteps on the areaway. She ran to the door and opened it.

"Loafer!" she cried. "Where was you?"

"Aw, what's the matter now?" Milton asked as he kissed her perfunctorily. "It's only just eleven o'clock."

"Sure, I know," Mrs. Zwiebel said. "What you come home so early for?"

Again Milton yawned and stretched.

"I was to a racket what the I.O.M.A.'s run off," he said.

He rubbed the dust from his trouser leg where Ferdy Rothman's kick had soiled it.

"Things was getting pretty slow," he concluded, "so I put on my hat and come home."

III

BREAKFAST at the Zwiebels' was a solemn feast. Mr. Zwiebel usually drank his coffee in silence, or in as much silence as was compatible with an operation which, with Mr. Zwiebel, involved screening the coffee through his mustache. It emerged all dripping from the coffee, and Mr. Zwiebel was accustomed to cleansing it with his lower lip and polishing it off with his table napkin. Eggs and toast followed, and unless Mrs. Zwiebel was especially vigilant her husband went downtown with fragments of the yolks clinging to his eyebrows, for Mr. Zwiebel was a hearty eater and no great stickler for table manners.

To Milton, whose table manners were both easy and correct, the primitive methods of his father were irritating.

"Get a sponge!" he exclaimed on the morning after his orchestral experience, as Mr. Zwiebel absorbed his coffee in long, gurgling inhalations.

"Yes, Milton," Mr. Zwiebel commented, replacing his cup in the saucer, "maybe I ain't such a fine gentleman what you are, but I ain't no loafer, neither, y'understand. When I was your age I didn't sit down and eat my breakfast at nine o'clock. I didn't have it so easy."

"Dummy!" She Hissed. "Say Something"

"Aw, what yer kicking about?" Milton replied. "You don't let me do nothing down at the store, anyway. All I got to do is sit around. Why don't you send me out on the road and give me a show?"

"A show I would give you," Zwiebel cried. "You mean a picnic, not a show. No, Milton, I got some pretty good customers already, but I wouldn't take no such liberties with 'em as sending out a lowlife like you to sell 'em goods."

"All right," Milton said and relapsed into a sulky silence.

"Lookyhere, Milton," Zwiebel commenced. "If I thought you was really willing to work, y'understand, I would get you a good job. But with a feller what's all the time fooling away his time, what's the use?"

"Maybe the boy would behave himself this time, Popper," Mrs. Zwiebel interceded. "Maybe he would attend to business this time, Popper. Ain't it?"

"Business!" Mr. Zwiebel exclaimed. "Business is something what the boy ain't got in him at all. Honest, Mommer, I got to sit down sometimes and ask myself what did I done that I should have such a boy. He wouldn't work, he wouldn't do nothing. Just a common, lowlife bum, what you see hanging around street corners. If I was a young feller like that, Milton, I would be ashamed to show myself."

"Aw, cut it out!" Milton replied.

"Yes, Mommer, if I would get that boy a good job, y'understand," Mr. Zwiebel went on, "he would turn right around and do something, y'understand, what would make me like I could never show myself again in the place where he worked."

"Aw, what are you beefing about now?" Milton broke in. "You never got me a decent job yet. All the places where I worked was piker concerns. Why don't you get me a real job where I could sell some goods?"

"Talk is cheap, Milton," said Mr. Zwiebel. "But if I thought you meant it what you said I would take up an offer what I got it yesterday from Levy Rothman, of Levy Rothman & Co. He wants a young feller what he could bring up in the business, Mommer, and make it a salesman out of him. But what's the use?"

"Maybe, if you would take Milton down there and let Mr. Rothman see him," Mrs. Zwiebel suggested, "maybe the boy would like the place."

"No, sir," Mr. Zwiebel declared, "I wouldn't do it. I positively wouldn't do nothing of the kind."

He glanced anxiously at his son out of the corner of his eye, but Milton gave no sign.

"Why should I do it?" he went on. "Levy Rothman is a good customer of mine and he wants to pay a young feller fifteen dollars a week to start. Naturally, he expects he should get a hard-working feller for the money."

He felt sure that the fifteen dollars a week would provoke some show of interest, and he was not mistaken.

"Well, I can work as hard as the next one," Milton cried. "Why don't you take me down there and give me a show to get the job?"

Mr. Zwiebel looked at his wife with an elaborate assumption of doubtfulness.

"What could I say to a young feller like that, Mommer?" he said. "Mind you, I want to help him out. I want to make a man of him, Mommer, but all the time I know how it would turn out."

"How could you talk that way, Popper?" Mrs. Zwiebel pleaded. "The boy says he would do his best. Let him have a chance, Popper."

"All right," he said heartily; "for your sake, Mommer, I will do it. Milton, *lieben*, put on your coat and hat and we will go right down to Rothman's place."

When Mr. Zwiebel and Milton entered the sample-room of Levy Rothman & Co., three-quarters of an hour later, Mr. Rothman was scanning the Arrival of Buyers column in the morning paper.

"Ah, Mr. Rothman," Zwiebel cried, "ain't it a fine weather?"

"I bet yer it's a fine weather," Rothman agreed, "for cancellations. We ain't never had such a warm November in years ago already."

"This is my boy Milton, Mr. Rothman, what I was talking to you about," Zwiebel continued.

"Yes?" Mr. Rothman said. "All right. Let him take down his coat and he'll find a feather duster in the corner by them misses' reefers. I never see nothing like the way the dust gets in here."

Mr. Zwiebel fairly beamed. This was a splendid beginning.

"Go ahead, Milton," he said; "take down your coat and get to work."

But Milton showed no undue haste.

"Looky here, Pop," he said. "I thought I was coming down here to sell goods."

"Sell goods!" Rothman exclaimed. "Why, you was never in the cloak and suit business before. Ain't it?"

"Sure, I know," Milton replied, "but I can sell goods all right."

"Not here, you couldn't," Rothman said. "Here, before a feller sells goods he's got to learn the line, y'understand, and there ain't no better way to learn the line, y'understand, than by dusting it off."

Milton put his hat on and jammed it down with both hands.

"Then that settles it," he declared.

"What settles it?" Rothman and Zwiebel asked with one voice; but before Milton could answer the sample-room door opened and a young woman entered. From out the coils of her blue-black hair an indelible leadpencil projected at a jaunty angle.

"Mr. Rothman," she said, "Oppenheimer ain't credited us with that piece of red velour we returned him on the twentieth, and he's charged us up twice with the same item."

"That's a fine crook for you," Rothman cried. "Write him he should positively rectify all mistakes before we would send him a check. That feller's got a nerve like a horse, Mr. Zwiebel. He wants me I should pay him net thirty days, and he never sends us a single statement correct. Anything else, Miss Levy?"

"That's all, Mr. Rothman," she replied as she turned away.

Milton watched her as she closed the door behind her, and then he threw down his hat and peeled off his coat.

"Gimme the feather duster," he said.

IV

FOR two hours Milton wielded the feather broom, then Mr. Rothman went out to lunch, and as a reflex Milton sank down in the nearest chair. He opened the morning paper and buried himself in the past performances.

"Milton," a voice cried sharply, "ain't you got something to do?"

He looked up and descried Miss Levy herself standing over him.

"Naw," he said, "I finished the dusting."

Miss Levy took the paper gently but firmly from his hands.

"You come with me," she said.

He followed her to the office, where the monthly statements were ready for mailing.

"Put the statements in those envelopes," she said, "and seal them up."

Milton sat down meekly on a high stool and piled up the envelopes in front of him.

"Ain't you got any sponge for to wet these envelopes on?" he asked.

Miss Levy favored him with a cutting glance.

"Ain't you delicate!" she said. "Use your tongue."

For five minutes Milton folded and licked and then he hazarded a conversational remark.

"You like to dance pretty well, don't you?" he said.

"When I've got business to attend to," Miss Levy replied frigidly, "I don't like anything."

"But I mean I seen you at the I. O. M. A.'s racket last night," Milton continued, "and you seemed to be having a pretty good time."

Miss Levy suppressed a yawn.

"Don't mention it," she said; "I feel like a rag today. I didn't get home till four o'clock."

This was something like friendly discourse, and Milton slackened up on his work.

"Who was that feller with the curly hair you was dancing with?" he began, when Miss Levy looked up and noted the cessation of his labor.

"Never you mind who he was, Milton," she answered. "You finish licking those envelopes."

At this juncture they heard the sample-room door open and a heavy footstep sound on its carpeted floor.

"Wait here," she hissed. "It's a customer, and everybody's out to lunch. What's your other name, Milton?"

"Milton Zwiebel," he replied.

Hastily she adjusted her pompadour and tripped off to the sample-room.

"Ain't none of them actors around here today, Miss Levy?" a bass voice asked.

"They're all out to lunch," Miss Levy explained.

"Where's Pasinsky?" the visitor asked.

"Mr. Pasinsky's in Boston this week, Mr. Feigenbaum," she replied.

Pasinsky was Rothman's senior drummer and was generally acknowledged a crackerjack.

"That's too bad," Feigenbaum replied. "Ain't Rothman coming back soon?"

"Not for half an hour," Miss Levy answered.

"Well, I ain't got so long to wait," Feigenbaum commented.

Suddenly Miss Levy brightened up.

"Mr. Zwiebel is in," she announced. "Maybe he would do."

"Mr. Zwiebel?" Feigenbaum repeated. "All right, *Zwiebel oder Knoblauch*, it don't make no difference to me. I want to look at some of them misses' reefers."

"Mis-ter Zwiebel," Miss Levy called, and in response Milton entered.

"This is one of our customers, Mr. Zwiebel," she said, "by the name Mr. Henry Feigenbaum."

"How are you, Mr. Feigenbaum?" Milton said with perfect self-possession. "What can I do for you today?"

He dug out one of Charles Zwiebel's Havana seconds from his waistcoat pocket and handed it to Feigenbaum.

"It looks pretty rough," he said, "but you'll find it all O. K., clear Havana, wrapper, binder and filler."

"Much obliged," Feigenbaum said. "I want to look at some of them misses' reefers."

Miss Levy winked one eye with electrical rapidity and gracefully placed her hand on the proper rack, whereat Milton strode over and seized the garment.

"Try it on me," Miss Levy said, extending her arm. "It's just my size."

"You couldn't wear no misses' reefer," Feigenbaum said ungallantly. "You ain't so young no longer."

Milton scowled, but Miss Levy passed it off pleasantly.

"You wouldn't want to pay for all the garments in misses' sizes that fit me, Mr. Feigenbaum," she retorted as she struggled into the coat. "My sister bought one just like this up on Thirty-fourth Street, and maybe they didn't charge her anything, neither. Why, Mr. Feigenbaum, she had to pay twenty-two fifty for the precisely same garment, and I could have got her the same thing here for ten dollars, only Mr. Rothman wouldn't positively sell any goods at retail even to his workpeople."

Mr. Feigenbaum examined the garment closely while Miss Levy postured in front of him.

"And maybe you think the design and workmanship was better?" she went on. "Why, Mr. Feigenbaum, my sister had to sew on every one of the buttons, and the side seams came unripped the first week she wore it. You could take this garment and stretch it as hard as you could with both hands, and nothing would tear."

Milton nodded approvingly, and then Miss Levy peeled off the coat and handed it to Feigenbaum.

"Look at it yourself," she said; "it's a first-class garment."

She nudged Milton.

"Dummy!" she hissed, "say something."

"Sammet Brothers sell the same garment for twelve-fifty," Milton hazarded. Sammet Brothers were customers of the elder Zwiebel and Milton happened to remember the name.

Feigenbaum looked up and frowned.

"With me I ain't stuck on a feller what knocks a competitor's line," he said. "Sell your goods on their merits, young feller, and your customers would never kick. This garment looks pretty good to me already, Mr. Zwiebel, so if you got an order blank I'll give it you the particulars."

Miss Levy hastened to the office and returned with some order blanks which she handed to Milton. Then she retreated behind a cloak-rack while Milton wielded a lead-pencil in a businesslike fashion. There she listened to Feigenbaum's dictation and, unseen by him, she carefully wrote down his order.

At length Feigenbaum concluded, and Miss Levy hastened from behind the rack.

"Oh, Mr. Feigenbaum," she said in order to create a diversion, "wasn't it you that wrote us about a tourist coat getting into your last shipment by mistake?"

"Me?" Feigenbaum cried. "Why, I ain't said no such thing."

"I thought you were the one," she replied as she slipped her transcription of Mr. Feigenbaum's order into Milton's hand. "It must have been somebody else."

"I guess it must," Feigenbaum commented. "Let me see what you got there, young feller."

Milton handed him Miss Levy's copy of the order and Feigenbaum read it with knit brows.

"Everything's all right," he said as he returned the order to Milton.

He put on his hat preparatory to leaving.

"All I got to say is," he went on, "that if you was as good a salesman like you was a writer, young feller, you'd be making more money for yourself and for Mr. Rothman."

He closed the door behind him and Miss Levy turned to Milton.

"Well, if you ain't the limit!" she said, and walked slowly into her office.

For a quarter of an hour Milton moped about with the feather duster in his hand until Rothman came back.

"What's the matter, Milton?" he said. "Couldn't you find nothing better to do as dust them garments all day? Why, if them garments would of been standing on the sidewalk already, they would be clean by now. Couldn't you help Miss Levy a little?"

"He did help me," Miss Levy cried from the doorway. "And oh, Mr. Rothman, what do you think? Milton sold a big bill of goods to Henry Feigenbaum."

V

FERDINAND ROTHMAN divided his time between a downtown law school and the office of Henry D. Feldman, in which he was serving his clerkship preparatory to his admission to the bar. He was a close student not only of the law, but of the manner and methods of his employer, and he reflected so successfully Mr. Feldman's pompous address that casual acquaintances repressed with difficulty an impulse to kick him on the spot. His hair was curly and brushed back in the prevailing mode, and he wore eyeglasses mounted in tortoise-shell with a pendent black ribbon, albeit his eyesight was excellent.

"Good-evening, Miss Levy," he said patronizingly, when he entered her office late in the afternoon of Milton's hiring. "How d'ye feel after the dance last night?"

"Pretty good," Miss Levy replied through a pen which she held between her teeth. "Milton, tell Mr. Rothman not to go home till he talks to me about Mr. Pasinsky's mail."

Milton hurried out of the office, while Ferdy Rothman stared after him.

"Who's he?" Ferdy asked.

"He came to work today," Miss Levy replied, "and he's going to be all right, too."

Ferdy smiled contemptuously. He was accustomed, on his way uptown, to stopping in at his father's place of business ostensibly for the purpose of accompanying his father home. Other and more cogent reasons were the eyes, the blue-black hair and the trim little figure of Miss Clara Levy.

"And what's he supposed to be doing around here?" Ferdy continued.

"He's supposed to be learning the business," Miss Levy answered, "and he ain't lost much time, either. He sold Henry Feigenbaum a bill of goods. You know Henry Feigenbaum. He's only got one eye, and he thinks everybody's trying to do him."

Here Milton Zwiebel returned.

"It's all right," he said; "Mr. Rothman will see you before he goes."

Ferdy Rothman lolled back in a chair, with one arm thrown over the top rail after the fashion of Henry D. Feldman's imitation of Judge Blatchford's portrait in the United States District Court room.

"Well, young man," he said in pompous accents, "how go the busy marts of trade these days?"

Milton surveyed him in scornful amazement.

"Hire a hall!" he said and returned to the sample-room. It lacked half an hour of closing time, and during that period Milton avoided Miss Levy's office.

At length Ferdinand Rothman and his father went home, and Milton once more approached Miss Levy.

"Say, Miss Levy," he said, "who's the curly-haired young feller? Ain't he the one I seen you dancing with last night?"

"Sure he is," Miss Levy replied.

"I thought he was," Milton commented. "And wasn't he one of them—now—floor managers?"

"Ain't you nosy?" Miss Levy answered as she swept all the torn paper on her desk into her apron.

"Well, wasn't he?" Milton insisted.

"Suppose he was?" she retorted. "All you've got to do is to mail these letters and be sure to get down at half-past seven sharp tomorrow morning."

"Do you get down at half-past seven?" he asked.

"I certainly do," Miss Levy replied.

"All right," he said as he gathered up the mail, "I'll be here."

Thus began the regeneration of Milton Zwiebel, for he soon perceived that to Miss Clara Levy a box of candy was not nearly so acceptable a token of his esteem as was a cheerful dusting of the sample stock. Moreover, he discovered that it pleased Miss Levy to hear him talk intelligently of the style numbers and their prices, and it was not long before he became as familiar with his employer's line as was Miss Levy herself. As for his punctuality, it soon became a habit, and every morning at half-past six he ate a hurried breakfast and left the house long before the elder Zwiebel had concluded his toilet.

"I couldn't understand it, Mommer," said Mr. Zwiebel, after Milton had completed the sixth month of his employment with Levy Rothman. "That boy goes downtown every morning, Mommer, before daylight practically, y'understand. He don't get home till half-past seven, and he stays home pretty near every night, Mommer, and that feller Rothman kicks yet. Always he tells me the boy ain't worth a pinch of snuff and he wants I shouldn't charge him no interest on that five thousand."

"That's something I couldn't understand,

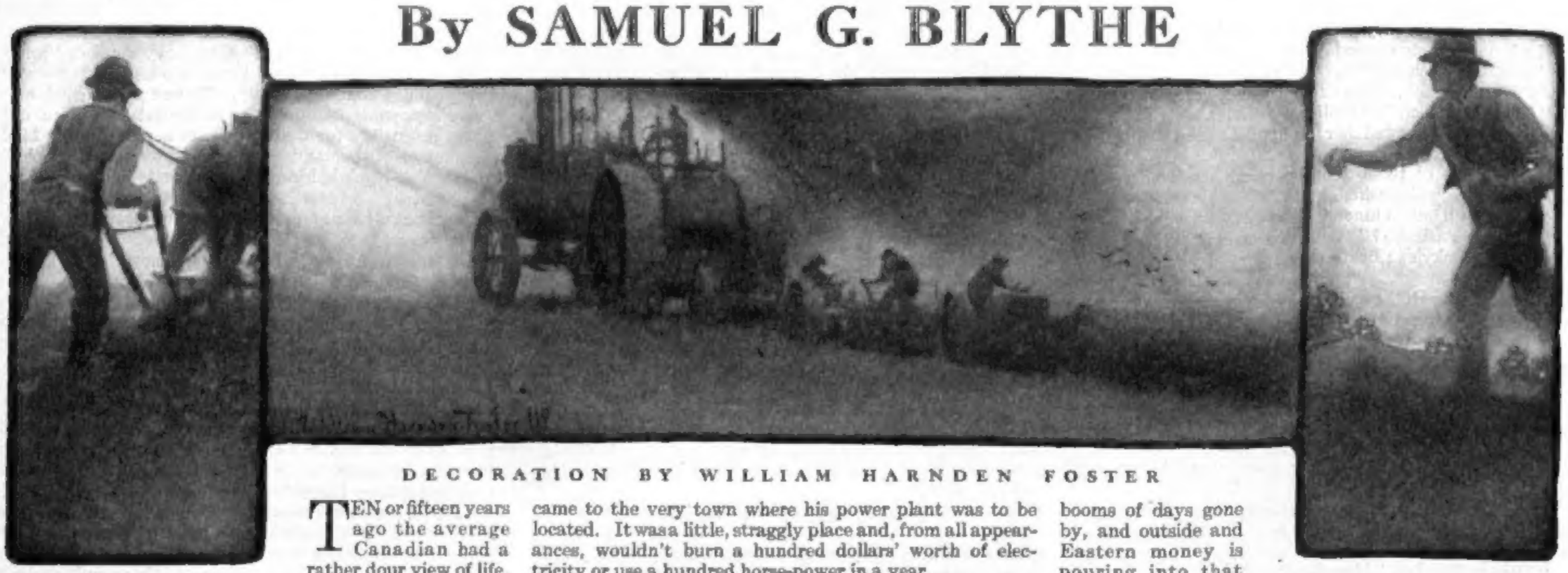
(Continued on Page 41)

"Milton," a Voice Cried Sharply, "Ain't You Got Something to Do?"

ADVERTISING A CONTINENT

How Canada is Blowing Her Own Horn So All the World Can Hear

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE



DECORATION BY WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER

TEN or fifteen years ago the average Canadian had a rather dour view of life, especially the Canadian of the newer provinces. He lived in a sparsely-settled country where it was mighty cold in the winter and the future held little promise. He had a hard fight and his pessimism came naturally.

Today every Canadian in the great territory that stretches from Lake Superior to the Pacific and the Arctic Oceans is the wildest kind of an optimist. He thinks his country is coming into its own. Likewise he conceives it to be his duty to make everybody else think so, and every man of the two or three millions—maybe more, maybe less—who lives in Manitoba, or Saskatchewan, or Alberta, or British Columbia, or farther north, is a booster who can give points to our own American promoters of population and prosperity in the West.

It makes no difference where he lives. He may be in a little village fifty miles from a railroad. If he is he has the grandest climate, the best crops, the greatest mineral resources, the finest advantages, and, presently, somebody will stroll along and leave a railroad in his place, and then: Watch us grow! If he lives in Winnipeg, or Vancouver, or Calgary, or Edmonton, or any other of the larger places, he sings the same song, incessantly—louder, perhaps, but with no more enthusiasm. They think they are under way at last, and, to hear them tell it, it won't be long until the United States is a mere suburb of this enormous and fruitful empire that is just now in its earliest stage of development.

In the Land of the Booster

ON A RECENT trip across Canada, from Montreal to Vancouver, a man sat down by me in the observation car.

"Live in the States?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Thinking of locating out here?"

"No."

"You are making a mistake, young man—making the mistake of your life. Here are the golden opportunities for men of energy and ambition. Here is a country where every man can make himself king, where there are grander crops, greater scope for business and manufacturing enterprises, and wider chances to acquire a fortune than anywhere in the known world. We will soon raise more wheat than the United States. We will soon raise more fruit than the United States. We have opportunities for investment that completely engulf any the States may have. This is the coming country of the world. I advise you to think well before you go back to America and take up a narrow and restricted life. Out here we live in the open. We compel Nature to pay us her fullest largess. It is great—glorious."

I couldn't think of anything else to say, so I said "Yes" again.

"Yes, indeed. Now, let me draw your attention to a proposition I have here, one of the best in all Canada."

He took out a printed prospectus of a lighting, heating and power plant to be built in a certain town on the road. It was to be capitalized for one hundred thousand dollars and was to pay great dividends as soon as the thing was built, or the wells drilled, or something like that. I said I wasn't taking any, and he moved along. Presently we came to the very town where his power plant was to be located. It was a little, straggly place and, from all appearances, wouldn't burn a hundred dollars' worth of electricity or use a hundred horse-power in a year.

I called the man's attention to that. "Ah," he said, "it is small now, I admit, but that place is a potential metropolis. A potential metropolis! Do you get that? We are building for the future. Of all the places on this railroad there is no place with so great advantages as ours, and we are building for the future."

That is the spirit and the plan. Every place is a potential metropolis. If Calgary can grow to thirty thousand from a scant five thousand in six or seven years; if Winnipeg can grow from four log huts to a wonderful city of one hundred and thirty-five thousand in forty years; if Edmonton can get its score or more of thousands in five or six years, why not any other place? Wherefore, boost everything, and boost everything good.

Every train carries its boosters. Every man who lives in Canada takes it on himself to tell the stranger of the advantages of the country as a whole and in detail, with particular reference, of course, to his own section, but with no jealousy and with a perfect willingness to boost another section if he finds the stranger has his mind set on that. They are broad about it. First, the Northwest is the greatest place in the world; second, the booster's particular section is the finest place in the finest place in the world; but, third, if you want to go somewhere else, after arguments for his own section are exhausted, the place you want to go to is the second finest place in the finest place in the world.

The hotels swarm with these enthusiasts. Most of them want to sell you something, of course, and principally real estate; but if you show no intention of buying they switch off to a general boost for everything north and south to the border line. If you are a farmer they tell you of the wheat and oats crops. If you are a fruit-grower they laud the apples and the plums. If you are a business man they can show you in five minutes why you can do more business here than you can at home because populations are increasing faster here than elsewhere. If you want to manufacture something they can fix you out on that, or if you simply desire to hear the broad, general merits of the country they will cite you a string of bewildering statistics. It makes no difference whether the booster has made his money, is making it or hopes to make it. Every one of them is a rip-snorting optimist, a booster who boosts eternally.

It is a curious change in a conservative people. The boom has gone to the heads of everybody. They dream dreams of fifty millions of people within their borders—and they may not be such idle dreams at that—and they talk in figures that stagger. They have laid out their cities for miles and they are selling the lots. I saw a real-estate man in Calgary sell ten twenty-five-foot lots, two hundred feet deep, two miles from the center of the city, with no streets, nothing but underbrush, but running down to the river, and a promise of an eventual street-car line, electricity and all that, for two hundred and twenty-five dollars a lot. It seemed to me that the lots were out on the prairie. Still, the man who bought them was not a stranger, or an American, or an easy-money Englishman, but he was a shrewd, hard-headed citizen of British Columbia who is in the real-estate business himself.

There is a real-estate boom in Vancouver that rivals Wichita, or Kansas City, or Denver, or any of the Western booms of days gone by, and outside and Eastern money is pouring into that town for investment. In Winnipeg the town is growing so fast the citizens find it hard to keep up with the progress. Everybody is boosting and everybody says he is doing well.

Drop off any of the railroads at almost any place and you will find the citizens of the town or city or village at hand to meet you, to take you around, to explain the wonderful growth and the still more wonderful prospects; and if you decide to go on to the next place they will tell you about that, almost as glowingly. It is a place worthy of notice that has not platted additions reaching out far beyond the limit of present residence.

A Story With a Point

THEY tell a story of a farmer, grown tired of wheat-raising, who decided to trade his farm for a bunch of city lots. He went into town and saw a real-estate agent and arranged a trade.

The agent hitched up and drove the farmer out to see the lots. When they arrived at the destination the farmer looked over the lots and made no comment.

"Now, then," said the agent, assuming the trade to be made, "let's drive to your farm. Where is it?"

"Oh," replied the farmer, "we passed that about a mile back coming out here."

That is an old story, but it about states the case. They have enough town lots staked out in Canada to accommodate that fifty million population they dream about, and all of this within limits that will be corporate. At that, the centers of population are growing so rapidly and the farm land is being taken up in such great quantities and is proving so productive that it is pretty hard for a Canadian to exaggerate in his boosting, provided the future can be judged by the past, which, we have eminent authority for stating, is the only way the future can be judged.

"My dear sir," they say to you, "have you any conception of what this movement means? Think over this fact that now, at this present moment, for the first time in its history, the United States has become an emigrant nation. Four hundred thousand citizens of the United States have moved on our farms and into our cities in the past five or six years, and inquiries are pouring in by the thousand. We offer inducements to the farmers that your country does not possess. We have the virgin soil, and the farmers of the United States, tired of their struggle with land that is impoverished, are coming here and reaping their golden reward."

"But," you suggest mildly, "four hundred thousand people do not make a very big dent in ninety millions."

"Possibly not," they say, "possibly not; but there will be more, there will be more. The movement has only begun. This is the greatest country the sun shines on," and more to that general effect, as long as you will listen.

If you take a ride in a street car, or a drive in the country, or a ride into the mountains, every man you meet boosts for what you see or what you will see. You can't get away from them. They are at your side at the theater and at your table in the dining-rooms. Wherever you are, you are all right. They hand you literature, supply you with maps, offer you bargains—all with the hope of getting you to invest, of course. Still, if you make it plain

that you do not intend to invest they keep it up just as enthusiastically, for the sheer love of boosting. It is in their blood. They are excited, exultant over the awakening of the country. They have visions of a string of great cities, from Montreal to Vancouver, flanked by a farming district that will produce most of the wheat grown on the continent. Having these visions, they translate them for you. They tell you of the tremendous railroad development of the past ten years and of the still vaster development that is planned and under way. They cite you their ocean ports on the Atlantic and the Pacific and they go into rhapsodies over the interior. They can find you mines if you want mining, oil if you want oil, gas if you are in the gas business. If you want to manufacture something they can quote you prices, cost of power, rents, taxes, and all that. Or, if your interest is merely general, they chant an epic of conglomerate glories that sounds like Paradise Regained.

"Is it cold in winter?"

"Not in this particular spot. Cold elsewhere, perhaps, but here is the finest climate in the world. Of course, the thermometer gets down a bit in the winter and coal is pretty expensive, but it is that dry, still cold that you do not feel. Air is so dry, you know, it can be thirty below and no colder than it is in the States at zero. Still, we all wear furs and heavy underwear and wrap up pretty well, but there is a life and a vigor in the air you cannot get elsewhere."

"How about the water?"

"Oh, finest water in the world; finest in the world right here at this spot. Of course, there are places where water is pretty scarce and places where it is too plenty, but here we have the finest water in the world! Can't be beat. And out in the farming district they can always drill artesian wells, you know, if there doesn't happen to be any water within a few miles of the farmhouse."

And so it goes: schools, trade, fruit, wheat, everything the finest in the world. The Canadian booster does not stop with "among the finest," not he. His is the finest, none to compare. From one end of the country to the other it is a wild hurrah for Canada. After sitting calmly for a hundred years and watching the United States develop as it has, the Canadians have suddenly waked up and discovered what they have themselves; and they are making up for past conservatism by soaring enthusiasm

In Toronto and Montreal, the big cities of the East, they begin at you on their mining prospects. Cobalt, they cite, and show the fortunes that have been made there in the past few years. Then they go up to Gowganda and tell you here is an Eldorado that makes even Cobalt look like pewter. Of course, the Cobalt man will not tell you this, but the Gowganda chaps are not so strong for Cobalt, either. All agree, however, that this is the most marvelous mining district in the world—in the world, mark you. I saw a blue-print of the Gowganda district with the claims marked on it. It seemed to me there were a thousand of them, and the country is barely open yet.

If you are not interested in mining, the Toronto and Montreal boosters switch to the West. They do not intend to let you get away. You hear almost as extravagant praises of Manitoba and Alberta and Saskatchewan and British Columbia in the East as you do in the West. They cite you the bank clearings of the big towns and tell you of the wheat they raise and sell. They are boosting for Canada.

It is so all along the line, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Three cheers for Canada—everybody boost! Money is coming in, the country is expanding, Canada is awake. Get in and get in quickly, or it will cost you more. Whoop-ee!

It may be there is a little jealousy here and there, but the spirit is generally good. Of course, if you talk about Calgary to an Edmonton man you are likely to get from the Edmonton man a few remarks about a city that is mostly bluff and doesn't compare with Edmonton. And if you mention Edmonton to a Calgary man the chances are that you will get a dissertation on Edmonton that will make you think, until you see it, that Edmonton is principally mud huts. So, too, it crops out here and there among enthusiastic citizens of various places, but all agree and all boost to the same general effect—Canada, the finest in the world.

Now, this is not a statistical article, and Canada may or may not be the finest in the world. The fact is that Canada is developing and that the Canadians and those Americans who have cast their lot over here have taken hold to help along. Canada, with her millions of acres of undeveloped territory and her billions of undeveloped resources, is crawling out into the sunlight. Wherefore, everybody who lives there or has invested there is sounding the loud bazoo in the hope of drawing more settlers and more investors, incidentally in the hope of selling them something, but really, of course, because of pride in the country's growth and future. It is quite possible that the ulterior motive of all the boosting is the dollar. Almost everything is for sale. Still, let us not put it so crassly as that!

What has been written thus far refers to the individual boosters, the grand volunteer army who shout from patriotic and personal motives. Vociferous and enthusiastic as the volunteers are, they are not depended upon for the close, systematic, scientific boosting. Nearly every good-sized city has its various organizations that are primarily for the purpose of bringing trade and settlers to the country, organizations that work with a certain, definite aim and to a certain, definite end.

Take one of the best types of development bureaus. The work of boosting is carried on day after day with accuracy and precision. Methods may vary somewhat in different cities, but the basic principle of all these trade-and-settler-getting organizations is the same. They are advertisers of their cities and the country. They are reaching out for people. They have it down to a science. Nothing is haphazard. Nothing is done on impulse. They know how to get results and they go after them with seasoned campaign methods.

One particular development bureau is the outcome of the growth of the Northwest. There are various commercial organizations in the city, and until a few years ago their secretaries tried to answer the inquiries that came in and sent out such advertising matter as was available. Finally, the tax became too great on the secretaries and it was decided to form a central organization to handle all work of this kind, the government to be in the hands of representatives of the bodies which took part.

(Concluded on Page 52)

A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIFE

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

His Was the Most Tragic Figure I Ever Saw in the House of God

WHAT we call history is a sorry part of literature, confined to a few great wars and movements in national life and to the important events in the lives of a few important people. The common man has never starred his rôle in it. Therefore, it has never been written according to the scientific method. It is simply the spray—the big splash—humanity throws up as it goes down in the sea forever. Most of what most of us do and what we think perishes with us, leaving not a record behind of the little daily deeds and wingflappings of our spirits that really make us what we are. This is why we make so little progress. The history of the great majority is never compiled for reference. We are always bunched in a paragraph, while the rest of the chapter is given to his Excellency the President, or some other momentary figure of the times.

Nobody knows exactly how the planters of Thomas Jefferson's day lived. We must depend upon fiction to give a sort of romantic impression of it. And fifty years from now no one will know how the farmers and brickmasons, grocers and merchants, managed their affairs in our own times. We shall be obliged to accept the sepia-tional accounts left by a few wild-eyed, virus-brained socialists.

I do not know that I ought to pretend to rescue the class to which William belonged from the same kind of oblivion. But by keeping memories of the little daily things in life a preacher's wife learns some curious facts about the nature of a priest—facts that should enable the reader to make profitable comparisons between those of the old and those of the new order, and to determine which is the real minister and which is not.

One thing I discovered was that you cannot domesticate a preacher like William on this earth in this life. A woman might get married to him and hang like a kissing millstone about his neck; she might sew on his buttons, bear children for him, teach him to eat rolled oats, surround him with every evidence, privilege and obligation of strong earthly ties and a home; but he will not live there in his spirit.

He belongs neither to his wife, nor to his children, nor to the civilization of his times. He belongs to God, and not to a god tamed and diminished by modern thought, but to The God, the One who divided the light from the darkness, who actually did create Adam and Eve and blow His breath into them, who accepted burnt offerings sometimes, and who caused flowers to bloom upon the same altars between times.

So William never really belonged in his own house with his own body, his own wife and his breakfast, though he often rested there and seemed to enjoy the latter. He was more at home in the Psalms. I will not say he went so far as Jehovah, but when he was in a Leviticus frame of mind very few of the minor prophets satisfied his cravings for the awful. The gentle springtime of his heart was when he took up with Saint John in the New Testament. He never professed the intimate fellow-feeling I have heard some conceited preachers express for Saint Paul. He was not a great man: he was just a good one, and too much of a gentleman to thrust himself upon a big saint like Paul, even in his imagination.

And I do not know which has been the greatest influence in making me what I am: the sense of reverence I had for him and his high Bible company, or the sense of

"'Tain't Orthodox for a Person Like That to Jest Set Down Before Her Do' in the Grass and Git Religion"

bereavement I had when, having fed him and warmed him, he was still "not at home" with me, but following some pillar of cloud in his thoughts toward his great God's far eternity. A woman is a very poor creature. I think she hankers more for just love than she does for Heaven. I don't know how she will get on in a place where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. It's bound to be hard on her if the Lord does not give her something more than a harp and a golden crown with which to fill the aching void she is sure to have somewhere under her breast feathers.

But no one can say that I did not stand by William through the entire widowhood of my marriage. I was the world compass of his life, always sitting in his amen corner with my attention fixed anxiously upon the spiritual pulse of the congregation, always giving him the most nourishing food our limited means afforded, always standing between him and sordid dickering with the butcher and

candlestick maker, always making myself a Chinese wall to separate him on sermon-making days from the church public.

Many a time I have taken my hands out of the biscuit dough to meet a steward who was determined to see him about the increased foreign mission assessment, or it might be the Sunday-school superintendent come to discuss the May picnic. I could usually pacify the steward and put off the superintendent, but if it was a messenger from some remote neighborhood on the circuit come to say that Brother Beatem was dead and the family wanted Brother Thompson to conduct the funeral services next morning at the nearest Methodist church, I would be obliged to give in, even if William was in the very heat of spiritual constructions. For a funeral is a thing that cannot be put off. The corpse will not endure it, nor the family, either, for that matter. They want the preacher to be on hand promptly with all the laurels of language to bestow upon their dead in the funeral wreath discourse.

And this brings me to mention a peculiarity of surviving relatives as a class. They demand that the pastor of the dead man or woman shall furnish him his title to mansions in the sky, whether he deserves them or not. Even if Brother Beatem was a mean man who neglected his wife and children, cheated his neighbors, abused his horse and failed to support the church, he must have a funeral oration that praised him for a saint. And if the pastor failed to do this the surviving relatives whom the dead man had victimized every day he lived would be the first to resent it.

I never knew but one pastor who told the whole truth in a funeral sermon, and he had to be moved immediately by his presiding elder. The whole community regarded it as one of the most brutal outrages that had ever been perpetrated in their midst. As for William, there was something sublime in the way he permitted his mind to skip the facts and stir his imagination when he preached at a funeral. The curious part of it was, he believed what he said, and generally by the time he had finished nearly every one else believed it.

There were occasions, of course, when he was disgracefully duped by the surviving relatives. I recall one when he was sent for to preach at the funeral of a young girl. He had just come on the work, and did not know the people. The discourse was peculiarly touching. He represented the maiden, according to the testimony of her family, in the glowing character of a gentle saint, devoted daughter and devout Christian. Soon after we learned that she was anything but what the fancy of her relatives had painted her. Another time he delivered a funeral oration far surpassing in eloquence that of Mark Antony's at Cæsar's funeral, over the body of the father of one of his stewards—a very old man whose body had been brought from another place for burial. Later he discovered that the old gentleman was a bigamist and a murderer, and that he never had condescended to repent of either of these transgressions, holding to the last to his animal right to do as he pleased if he could.

However, I pass over a thousand little epitaphs of memory and come to our last years in the itinerancy. And it is curious how life winds itself into a circle, like the trail a lost man makes in the desert. After a few years as pastor of village churches, William was sent back to the country circuits. He was failing some, and, of course, younger and more progressive men were needed in the villages—preachers who could keep up with the committee-meeting times in modern church life. And I am obliged to admit William was a poor church committeeman. Occasionally he would go off to see an old sick woman or some barren fig-tree man who was not even a member of the church, and forget all about an important committee meeting on the brotherhood of man. This would give offense to some of the most influential people in the church, who, in turn, complained vehemently that he was not sufficiently interested in modern methods for spreading the gospel.

As I have said before, William was a good man, but he was neither brilliant nor enterprising, as we understand these terms nowadays. He never did get it into his head that salvation could be furnished a dying world through a thorough organization of it into committees that furnished not only the salvation, but also the goat districts which had to receive this salvation as fast as it was offered. It was as simple as commerce and as naïve as a rich man's charity, but William couldn't see it. Somehow, he was secretly opposed to it. He was for catching every goat separately and feeding him on truth and tenderness till he turned into a lamb. It was no use to argue that this required too much time and would take an eternity to get the world ready for Heaven. He refused to think of immortal souls as if they were bunches of heathen cattle, or slum cattle, that must be got into the market on the hoof as soon as possible.

As he grew older, more set in his ways, he became a trifle contrary about it, like a thorny old priest who has received private orders from his God to go on seeking His lost lambs one at a time. Once he insulted a man who came to him about the laymen's movement which is organized to convert the world to Christianity in this generation.

"We can do it if we have faith enough!" said he.

"It's Going to be an Awful Night; Don't Go—She is Not a Member of Your Church"

"No, you can't!" retorted William. "Not unless the heathen get faith enough to believe, and faith is a thing you cannot send out through the mails as if it were sample packages of patent medicine!"

Such talk as that sent him back to the circuits, where there were the same old fashions in sleeves and headgear for women, and where he could take his text from Jonah's gourd if he chose, without exciting the higher critical faculties of his congregation. It was harder on us in some ways. I never could understand why the old preachers who have got rheumatism in their knees, and maybe lumbago besides, should be sent back to the exposure of all weathers on the circuits, while the young ones with plenty of oil in their joints fatten in the more comfortable charges. And I am not the one to say with resignation that it is all right. Still, the good God evens things up in wonderful ways. William got so stiff in his legs toward the last that he had to stand up to pray; but we had come back to the region of simplicities, where there were just three elements to consider and put together in his sermons—Man, his field and his God—and they were only separated by a little grass, a few stars and the creation light and darkness of days and nights. When a man gets as near home as that he does not mind the pains in his mere body. At least William never complained.

Looking back, I think he was at his best about the time he went back to the real circuit itinerancy. He had the glory of presence. Faith, I think, gave him a halo. You could not see it, but you could feel it, and in this connection I recall an illustration of the difference between such a halo and the aura we hear so much about these days from people who think they are interested in psychic phenomena, but who are really psychic epileptics. We were on a circuit which included a summer resort, and the varieties of diseases among patients in a sanitarium are as nothing compared to the mental, moral, spiritual and physical disorders to be found among the class who frequent springs. To this place came a "New Thoughter" who was always in a spiritual sweat about her "astral shape." She manifested a condescending interest in the Sunday services at our church, which finally led her to call on William one afternoon at the parsonage. She was a dingy little blonde, with a tight forehead and a thin nose. William was sitting alone in the peace of his spirit behind the morning-glory vines on the front porch. Providence had wisely removed me to the sewing-machine inside the adjoining room. The sense of humor in me has never been converted, and there were occasions when it was best for me not to be too literally present when William was examining the spiritual condition of some puzzled soul. He had risen and provided her with a chair and sat down opposite, regarding her with a hospitable blue beam in his eye. She had the fatal facility for innocuous expression common to her class. All the time I knew William was waiting like an experienced fisherman for a chance to swing his net on her side of the boat. The poor man did not dream that she was one of those unfortunate persons who has swapped her real soul for a Hindu vagary. But presently she let it out.

"Mr. Thompson," she continued, without a rhetorical pause to indicate the decimal points between her thoughts, "I was interested in what you said about immortality last Sunday. Now, I wonder if you know it is an actual fact that by breathing rhythmically thirty times, counting three while you inhale, three while you exhale and three while you hold your breath, you can actually get into touch at once with your astral shape?" William fumbled in his pocket for his glasses, deliberately put them on and then regarded her over the steel rims. I could see the Jehovah crest of his spirit erect itself as he replied with divine dignity:

"Madam, I do not know what you mean by your astral shape, but I do not have to pant like a lizard to keep in touch with my soul!"

But she bore with him, showing far more calmness than he as she went on to describe the wonderful power of spirit she had developed. She had even gone so far, she said, as a matter of experiment, to "put her thought" upon the unborn child of a friend, and when the child came it was not like its own mother nor father, but her exact image! Now, she declared, she was sure it was her own "thought" child. And what was more convincing still, she had at last attained to a "sky-blue aura"—she added this with an indescribable air of triumph. William tightened his spectacles on his nose, drew his face close and stared at her with the sort of scandalized sunsmile Moses must have worn the first time he caught sight of the golden calf.

"Madam," he exclaimed after a dreadful inquisitive silence, "I can see no signs of an aura, either blue or otherwise; but if you actually did try to steal another woman's child with your thoughts you have been guilty of an unimaginable meanness, and you should go down on your knees to Almighty God for forgiveness!"

But William was never at his best when he was brought into contrast morally or intellectually with the temporary illusions of modern times. They cast him "out of drawing" and gave him a look of the grotesque, as a great and solemn figure on a vaudeville stage suggests the comical. He belonged to a time when the scriptures of men's hearts had not suffered the moderation and sacrilege of the sense of humor. He had a mind illumined with the old Eden figures of speech, and loved to refer to the "thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler."

There were occasions, indeed, when I could not preserve a proper inner reverence for his favorite hymns, as, for example, when he would be standing during a revival season behind an altar heavily laden with dying souls who had come up for prayers. In order to interpret for them a proper frame of mind he would sometimes choose one of Watts' famous hymns. He would stand with his feet wide apart, his fingers interlaced, palms downward, eyes lifted in anguished supplication, and sing in his great organ bass:

Inspire a feeble worm to rush into Thy Kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by storm!

Still, if you do not dwell upon the vision of the suddenly valorous worm, the words express a higher form of courage than that denoted in Matthew Arnold's famous poem, The Last Word; and I have seen many a "worm" rise shouting from the altar rail under their inspired meaning. The sense of humor has, in my opinion, very little to do with poetry or salvation. It belongs entirely to the critical human faculties, and I have found it one of the greatest limitations in my own spiritual development.

Never, to the last, could I see William fix his burning eyes upon the sinners on the back bench and represent them as "hair-hung and breeze-shaken over the lake of fire and brimstone" without having to suppress an inclination to merriment in my own mind. But as time went on I was more and more convinced that this was an evidence of a lower imaginative faculty in me rather than in him. He had less humor, but he had infinitely more of the grace that belongs to immortality. He had a spirit that withstood adversity, hardship, failure with a sort of ancient dignity, and that could face tragedy with Promethean fortitude. And I love best to think of him in relation to the bare and awful sorrows that show so nakedly in the lives of poor, simple folk. I can see him now in the dismal twilight of one winter evening, as he started on that strange mission to Mrs. Martin, looking like an old, weatherbeaten angel breasting a storm. The wide brim of his black hat flared up from his face in the wind, his long, gray beard was blown over the shoulders of his greatcoat. He had started without his muffler. I ran out to fetch it and, winding it about his neck, I saw the blue bloom of Heaven in his eyes, that always turned young when he was on his way to roll the stones away from the door of some sinner's heart.

"William," I cried, "it's going to be an awful night; don't go—she is not a member of your church"

"Nor of any other; but she is all the more in need of help," he replied, putting his foot in the stirrup to mount his horse.

Mrs. Martin was a vague little woman, superstitious about dreams, a widow who lived with her two small children in a thickly-populated neighborhood about a stone quarry. The day before the community had been shocked to learn from some one who happened in just in time to prevent the tragedy that Mrs. Martin had gone suddenly insane and had tried to murder both of her children. She must go to the asylum, of course; but pending the preliminary trial for lunacy she lay silent on her bed with staring, horrified eyes, surrounded by watchful neighbors. Suddenly toward night she had grown restless and had implored them to send for the Methodist preacher. To quiet her the messenger had come, and William made haste to go to her.

He found her sitting the very figure of desolation in the midst of her bed, with her face thinned and whitened to the little white hull of a prayer. The moment she was alone with him she poured forth such a tale of degradation as rarely passes the lips of a woman. Since a year after her husband's death she had been the mistress of the manager of the quarry. No one had suspected, and she had not suffered a qualm. But two nights since she had gone to the bed where her two little girls lay asleep, and suddenly it had come upon her that she was to be discovered, now very soon, not by strangers, but by her own children growing old enough to observe and understand. Moreover, that her degradation would become theirs. And then it came—the horror that had convinced her the only way out was to kill them and afterward herself. Now, what was to be done? She was not insane. She was just a sinner who felt obliged to be damned!

God had at least a dozen ways of inspiring William, and not all of them orthodox. Instead of harrowing this woman with a prayer he took on a competent executive air.

"You are to do nothing," he told her, "and be sure you do not confess your sin to any one else. Leave everything to me. We will see about the forgiveness later; now you are to rest and not think till I get the way clear for your feet." He went out, told the attendants that Mrs. Martin was not insane, but had suffered a shock and would now be all right. They thought he had achieved a miracle when they had returned to the room and found her weeping like any other sane woman.

Before daylight he had escorted the manager of the quarry to the nearest railway station with instructions never to return, so emphatically given that he never did. He prayed earnestly for the unfortunate woman himself, but he forbade her to pray for herself until long afterward, when she had resumed existence upon the simple basis of being the innocent mother of her innocent children.

"If she begins to agonize in prayer," he explained to me, "she will go mad again. So soon as she recovers from the insanity of evil she may pray, but not now."

I have often wondered what a writer of fiction would have made out of such a story. As a matter of fact, the woman is living today, highly respected, serenely proud of her two grown daughters; and I believe William simply covered up her sin so deep with his wisdom that she has forgotten it.

"Repentance is not remorse," he used to argue upon rare occasions. "Mrs. Martin could not make the proper distinction. God understood."

I have no doubt his conference would have fired William for fathering very curious heresies, if all his doings with sinners had been published. There was the apostate, for example, whom he tried to save at the expense of one of the doctrines of his church. Just as Baptists believe in election and Presbyterians in predestination, the Methodists believe in apostasy—that is, that God will forsake a man and never answer his prayers if the man waits too long before he begins to pray; and that if after he has been converted he leaves the way of righteousness there is always danger that God will abandon him in his sins.

A most desperate situation is that of the Methodist apostate, because there is so much elasticity about grace in our church, and it is so easy to fall from it that a modest man is, by the very delicacy and humility of his spirit, apt to fall under the delusion that God has had enough patience with him and that he has "sinned away his day of grace."

I recall the day William came home and burned seven of his best sermons on such texts as this: "The soul that sinneth it shall die." It was after he had read the burial service over the body of Philip Hale, who killed himself because he had "lost God and could not find Him."

The fate of this man was one of the tragedies in William's life. He must have had much the same feeling toward him that a surgeon feels toward a patient who dies on the operating table. If he had survived he would have lived. I never heard him preach after that about the "deadline" in the spiritual life.

William occasionally came upon a rare saint. I mean rare in the scientific, spiritual sense—that is, different, moving in time, but not of it—the unconscious prophet of a new order in the souls of mankind. And it was a grand sight to see him measure the sword of his spirit with one of these.

The last encounter he had of this kind, I remember, was on the Bowtown Circuit not long before he was superannuated, and it was with a woman. She was called Sal Prout. The omission of the last syllable of her given name implied social ostracism and personal contempt. And she deserved both, having been a notorious woman in her younger days. We heard of her first from Brother Rheubottom. He was the shriveled, grizzled local preacher who furnished a kind of gadfly gospel to the church at Bowtown when he was invited to fill the pulpit, which was no oftener than could be helped. He called to tell William about the "Prout woman" before we had had time to unpack our clothes and commentaries.

"She's been a terrible creature," he explained, wagging his hard, old, hickory-nut head and clawing his beard with a kind of spiritual rapacity for devouring the worst of Sal's character

"She's done more harm than a dozen wildcat stills. Then all at once, here about five years ago, she turned good, 'lowed she'd heerd from God. It was blasphemous. Seems she hadn't went to church since she was a gal. I don't say she ain't behavin' herself and all that, but 'tain't orthodox for a person like that to jest set down before her do' in the grass and git religion without ever goin' nigh a church and makin' public confession of her sins—not that everybody don't know what she has been!

"If them kind of heresies spread, where will the church be? What's the use of havin' churches? We want you to go down there and 'tend to her, Brother Thompson. Some folks in this community have been worried ever since she done it. We ain't satisfied with her experience after the way she's carried on—talks as if she'd found God as easy as if she'd been an innocent child, when some of us that have lived honorable and decent all our lives had to mourn and repent and take on like a house afire before we could claim the blessin'."

"I'll look into Sister Prout's condition as soon as possible, Brother Rheubottom," said William, folding one long leg over the other and fidgeting in his chair, because he wanted to be back at his bookshelves, settling the relations of his commentaries for the coming year.

"She ain't even a sister," retorted our visitor, who had risen and was on his way to the door. "She's never j'ined the church. When somebody named it to her as a duty if she'd repented of her sins she jest laughed and said she wouldn't. Not bein' respectable enough to belong in with church folks she 'lowed she'd stay outside with the wicked where she belonged and not embarrass nobody by settin' by 'em in church. 'Lowed she reckoned she could find enough to do out there instead of 'histing herself up with respectable women in the foreign missionary society.' That's the way she talks, Brother Thompson, and there can't nobody stop her!"

Bowtown was an ugly little streaked mountain village that followed the windings of the country road for half a mile and then gave out. The last house was not a house at all, but an old box car. And this was the home of Sal Prout. But she denied that it was a box car, with a hundred fanciful deceptions. First, it was whitewashed within and without; second, it was covered with house vines; third, the dooryard smiled at you from the face of a thousand flowers, like a heavenly catechism of color. But go as often as we would we never found Sal at home. She was busy with the wicked. She could do anything from pulling fodder to nursing a teething baby, and all you had to do to get her was to need her.

This was how we came to meet her at last. William's health was failing fast now, and he got down with sciatica that spring. He had been in bed a month; the people on the circuit began to show they were disappointed in not having an active man who could fill his appointments, and I was tired and discouraged with being up so much at night and with anxiety for fear William would have to give up his work. A preacher in our church cannot get even

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The Last House Was Not a House at All, but an Old Box Car

Making Money Out of Waste

ALL THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM

By Waldemar Kaempffert

EVERY book of fairy stories contains more than one tale of the power of a magic wand. Pumpkins are transformed into state coaches by its touch; common kitchen utensils into crowns and diadems; rags into queenly robes; and dross into gold. Yet the most riotously-imaginative fairy tale has never recounted marvels that surpass those which have been wrought by the touch of the wand wielded by every industrial chemist and engineer. In the book of true scientific fairy tales we may read how the chemist or the engineer magician miraculously evolves a palatable wine jelly out of old shoes, how he wondrously charms whisky out of old shirts. So successfully is the wand of science wielded that, with the exception of the skies above us and the green trees and grass below, things are not what they seem to be. You and I write our love-letters on what was once an old linen cuff, with ink made from the rusty hoop of an old beer barrel. The billiard ball that rolls over a green table is probably a new form of cow's milk. The silk scarf about your collar was once the waving branch of a tree.

All this we have achieved from the mere desire of practically utilizing to the utmost advantage the things that our ancestors threw away, sometimes from sheer ignorance, sometimes from sheer recklessness. A man of our day supports his family on what his grandfather cast into the street. The dump heaps of our forefathers are our mines. We rake them over and pick out the precious metals once flung away—the gold, uranium and radium. When our fathers made charcoal they allowed the alcohol and vinegar and a hundred valuable perfumes, essences and unguents to escape with them. Burning a corner drugstore would be the modern equivalent. When the housewife of old made soap she threw away the glycerin left over, little imagining that it could blast a subway or blow up a Czar. "Give me the sewage of New York City," cried a knowing modern chemist, "and I will return, annually, the milk of one hundred thousand cows." Lord Palmerston put the same thought in another way when he said that "dirt is merely matter in the wrong place."

Each One Gathering Different Things

The Chemical Wonders of Coal Tar

NO MORE conspicuous example of this effort to find a proper place for dirt and waste can be desired than we see in the splendid use that is now made of the residues of gas works, residues that consist of coke, an excellent fuel; of ammonia, employed in farming because it supplies plants artificially with the nitrogen they need; and lastly of a black, noisome ooze, which goes by the name of coal tar. Before 1856 the gas-maker was glad to rid himself of this coal tar by giving it away. He dared not pour it into streams, because it polluted the water. If he buried it he killed vegetation.

Nowadays it is a by-product of such value that many a rich industry is based on its chemical utilization. At the chemist's touch this foul-smelling, viscous liquid is transmuted into the most widely-different substances imaginable. It yields dyestuffs after dyestuffs, surpassing in beauty, brilliancy and permanence the colors supplied to us by plants and animals. To such proportions has the industry of extracting these artificial dyes developed that rarely indeed are the natural colors employed. Splendid reds of all shades, delicate blues, rich greens, exquisite yellows, warm browns and dead blacks are now all extracted from coal tar. The dyes thus obtained are numbered by thousands. Hardly a month passes but the discovery of a new one is chronicled in patents and chemical journals.

Coal tar does more than supply rainbow hues. The chemist has discovered in it a host of medicines for the treatment of the most diverse diseases. The African sleeping sickness, fever, insomnia and pains of every origin are allayed by coal-tar derivatives. Invaluable antiseptics, such as carbolic acid, are yielded by this most protean of substances. The active principles of animal glands are reproduced from it and placed at the disposal of the physician. If it gives us the means of saving life it also gives the means of dealing death; for certain ingredients of coal tar constitute the basic principle of terrible smokeless powders and of powerful explosives, compared with which gunpowder seems well-nigh harmless.

A way has been found of extracting from coal tar the rapid developers so widely employed by photographers. There have also been discovered in its all-embracing range perfumes which are as exquisite as those of Nature, and which cannot, indeed, be distinguished from the fragrance of flowers. The odors of oil of wintergreen, violets, roses, jasmine and heliotrope are reproduced with chemical and olfactory fidelity. A host of artificial flavors are derived from coal-tar flavors that have almost entirely displaced true-fruit flavors, because their taste and chemical composition are the same. Among them is vanillin, an exact duplicate of the extract of vanilla bean, artificial oils of bitter almond and of musk, and saccharin, sweeter than sugar by five hundred and fifty times. With coal-tar products, too, we protect our wood against insect ravages, and preserve the canned foods eaten by every soldier, hunter and Arctic explorer. It provides us, furthermore, with naphtha, a useful solvent of gums, resins, rubber, gutta-percha and fats; with light and heavy oils; with pitch, which is utilized in road-building and in the making of varnish, lamp-black and roofing-felt; and with naphthalene, which is itself the source of many dyes.

So far from being a mere waste coal tar is a palette of gorgeous colors, with which we paint our pictures and dye our fabrics; a medicine-chest of potent, healing drugs and germicides; an arsenal of deadly explosives; a vial of delicious flavors and soothing narcotics; and a garden of exquisite perfumes—in a word, the most wonderful, variegated substance in the world.

Another remarkable example of the industrial utilization of waste, one, moreover, with which the general public is fairly familiar, is to be found in the meat-slaughtering centers of the country. The beef and pork that hang in every butcher shop represent not more than fifty-six to fifty-eight per cent of the animal on the hoof. Time was when the remaining forty-four to forty-two per cent was simply thrown away. Now, it is safe to say that nothing escapes the boiling-kettle or the machine, and that a steer is utilized from the tip of his horn to the last hair of his tail. Indeed, a large percentage of the American packing industry's profit is made from the chemically and mechanically treated by-products of the abattoir.

Slaughter-House By-Products

THE hides, as might be expected, are sold to tanners. Albumin is extracted from the blood and passed along to the calico printer, the tanner and the sugar refiner. The bones are utilized for a score of purposes. Their residual fat and gelatin are respectively employed for soap-making and for the manufacture of various objects, such as medicine capsules. Feet are saved for their neat's-foot oil. The bones left after the oil is extracted are made into our toothbrush and knife handles, our chessmen and our combs. The horns, sawed off at the tip, are split and ironed out flat to furnish stock for buttons, combs and brush-backs. The sawed-off horn tips are fashioned into pipe stems, and the horn scrap is ground up and turned over to the farmer for fertilizer. Neurasthenia—nervous debility—agoraphobia—a dread of crossing open spaces such as public squares—St. Vitus' dance, and other nervous and mental disorders, are treated with the products of gray brain-matter of calves. From the glands and membranes pepsin, thymus, pancreatin and other gastric aids to the digestion of the *bon vivant* are extracted. Bristles, of course, are used for brush-making, and teeth for studs and buttons. White hoofs are exported to Japan and come back to us as art objects; striped hoofs are worked up into buttons and horn ornaments; and black hoofs are either employed in the manufacture of potassium cyanide, which is needed for gold extraction, or ground up for fertilizer. Oleomargarine, better known as butterine, is obtained from the fats, and so are tallow, stearin and glycerin, all three indispensable to the manufacturers of soap and candles. A palatable preparation, prescribed by physicians for tissue-building and the production of red corpuscles in the human blood, is made from the red marrow of young animals. Gelatin, or, in its lower grades, glue, is obtained from sinews, hide trimmings, bones, skins and hair scraps. Fertilizers are produced by treating the viscera, short hair and other refuse. Long hair is shipped to the spinner and by him sold to the mattress-maker. Thus it happens that the carcass of a single beef may enter into several hundred different articles, and thus it happens that we not only eat steers, calves and hogs, but brush our hair and teeth with them, prescribe them for our mental and physical ailments, wear them on our clothes, sleep on them, ornament our rooms with them, play games with them and raise crops with their aid.

Loading Up a Day's Work

Each of the industries built up on the utilization of slaughter-house by-products has its own wastes in turn After the abattoir has disposed of its hides, for instance, a certain amount of waste is incurred in tanning them. Very little of this waste, however, is not ultimately converted into a useful product. Spent tan is sold as fertilizer and also utilized to a certain extent in paper-making. Leather trimmings and scrap are pressed and rolled into sheets, with some glutinous composition, to form artificial leather; or are utilized in the production of printing inks, dark pigments, covering substances and blacking. It is safe to state that hundreds of patents have been granted for ingenious means of working over bits of leather which the ordinary man would sweep away. Mixed with the bones of sheep and goats, leather scrap is transformed by one inventor into ivory veneers. Another has devised a way of pressing leather shavings into boot and shoe heels and inner soles. What is called "shoddy" leather is made by grinding bits of waste leather to a pulp, which, after maceration and pressure, is formed into solid strips. Leather that no one else can employ is left for the glue-maker.

A Precious Cargo of Paper Going to a Factory by Special Tow

The mere process of washing may yield what is apparently dirty water, but is in reality a concealed treasure. By far the best example is the use made of the grime that is washed from a sheep's fleece. With the meadow-grass which it chews a sheep absorbs a certain amount of potash, which circulates through the system and eventually exudes through the skin and adheres to the wool. The French call this excretion *suint*. Mixed with the usual amount of dirt that seems inseparable from animal existence it constitutes two-thirds of the weight of the fleece. In cleaning the wool this *suint* was at one time all lost, and even now much of it is recklessly washed away. The more economical wool-cleaning establishments save the wash-water and employ chemists to remove the potash for further chemical use. It is estimated that no less than two million two hundred thousand pounds of potassium carbonate are made from the potash thus saved in the mills and scouring establishments of France and Belgium. The wool fat and wool perspiration incrusted in every fleece are difficult to remove, but when collected are useful for many pharmaceutical purposes.

Saving Wool, Cotton and Sawdust

A METHOD has been patented for extracting no less than five valuable products from wool fat, which are employed as bases for ointments and cosmetics, leather dressings and fiber lubricants. The fat removed amounts to about fifteen per cent of the wool treated, which, at the minimum price of three cents a pound, means forty-five cents on every hundred pounds of wool "degreased," to use the technical expression. If to this is added the carbonate of potash recovered from the rinsing waters, which averages twenty-five cents for every hundred pounds, we have seventy cents as the minimum value of the by-products removed from every hundred pounds of raw wool. Before the solvent process of wool degreasing was introduced it is estimated that between two and three million dollars' worth of wool fat and potash were annually wasted in the United States.

It may be supposed that, after having been degreased, carded, woven into fabrics, and then cut and sewed into clothes, nothing more can be done with wool. The second-hand-clothes man knows better. When woolen clothes are so tattered and rent that even he cannot persuade any one to buy them, they are sold to a manufacturer, who tosses them into a machine by which they are completely picked to pieces. The product of that picking is wool, which, although not equal to new wool, may nevertheless be used again. The threads are shorter than they were originally, but are still long enough for the weaver. Mixed with cotton they once more do service in a coat. When the wool wears off and the tightly-twisted cotton makes its appearance the coat is again picked to pieces, and the cotton removed by a process called carbonizing and by treatment with sulphuric acid. The product obtained is known to every one as shoddy. Were it not for shoddy there would not be a sufficient amount of raw material to meet the demands of the clothing-maker, except at greatly increased prices. So general is its use that no one can honestly say he has not worn the same coat twice. A millionaire stockbroker may be wearing the promoted rags of a beggar, and his wife the discarded skirt of a convicted shoplifter. After absolutely nothing is left of a woolen rag that cannot be spun or woven into a new textile, the wool is mixed with hoofs, horns and the blood from slaughter-houses, and combined with wood ashes and scrap iron, all to form a base out of which the beautiful dye known as Prussian blue is made.

This well-nigh complete exhaustion of a woolen fabric's possibilities finds its counterpart in almost every other textile industry. The working up of waste fibers has been so perfected that very little of the raw material is now thrown away. In the silk manufacturer's lexicon, for example, there is no such word as waste, probably because of the rise in price of raw silks. Many years ago the outside and inside husks of cocoons were mere refuse. Now they are bought and sold as more or less valuable raw material. Japan and China export large quantities of moth-pierced cocoons, husks, known as knubs and curlies, winder's waste and floss silk. When we consider what excellent ribbons, velvets and plushes are now made from short fibers and wastes it seems almost incredible that at one time pieces of raw China silk, otherwise unavailable, were actually used for wiping the machinery of a throwing mill.

The same story could be told of cotton. Nearly all cotton rags, as well as linen rags, if they are sufficiently long of staple, are respun. Although much cotton waste finds its way to the paper-maker, the time is not far distant when, like flock and shoddy, even short cotton fibers will be worked over again for textiles. As it is, the waste of cotton mills is employed for the making of batting and wadding, and of carpet linings. About a million dollars' worth of what otherwise would be wasted is thus annually utilized.

An industry may produce so much waste that from sheer necessity some use must be made of that waste. Of no industries is this truer than those in which wood is employed. Every sawmill produces an amount of sawdust which must be disposed of in some way, if it is not to be piled up in a huge hill, a prey to spontaneous combustion. There are not enough dolls to stuff into lifelike rotundity with it, nor enough bar-room floors to sprinkle with it. The most obvious method of removal is to burn the sawdust as a fuel. Like many obvious methods it failed when first tried, because of the difficulty of burning powderlike combustibles. Latterly, however, sawdust has been moulded into *briquettes*, and special forms of furnaces have been devised which render it possible to burn it instead of coal under a boiler. Attempts have also been made to generate gas for power from sawdust, with more or less success. Extremely profitable are those industries in which sawdust, shavings and other wood refuse are worked up just as if they were as plastic as clay—an end rendered possible by the invention of mixing and kneading machines, moulds and presses. Artificial wood, which looks for all the world like what it is not, is made from hydraulically-pressed sawdust, held together by glue-water and soluble glass, or blood and potassium bichromate. When polished this *bois durci*, as the French call it, possesses a beauty of appearance not found even in ebony, rosewood or mahogany.

The chemist, too, has turned wood wastes to profitable account. One of his recent achievements is the discovery of a method of converting certain ingredients of sawdust into wood alcohol. Furthermore, the production of acetic acid, wood naphtha, oxalic acid and tar from sawdust is a comparatively recent enterprise. The sawdust from birch and some other species of trees yields a palatable sugar after chemical treatment. Artificial vanilla extract—vanillin—may also be regarded as much a chemical product of wood waste as of coal tar; for, some years ago, a German chemist, Dr. Theodore Hartwig, discovered in conifers a principle which he christened "coniferin," from which artificial vanilla is obtained in the form of a white, crystalline powder.

Other forms of wood waste are transformed into viscose and then into artificial silk, of which about five tons a day is made in Europe. The demand far exceeds the supply. According to Professor Robert Kennedy Duncan a pine tree is worth ten dollars a ton; cut and stripped it is worth fifteen dollars; boiled into pulp, it is worth forty dollars; bleached it is worth fifty-five dollars; which, turned into viscose and spun into silk, is worth five thousand five hundred dollars. Clearly our wasted timber has interesting possibilities. Wood pulp or cellulose may be regarded as a gold mine, the full value of which no man can estimate, for our knowledge of its chemistry is lamentably scant.

Forests Destroyed for Novel-Readers

BY A STRANGE anomaly the paper-making industry utilizes more different kinds of waste than any other, and yet produces an amount of waste that is still the subject of much chemical study. Cotton waste, flax waste, hemp waste, jute waste, old ropes, canvas, rags, straw, spent tan and even stable manure have all been used in paper-making. Each year, however, witnesses an increasing use of wood pulp and a decreasing use of cotton and other wastes for the purpose. The great bulk of the paper on which every newspaper, magazine and book is printed is made from wood pulp or cellulose. The large American newspapers consume each day many acres of forest. The success of a modern novelist means the denudation of a mountainside. Fifty per cent of the weight of the wood out of which all our printing paper is made flows down drains and pollutes rivers—an example of waste that is truly appalling in these days when the disappearance of forests is a matter of grave, national concern. A prize of ten thousand marks was offered in Germany, in 1894, for a commercially-practicable method of reclaiming this waste, but as yet no satisfactory application of the liquors from what is known as the sulphite process, by which most paper is made, has been forthcoming. To be sure, many patents have been granted for

(Concluded on Page 44)

An Important Consignment of Rags. The Fact That the Means of Locomotion is in a State of Decrepitude Has No Bearing on the Actual Value of the Goods

STRICTLY IN CONFIDENCE

By R. W. HOFFLUND

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

She an' Reginald Used to Manage Some Long Rides Together

A SLENDER young man, trimly dressed in khaki, crossed our field of vision and waved a cheerful greeting

"Who's that, Mart?" I asked.

Old Martin Weatherbee knew everybody. He had been in the Potrero country when there wasn't a fence in the whole valley, had occasionally strayed out of it, and had always come back.

"Who?" he said. "Him? Why, that's Reginald."

"Very good," I said, "as far as it goes. But what is he, where did he come from, when, why ——"

"Lord!" sighed Mart. "You're worse than a tourist. A tourist is double-action, but you're automatic. But that's all right. I don't mind telling you about him."

. . . . . .

You know Flannery. Well, I was workin' for Flannery when I first met Reginald. I remember it was a rainy day, an' a bunch of us were loafin' around the bunkhouse playin' seven-up, when he come in sight.

"Is the foreman here?" he says.

"You bet," I says. "Right here, sonny, holdin' the ace. Wait a minute."

He waited until I played the hand, an' then he says:

"Mr. Flannery said that I should report to you. I've come out to work on the ranch."

"Well, well," I says, "I'm glad to hear it. There's plenty to do. And what might your name be?"

"Reginald Clark," says he.

"That's hard luck," I says, "but you can't blame me for it. I take it you're from the East."

Right here I got surprise number one. "Don't take it too far," he says, cheerful as can be; "you might have to bring it back. What shall I do first?"

He was such a nice-appearing boy that nobody could help devilin' him, but it come with a shock when he answered back. You saw that he was medium small, an' he had light hair an' spectacles; an' takin' it all round I never expected him to say nothin' harsher than "Yes, sir." So I tells him:

"Well, first you must comb your hair, which has got a little rumpled up. We don't allow that here. And then — "

"Look here, old man," says he, "you might as well cut it out. You can't hurt my feelings, but I get tired of it in time. I'm right fresh from the East, where you hear a new joke every month or two. You fellows are all alike. You're good, hearty joshers, but you all work on the same gags. If you're not going to put me to work today, go ahead with the game and I'll watch you a while."

So that was the way it went. I never saw any one so cool. You couldn't ruffle Reginald with any kind of talk, an' all the boys just naturally had to try it, on account of his looks. But mostly it ended with Reginald laughin' at us for a bunch of grangers, an' tellin' us how ancient an' worn-out our little tricks was.

"Why," he'd shout, "if you'd get together and walk up Broadway you'd block the traffic. They never saw your kind back there. And that's where I was born and raised. So what's the use, old man, what's the use?"

And I want to tell you we got to like him for it. You bet! I've noticed that if a man keeps shoutin' long enough what a all-fired old he-marvel he is, pretty soon everybody gets to believin' him. You read in the papers where some man says: "My pills is positively the best pills made. They cure everything. Beware of imitations." And before long, when you see it, you say: "Now, ain't that wonderful!" You take his word for it. And so it was with Reginald. He never done anything so terrible bright, but he'd just laugh an' say: "What's the use, old man? You can't play tricks on me! I'm the original cutup myself, right from where they turn out the first-class article."

And then he was a pretty good boy, too, jolly an' good-natured, an' not so blamed puny but what he got to be a valu'ble ranchhand. He was wiry an' tough. It seems his father was a friend of Flannery's cousin, or somebody, back East, an' Reginald had come out for his health. But nobody would ever have guessed it. He bunked an' played cards an' smoked an' cussed with the other boys; an' when they let him alone he never boasted about his education. But when they lit on him—well, he's the only Easterner I ever saw that could make a bunch of ranchhands feel cheap an' small an' kind o' useless. Mostly it works the other way round.

But no matter how smart a tenderfoot may be, there's one or two ways an old hand can get the bulge on him. Reginald could say things faster than we could, but, of course, at first he was plumb green on the work. I remember the time I put him with Sam Masters to take a lot of yearlin's down to Centerville. Reginald had been ridin' around some on the ranch ponies, an' had got to feelin' that he was about as good as the next one with a horse; so when Sam tells him that he has a new one of his own with him that is too frisky for a yellow-haired rah-rah boy, Reginald just naturally has to ride that horse. That was what Sam brought him up for. So when I come out to the corral I saw the whole outfit of 'em pretendin' to be busy right there, an' Sam helpin' to put a saddle on his horse, Bud.

Now Bud wasn't such a terrible mean bronc when a man was on him that knew how, but he had bad tricks. Mostly he went all right, but if you tucked a foot or two underneath him he was due to buck. So when Reginald gets aboard an' starts to amble off, Sam says:

"He's lazy today. Kick him easy with your toe down under the ribs, an' see him jump."

"Rats!" says Reginald. "I don't believe he'd ju ——" Just then he hits him with his foot an' sails right graceful over Bud's head.

"Why," he says, brushin' off the dirt, "the old boy is strong enough to pull a street car yet. I didn't suspect it."

He gets on again, an' gives a squint around. It's easy to see that the crowd is waitin' for more fun. "Why," says Reginald, "I believe you mossbacks are hoping to learn something about horseback riding. Well, keep your eyes open."

He kicks him hard with both feet, of course bein' plumb ignorant of how a bronc gets worked up, an' the fireworks begin. About everything that could happen in a argument between a horse an' a man happened right then. Reginald learnt all about bronco-bustin' in the next five minutes. Bud bucked him off, kicked him one leg at a time, jumped on him all four together, turned him over, picked him up an' spanked him, pulled his hair, bit him, slung him down again an' rolled over on him, an' come up smilin', lookin' at Sam as much as to say: "Well, I'm doin' my part."

"Why," says Reginald, pullin' the mud out of his mouth, "the old son of a gun! Wait till I get at him again! Wait till I get through with him!"

"Soak him once more in the hind leg with your stomach," says Sam. "Bud hates that. It'll paralyze him."

"Never you mind," Reginald sputters. "I don't believe you could stay on him yourself. Maybe one of you would like to try it a while."

Nobody comes up, so Reginald laughs an' goes at it again. Bud had him cryin' with rage

"I Was Going Up to Your Ranch Today, Anyhow, to See Milly"

before he got through, but the nervy little cuss got to hangin' on with his fingernails, an', of course, Bud got tired quick, not bein' a wild outlaw, but only a cow-pony with little prejudices about his ribs that he didn't like to have interfered with, but wasn't goin' to break his neck to uphold. So before long Reginald has him travelin' easy, an' he sets up straight an' says:

"Now, whenever you're ready we'll move along. If Bud is delicate in some parts of his body we'll leave 'em alone. But say, Mart," he shouts at me, as they start off, "what do you think about these wild Western buckaroos having to get me to show 'em how to handle a horse? You ought to fire the bunch."

Now, you can see he had a right to crow that time, an' that's the way it went. Our boys all knew he was only jokin', anyhow, and sometimes we'd get him started just for fun; but things like that get to spreadin' around. Other folk got to talkin' about the fresh Easterner up at the ranch that was always laughin' at everybody an' tellin' how much better they made 'em back home, an' that sounds bad. That's how Reginald got in wrong with Mark Hartley.

Mark, you know, has made a pile o' money out of his cattle, but he's a diamond in the rough, for sure. I remember when Mark got himself some spectacles, so he could let on he forgot 'em whenever he had to read in public. He could struggle with big print, an' he could write his name by takin' plenty of time an' both hands to it, but Mark wasn't anyways what you'd call a scholar. Mebbe it was on that account he sent his daughter East to school, until she grew up an' come home with about all the knowledge there is.

"Why," Mark used to say, "she got to askin' so many questions the professors couldn't answer that they sent her home. She had 'em sittin' up nights."

Anyhow, Milly did come home, an' a mighty sweet, pretty girl she was, too. She used to ride around the country on her little sorrel pony, an' by-an'-by she got to know everybody by name. An' I tell you it was a pleasure to meet her out on the range, lopin' along with her cheeks red from the wind, an' hear her shout: "Hello, Mart! How's everything?"

Well, Reginald naturally got to be some interested. He wasn't the only one. Most of the boys felt that way, too, but they weren't so used to pretty girls an' were considerable more backward about it. The first I knew about it Reginald come in one day an' says:

"Mart, where is Hartley's ranch?"

"About four miles up the creek," I tells him. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing," he says. "I just wanted to know."

"Now, you look here, youngster," says I, "don't you go tryin' any of your nervy tricks on old Mark Hartley. If you ever got Mark riled up he'd eat you alive."

He laughs as usual when he is given advice.

"What's the matter with you?" he says. "I'm not going to hurt him. I just thought I'd go up some day and call on his daughter. I met her this morning up at the house."

"Oh, you did, did you?" says I, when I got my breath. "Well, I wisht you'd take me along. I'd kind of like to see Mark when a twenty-five-dollar-a-month ranchhand come up an' told him he'd decided to make him his father-in-law. Great snakes, boy!" I says; "Mark is the biggest man in this county. If he didn't fall over dead from the shock he'd go through you worse than that Bud horse did. Ain't you ever goin' to learn any sense?"

He looks at me with a funny little squint.

"Mart," says he, "did I ever tell you I was going to marry her?"

"No," I admits, "not exactly. "But in this country——"

"Well," he says, "I tell you now. I am. But don't you go talking about it. This is no joke, or I wouldn't say it about her. I'm just telling you as a good friend."

What could a man do in a case like that? Lord! I wisht him luck, an' you bet I meant it. But if anybody had pointed an empty gun at me I'd 'a' fell over. He plumb took the breath out of me.

But right here was where the trouble come in. Mark had heard some of his men tellin' about how our boys let a young, tender, half-baked Eastern schoolboy stand 'em up in a row an' tell 'em how ignorant they was. It seems it riled the old man considerable, him bein' what you might call a natural-born target for that class of remarks.

"What's the matter with them Sunday-school scholars?" he says to George Libby, his range foreman. George tells me about it one day. "I wisht they'd send him over here for a spell," he says. "If he ever meets up with me an' springs any of his ribbon-counter educated talk I'll shoot the fingernails plumb off'n him. I reckon I could grease up my old forty-four an' break even with New York yet, if it come to a little friendly rivalry."

Now, you can see that ain't exactly a good start to make with the father of the girl you're hopin' to call your own; but it happened that Reginald didn't meet him for a long time, an', of course, Mark didn't think much more about it.

As for Milly, she an' Reginald used to manage some very long rides together, an' by-and-by I begun to suspect that the youngster meant what he said about her, an' that he was gettin' along first-rate. He'd saddle up every Sunday, an' any other day he could get off, an' Milly would always seem to be out in the neighborhood where he was headin', an' away they'd go. One day when he come back he says to me:

About Everything That Could Happen in an Argument Between a Horse an' a Man Happened Right Then

"Mart, you said Hartley was the biggest man in the county. How much do you think he's worth?"

"Great snakes!" I says. "I don't know. Mebbe fifty thousand dollars."

"Gee!" he says. "That's a pile of money, isn't it, Mart? And I haven't got even a lonesome little cow. But there's one consolation."

"What is it?" I asks, not seein' any myself in the situation.

"Why," he says, "my father, back home, owns a couple of banks, and a railroad, and a few acres of good soil over in Brooklyn, where land is higher than here. I'll bet he'd help me out if I wanted to buy a little place and settle down."

"I'm glad to hear it," I says. "That'll go a long ways with Mark. Don't forget to mention it when you ask him for Milly. Speak it out right fast," I says, "before he chokes off your wind."

"I don't know," he says, with his careless laugh. "I thought I wouldn't tell him till afterward."

"Suit yourself," I says. "But I think you're 'way wrong. Afterward may fix Mark, all right; but by that time you'd have to start all over again with Milly. She wouldn't recognize you," I says, "and you'd find it harder. Your looks would be against you."

Well, things drifted along for a time, an' Reginald kept takin' Milly on the rides; but I don't believe he ever went up to the ranch. Mebbe Milly kept him away. An' then one day he come in lookin' as glum as a man who's got tobacco an' a match, but no papers—which is pretty near the saddest thing I know about.

"What's the matter, Reginald?" I asks him. "Folks all get killed?"

"Mart," he says, "Milly's father has forbidden her to go out with me any more."

"That's too bad," I says. "You remember what I told you?"

"He's heard about me," says Reginald. "Gee, Mart, you know how I talk, and he thinks I'm a regular fat-headed dude. Why, old man," he says, "this country is where I belong. I just knock it for fun, to get the boys mad. You know that, but he doesn't. What'll I do now, Mart?"

"Why," I says, "ride up just out of shotgun range an' get behind a tree, an' shout to him about the railroad an' the banks. It might soften him up a bit."

"Oh, rats!" he says. "I can't boast to an old self-made cow-baron about how much money my father has. If I did, I wouldn't blame him for jumping on me. Anyhow, I promised Milly I wouldn't go up to the ranch. She was frightened."

"An' she was dead right," I says. "I don't want you to get killed, myself."

He looks at me kind of surprised. "She wasn't afraid of that," says he. "She thought we might get into an argument, and I might lose my temper and do something to her father that I'd be sorry for later. But, gee! there's no danger. I can control myself."

I turned two back handsprings to choke a laugh, an' come up grave as a hoot-owl.

"No," I says, "there's no real danger. Excuse the acrobatics," I says; "but sometimes I get a touch o' schismatic rheumatism an' have to unwind my joints. There's certain combinations of words in the English language," I says, "that brings it on without warning. But if that's the way she feels about it you mustn't give up. Nothing but death can part you now."

"I know that, Mart," he says, so solemn I felt ashamed of laughin' at him.

Well, as luck would have it, a bunch of the hands come driftin' in, an', of course, they saw at a glance that Reginald was in a blue mood, so they started right in on him. An' I wisht you could 'a' been there to hear that boy loosen up. It done him good. I tried to stop him, because I saw some one comin', but I might as well have tried to lasso a cyclone with a piece of pink ribbon.

"Why, gol-darn it!" says he, "back where I come from they don't recognize you jayhawkers as human beings. They don't even worry about how you're going to vote, like they do with the other foreigners and barbarians. They don't have to. They tell you what to do, and you do it. You're just so many lumps of clod-hopping soil-tillers," he says, "and if I went back and told 'em you spoke English and never ate each other, they'd brand me for a liar! Why," he says, "do you know what they call you fellows back there? You're the 'come-ons' and the 'fall-guys' they sell gold bricks to. If one of you ever landed there alone, they'd get everything, down to your shoelaces. I could do it myself," says he, "because you're so blamed ignorant you wouldn't know anything about it until it was all over."

Reginald turned around, and there was Mark Hartley, sittin' in his buckboard just behind him, listening careful to every word.

"So!" he says. "That's the way you've got us sized up. I come up here to have a talk with you, an' I reckon it's high time."

"Oh, gee! Mr. Hartley," says Reginald. "I was just blowing off steam. I just meant these yaps here, anyhow, not everybody in the country. I like the people here better than anywhere else. Why, I've about decided to get married and stay here."

Mark, you know, is one of the old old-timers. I've seen a man pulled out by the feet after a few words with Mark—but that was long ago. We're peaceable, now, but when the boy said that an' old Hartley flushed red from his bull neck all over his face, I kind o' wisht I was carryin' a gun, like I used to.

"In other words," says he, like a bull terrier growlin', "you eat what you said first an' apologize all round."

"Why, no," says Reginald, gettin' red himself, but smilin' cheerful as ever, "not exactly that. The boys here josh me for a tenderfoot and I give it back to 'em

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SPORT IN GERMANY

Chasing the Carp With a Bewilligung and a Fischerei-Ausweis

By EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

ONCE, then, yet, there might already, upon-a-bright-on-the-surrounding-standing-green-leaved-trees-shining-sun-morning seen been have, two middle-aged, one-man-and-one-woman-persons, who near to a German village by name of Baden Say It Three Times dwelt, and who, also, against a swine-surrounding fence leaned, while they, the namely, by the said swine-surrounding fence inclosed-swine regarded. But what's the use? Maybe we would their language more freely better translate.

"No, no, Maxine," said the larger of the aforesaid persons, "I think myself Gretchen is the one already."

"No, Max," insisted his good wife "What is? Gretchen she eats a thousand pounds of house discards already, and she gains not forty pound in the whole wintertime. Rather I take that Hans there. He is so fat like a good swine ought to be. Yes?"

Max smoked on in silence for half an hour. "Ah, so woman," he began at last, "hast got no senses? Then I hope for those same reasons all the while everythings Hans is not so good then to take along. Better we save that Hänschen for sissages, and take Gretchen over yonder for the huntings then all the while."

"I Give Up My Son Albrecht for the Army, and Now I Must Give Up My Greta for the *Jagd*"

"All the finest swines will be there for the huntings," demurred Maxine; "besides, Greta is so dear to me already. To me is she like a friend so."

The good wife threw her apron over her face and broke into tears, but her stolid spouse was not shaken in his purpose, although he assumed a kindlier tone.

"Well, then, that Gretchen may not get hurted also not? The shootings are so careless all the while."

"So yes are they careless!" replied Maxine. "Those nobles care not how is it they shoot somethings. By the last huntings Fritz Schultz was shot already, and yesterday was buried also. Such a carelessness! What for chance does our Greta get there then? A noble might shoot at something else, and yet is Greta struck already. Not? What?"

Max smoked on for another half-hour before answering. "What is? Suppose then this Gretchen is, maybe, all the while, shot? Are we not already paid for bringing her over by the huntings? Suppose also then already she is not shot; so, I bring her back home already! That is not so worse—so *wurst*, I mean. If so this Gretchen she comes back already she makes plenty sissages. What?"

The Plot Against Poor Greta

"NENNE! nenne! She is my darling, my pet, my little one. She stands-under every word I say by her, and when I her back with a corncob rub she grunts such a happiness moreover! Such a happiness I cannot break up then. But this Hans, he is a dumbhead. He knows nothing. Hans is old since twelve years, but Greta has four years only. She gets bigger for two years then. What?"

"So, Maxine," rejoined her husband. "What you say I also think sometimes already. But when the *Landgraf* comes, the best wild boars of all Saxony must be there in the forest for him to hunt, is not? And have we not a son in the army already? Woman, have you then again no love for the Fatherland also?"

"*Ach!* so yes, then."

"Well, then, should we give the *Landgraf*, or the Colonel of the army, for the *Jagd*, a swine that is on one of his last legs yet? What sport is in such a swine like Hans, so fat neither can he run, neither can he squveal? Should we give that Hans, or a swine like Greta here, with a white skin and with a tail that curls twice over on the back yet? Perhaps also Greta she gets shot only a few, so she comes with me back yet? So, we get the price for Greta for a wild boar, also we get the sissages of Greta if she goes dead. If she goes not dead I speak by the huntsman. Perhaps also then all the while we get the society of Greta since a long time again yet. What?"

"What knows the *Landgraf* or the Colonel when he sees the swine running? By them one wild boar is the same like another one. Why is not that Hänschen just as good?"

"Woman, say not those words, 'just as good.' You talk like a drugstore then! After the *Jagd* those wild boars lie in a row for the countings, so each nobleman sees how many he has *geschossen*. So, here lies this Hans. Are we proud of him then already? Perhaps the *Landgraf* is under his collar warm some. The *Jagdmann* shall say by the *Landgraf:* 'This wild boar is from the house of Max, the *Bauer* by the village.' Does he say Max has a son in the army? Does Max get anything by this sort of wild boar already? No, better we have Greta! Such is more sportsmanlike ways of us, Maxine. Come, now, then, Maxine, be a sport yet!"

Later, in the kitchen, Maxine rubbed her eyes with her apron, but breathed a sigh of womanly resignation. "Always must a woman suffer then!" said she. "Always must a woman give up her best for the country already. I give up my son Albrecht for the army, and now I must give up my Greta for the *Jagd*. But so, if she goes, she goes in a such-a-way that those shootings peoples will not make any laughings over her looks. What? Wait a minute."

Max waited several minutes. Presently Maxine returned, bearing a long, blue ribbon which she had found among her toilet articles.

"See, now, Max," she said as they returned to the pen; "I show you what is the real proudness of a genuine German *Hausfrau*. If my Greta goes by the *Jagd*, she goes in a such-a-way we do not get ashamed by her also. I make me this blue ribbon by her tail around yet, in a knot. So! Look a-once then. Is it not a prettiness for Gretchen? In her tail-wiggle see such a proudness now! She is so happy. I bet me no wild boar in all the Schwarzwald is more *schön* than what now is our Gretchen then already!"

Max looked on admiringly. "Oh, by gracious, what a brains then has got this woman! I would not of this have thought. See now, suppose Greta she gets shot, and she comes in a row on the grass when the *Landgraf* and these others come out from their luncheons. Some of those wild games looks like others maybe yes. Me, I am also there. I see a long, blue ribbon curled on the grass by a back over. So I know our Greta is dead with honor on the field of battle! Such a brains you got, Maxine! I go to the *Jagdmann*, and I get him a few drinks in the neck already, and I say I like to take home that one yonder with the blue tail also, and he say: 'All right, Max, you're a good fellow.' *Hoch soll er leben!*"

"But of what use to say '*Hoch soll sie leben*' for Gretchen, if she is already *geschossen?* She comes not on to life again maybe then."

"Woman, she takes her chances then. In sport like in war it is just like somebody's lucks to get hit by accidents. Well, anyways again, it is time for me to take this wild boar animal over for the huntings."

He now knocked the ashes from his pipe on the top rail of the pigpen and turned toward his cottage, whence in the course of an hour he returned in the full regalia of the German sportsman of the mountain districts. Know that Max, in his time, had been a *Schützen-könig*, and whenever there was a hunt on in the adjacent estate he was sure to be chosen as one of the beaters, the more especially since he could always be counted upon to produce one or more formidable specimens of that savage animal, the wild boar, which offers the most dangerous form of sport to be had in the Fatherland, and which is fostered under a high protective tariff to the exclusion of the American hog.

Opening the door of the pigpen, he turned about and whistled several times, looking around him until he felt something jump up aginst his leg. He then looked over and down, and reached out his hand to stroke the head of his faithful hunting dog. "So, then, Fido, is it you then? Well, now we go. Fetch me that Greta out of the pen already, Fido."

Some Thoughts on the Dachshund

FIDO was, as may be supposed, a dachshund, a serpentine canine about four feet long and six inches high, rigged with bent legs fore and aft and much in need of another pair amidships, where he sagged badly. These dogs are peculiar to Germany. They are sold by the yard, but the national tendency to economy rarely ever provides more than two pairs of legs to any given section, no matter how long. The dachshund is useful for many purposes. It offers a convenient foot-warmer for a sleigh ride, will do as a family pillow, or even allows its owner to dispense with an extra cover over the foot of the bed on a very cold night. It can go under any house in search of rats and, being of elastic construction, is able to enter almost any kind of a hole in search of a rabbit, or even a fox, or a badger. No German sportsman is equipped for the chase without a pipe, an embroidered game-bag, and a dachshund. Nor has the scientific German mind overlooked the possibilities of the dachshund in war. On the suggestion of my friend Sanford, himself a very thoughtful man, experiments even now are making in the German army as to the adaptability of the dachshund for use as a field telegraph. "What," inquires Sanford, "is England doing to offset this latest German discovery?"

Be sure, in Germany, no one smiles at the dachshund, nor does any one hold him personally responsible for his physical configuration. Once there was a school-teacher who, in order to train the minds of her pupils in syntax, wrote on the blackboard two sentences, both purposely wrong:

"The hen has three legs," and "Who done it?"

"Jamie," said the teacher, "go to the blackboard and show where the faults are in these sentences."

Jamie went to the board and, without hesitation, wrote the following: "The hen never done it; God done it"—which thesis precisely covers the German mental attitude toward the dachshund.

Fido partook of the gravity of his species as to his facial expression. His ears almost touched the ground as he walked; indeed almost all of him almost touched the ground. Yet he did not lack intelligence. Indulging in no senseless antics, he did not leave the spot where he stood with his hindlegs; but now, at hearing his master's voice, he simply advanced in front with his forelegs and head, entered the gate of the pen, gave a yelp or so, and thus escorted Greta into the open. Behold, now, these three advancing amiably and in close company along the road—Greta, the wild boar, philosophically chewing a bit of grass now and then, Fido following near by, and yet farther back the honest Max, smoking calmly as one content with life. Thus, finally, they came to the gate through which the forest of the *Landgraf* was reached. Now they could hear the far-off sound of hunting horns. Galloping hoofs passed near. The *Jagd* was assembling. The tense feeling of sport was in the air.

Although I made no secret of my presence in Germany and Austria, neither Kaiser Wilhelm nor Emperor Francis Joseph extended any invitation to me to be among those present on one of these dangerous hunts for big game, so that I am somewhat at a loss to describe in first-hand terms the personnel of noble participants. My friend Sanford, however, who among other things has been a guide and outfitter in British Columbia, where all sorts of foreign sportsmen congregate, is good enough to offer something of his own experiences with German sportsmen of the first rank.

"One of the best parties we ever had out of Banff," he said, "was when we had Prince Conrad and Prince Georg of Bavaria. What do you think of a country where they spell 'George' without any 'e' on the end? Anyhow, we did well on that trip. Give me one more like that and I'd buy a couple more seats in the New York Stock Exchange.

We hired them forty-five packhorses to carry the camp outfit, and we had over two thousand pounds of grub. I'd have sold them more, but that was all there was in Banff at the time. We hired them two guides to each prince, with a sub-guide, a gunbearer, and a personal gillie each, not to mention three cooks, with abundant sub-cooks, second-assistant cooks, cookees and camp followers. After these came merry villagers, Roman soldiers and others, all on the salary list

"When we went up the trail we looked like an army with banners. I was in front, protectin' the royal succession of Bavaria. Once in a while I'd stop, shade my eyes with my hand and look around behind us to see if there was any hostile Indians comin'. When we was out a little farther I begun to use the field-glasses and deployed skirmishers. Conrad and Georg was some anxious, but I calmed them and told them that we could repel any armed attack. By great good fortune we made about ten miles in three days, and pitched our main camp.

"A head guide gets so he can dope out human nature pretty well, but I own up I wasn't prepared for what was goin' to happen. These here princes was plumb peevish. That country was all up hill, but they didn't like to walk up hill, and was scared to go a half a mile from camp. Once in a while they'd make a bluff about goin' back home. Since I was takin' a couple of hundred a day from them, you can guess what conversation I interposed about then.

How Jim Joked the Princes

"I'VE guided New York folks, and even English, but these had 'em all beat. Of course, they dressed in store clothes for breakfast, but when they got ready for their first day's hunt they come out of the tent in little green hats with some sort of tail stuck up behind, and short panties, and shoes that had a little leather in 'em, but was mostly nails, and stockin's that was right cute. They had stars and garters and things, jewels and decorations, all over their bosoms, and dang me if each one of 'em didn't have a short sword a-hangin' at his belt! Imagine a fellow at close quarters with a sheep or, say, a grizzly, with that nice little sword! No such a layout as a sword ever was seen in the Rockies—before that very day.

"When they come out of the tent I was out in the front yard, and when I looked up and saw them standin' there I let out a sort of whoop and fell over behind a log. The head cook, Jimmy, he heard me, him bein' busy at the time gettin' up the second breakfast. He looks up, fryin'-pan in his hand, and sees Conrad and Georg there in all their glory, just like the man at the door in a Alpine panorama at a world's fair. The cook he forgets that I'm takin' down two hundred a day from this outfit and he lifts up his voice and turns loose one of them things you call a yodel. Says Jimmy: 'O la *yee* I-o, tee la *lee* I-ho.' Jimmy he hits a pose with one hand up in the air and the other on his hip, while he's singin' this, same like this Alpine party he's seen somewhere.

"This way of doin' was not wise of Jimmy. These princes was ready money for me, but I was so full of laugh that I didn't dare get up from behind the log. Conrad he lays his hand on his sword and starts for the cook, who stands pat with the fryin'-pan. I had to separate them. 'You see, Prince Conrad,' says I, 'you don't quite understand this man. I pay him fifty dollars a day, because he's the best cook in western Canada; but the fact is, he has bats in his garret. Just leave him alone and he'll quiet down pretty soon and begin to cook all sorts of things like he was in a trance. Fear not, Prince,' says I to him, 'because I am with you! Come on out and I'll show you a few elk tracks.' So Conrad he calms down a little, and I lead him out where there's a nice place to sit down, and we resume our huntin'.

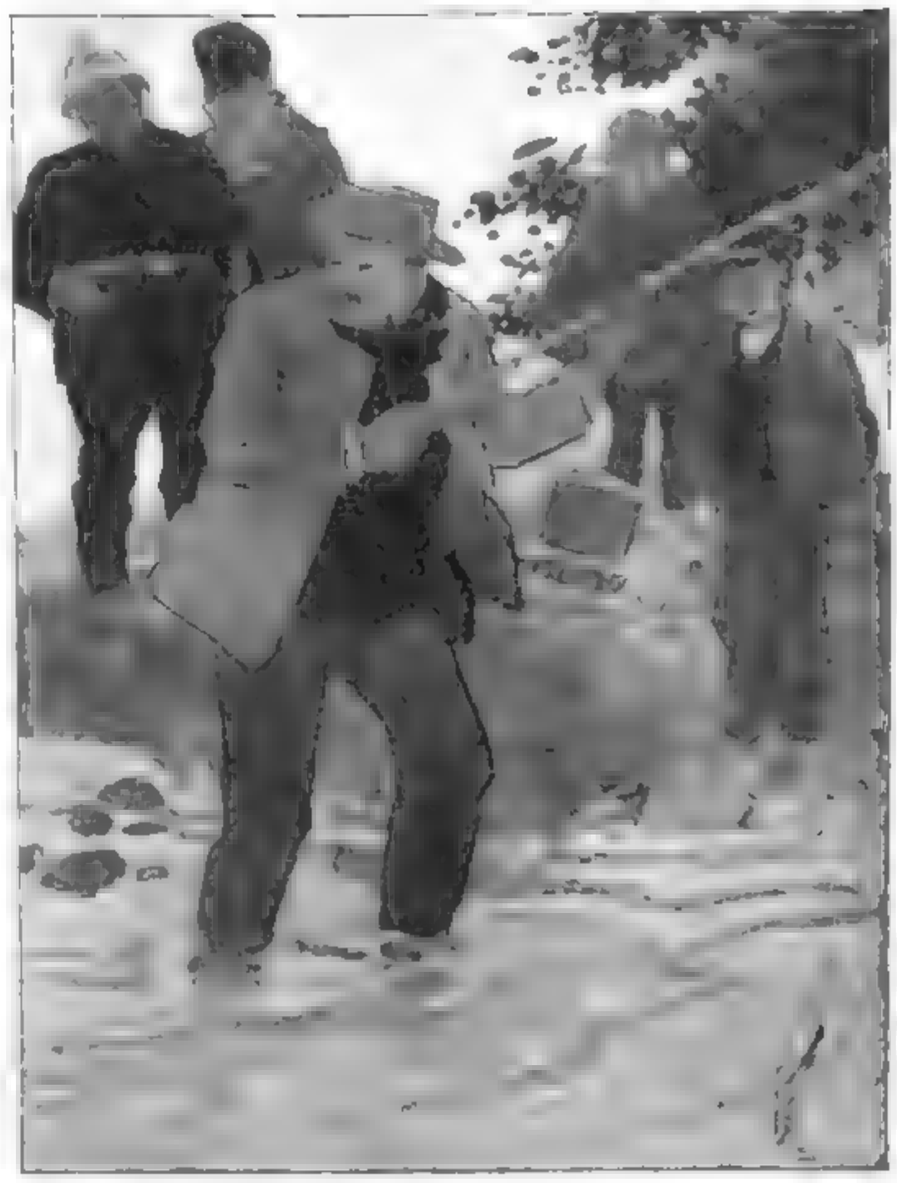
"No, we didn't kill anything much except a few porcupines; but the princes told me they didn't even have porcupines back home, so they weren't sore. They told me they felt safe all the time while they was along with me. When we come to part they gave me a gold diadem with diamonds in it, as a token of gratitude. I use it when I am broke. But when I am downhearted I go and see Jimmy and get him to turn loose that yodel once more, the way he done it in the Rockies. Oh ho, a *yee* I lee, I *lee* I hoo-oo-e! They tell me they do that all the time when they are hunting over there in Bavaria."

I cannot vouch either for the authenticity of Sanford's account or for the decorum of his conduct. We return now to Max and his companions, the highly-intelligent Greta and the highly-elastic Fido. They pass through a side gate of the preserve, and Max reports to the head huntsman, receiving credit for one wild boar. By this time the noble guests are beginning to arrive in carriages, automobiles and drags. At the sumptuous shooting-box ample refreshments are served This is done, as we say in Chicago, *da capo*, several times. The courage of the sportsmen assumes the level fitted to deeds of high emprise. The conversation waxes animated. At length weapons are taken from the racks and, under the guidance of the head forester, the sportsmen take up their stands. If they be very bold they do not care to shoot hares or *Rehe*, but will insist upon nothing less than stags or wild boar. Also under the guidance of the head forester, Fritz, Max and others depart to the farther recesses of the forest, form in line, and begin to drive up the game.

In our country the sportsman hunts in remote regions where there may or may not be any game; probably not. Such a proceeding would not appeal to the scientific German mind. You can't hand out to it any conversation on the beauties of Nature as a compensation for the scarcity of game. The German wants something in the sack, and he usually gets it in the sack, provided he be a member of the upper ranks of society of Germany or Austria. Thus, at the outskirts of Vienna you are shown a high stone wall which runs up and over the adjoining mountainside, and are told that this bounds the royal game preserves. The total amount of land inclosed cannot be more than a few miles in total extent, but it is reported to be so abundantly stocked with wild boar, red deer, roebuck, pheasants, partridges and other game that it is impossible to shoot without hitting something. Bird-shooting is carried on here much as in the preserves of France and Germany. The manner of shooting boar and stags is somewhat different. These animals are driven down runways, much as though they were being driven down the side of a fence. At a short distance from the points where they are to pass there are erected shooting platforms, with floors some distance above the ground, the whole surrounded with a stout screen of evergreens. In such a blind the shooter is, of course, almost safe, unless a wild boar could climb a tree, which rarely is their habit in that unimaginative land As the game is driven past the rifles do their work at a distance of thirty to fifty yards, with cigars handy. Royal success is not difficult to understand. It must, of course, be measured in a royal bushel. King Edward having been reported as the slayer of five hundred brace of partridge in one afternoon, Kaiser Wilhelm came back the best he could. He had a monument erected on the spot where he killed his one-thousandth stag—right on the very spot. The people may look at that, but are respectfully requested not to look at the Kaiser while he actually is shooting. The director of the hunt this year lost his job for allowing the public to watch him shoot pheasants near Göhrde. Oh, well, we all have our days when we shoot badly.

In such conditions it were useless for Max to attempt to save his beloved Greta from her fate. The relentless line of beaters drives her forward with the others. Afar is heard the sound of firing. Discreetly the beaters take to trees and remain concealed. In due time there sounds the silvery note of the bugle. The sportsmen are returning from their dangerous stations for luncheon at the hunting lodge, where they have refreshments, and then some more refreshments. Sometimes there is a barefoot or barefaced dancer, or a lecturer on social or sociable topics, from Paris, but the press is not supposed to mention such events.

While they are thus engaged the head forester and his assistants bring in the game. Again the bugle sounds. The *Landgraf*, the Colonel and their friends emerge from the lodge in the order of their rank. They arrange themselves in a stiff row. The head forester stands at attention; the sub-foresters, arranged in a stiff row back of him, also stand at attention. Back of them, at some distance, the humbler beaters stand also in a stiff row, and also at attention. The *Landgraf*, the Colonel and the others pass down the line to review the game. The boars are laid out in one row, the stags in another, and so on; the bag that has fallen to each sportsman's gun being arranged so that he may see the products of his skill.



Every One of These Trout is Guarded Jealously

Ceremonies at the Hunting-Lodge

THE head forester follows each sportsman respectfully as he views his dead game, remarking over and over again that this or that animal was "*wunderbar gut geschossen.*" The flattered sportsman is not averse to being complimented on his deadly skill. "*Wunderbar!*" exclaims each sportsman to the other in turn, bowing stiffly; and often, when the *Landgraf* and the Colonel are looking at their game, there may be heard the highly-correct exclamation of the German army when surprise and admiration are indicated: "*Kolossal-pyramidal!*" Perhaps the forester gets a florin now and then, but if so it is so rarely that he also exclaims: "*Kolossal-pyramidal!*"

After this ceremony all return to the shooting-lodge and have refreshments, and then some more. It is not yet allowable for Max to leave his place in the stiff row of beaters who stand behind the game. He may look at the game, but may not touch it. Behold, now, the tears steal from each of his honest eyes. Before him on the greensward he sees a bit of color. 'Tis but a little faded bow of blue.

Meantime, the *Landgraf* is describing to his associates the exploits of the recent chase. "*Wunderbar!*" he exclaims. "Such a happenings this morning. I am standing in my station waiting for some more wild boars to come—I have already knocked down twenty-five right

"Yes, I Shall Have the Head Mounted for My Ancestral Halls"

there against the fence. All at once I hear a sound. 'Oof! oof!' Then it comes 'Wee-oonk, wee-oonk, wee-oonk!' Something is coming at me. *Wunderbar!* I see the enormousness of this wild boar approaching. It looks me in the face. It charges straight for my station. All the time it goes 'Wee-oonk! Wee-oonk!' like it was mad, or somethings. So! What is? Do I have a frightenedness? Not so must act a *Landgraf* of the German people. Bing! I make a bull's-eye in the middle of that wild boar. Well, so, if you say '*Wunderbar!*' I must modestly agree already. Yes, I shall have the head mounted for my ancestral halls. From how comes the blue ribbon on the tail of this wild boar? Not even a *Landgraf* can tell that, but I suppose perhaps maybe probably it will sometimes have run madly through a ribbon shop in some village over yonder!" Loud cries of: "*Kolossal-pyramidal!*" "*Wunderbar!*" "*Hoch soll er leben!*" intermingled with snatches of song: "Hi-lee, hi-lo!"

It is not considered bad form in the old country to sell the game killed in the *battues*, or big drive-hunts, and there is more game to be found in the markets of Germany than in those of America today. If you cross the Atlantic on one of the big German liners you may find on the menu what they call prairie chicken. Examining this fowl closely you will find the meat of the breast to be partly white and partly dark, which shows that it is not really prairie chicken, but the German *Birkhahn*, a sort of spruce grouse. These birds, as well as ring-necked pheasants, are killed in great quantities in Bohemia. As you travel through the latter country, with its stereotyped, hand-made, artificially-planted forests, you may see, now and then, some of these artificially-reared birds stealing about in the glades or meadows. Sometimes, too, you may catch sight of a little roebuck standing back deep in the grass. The stag, or red deer, of Europe is a handsome animal, something like a miniature elk, but the pursuit of this creature is for nobility or royalty, not for common folk. Lucky the latter if they be financially able to go to the market and buy a hare now and then, or a brace of birds, sold from some nobleman's preserves. There is something furry in the German soul, and the choicest comfit of Alemannian origin is *Hasenpfeffer*, made of rabbit. If Margarita's mother had only known it she could have "toled" Faust clear off to one side from Margarita by just showing him a dish of *Hasenpfeffer*. Siegfried, Von Moltke, Bismarck and other prominent Germans were raised on *Hasenpfeffer*. In Germany, Br'er Rabbit, *er lebe hoch*, indeed, *dreimal hoch!*

Where Sport Is a Commodity

IN THE museums of Germany you will see enormous skulls of bears, even larger than those of the great Kadiak bears of Alaska. These, however, are prehistoric skulls taken out of caves, as are the enormous elk antlers, the bones of the aurochs, and of the European bison. Aboriginal Kaisers may have hunted these, but so far as the memory of man is concerned the wild boar is the most dangerous of European big game. It has been celebrated from the time when one of the species slew that handsome young man known as Adonis, a calamity from which Venus never did fully recover, she having been practically engaged to Adonis at the time. There are many pictures and poems done around that particular hunt of the wild boar. The canvases of such artists as Franz Snyders or Jan Weenix also show the boar

hunt as it was practiced in the Middle Ages, with dogs and spears—pictures rather gory, but stirring, none the less. No American has ever done a picture just like one of these, nor has any American ever seen a boar hunt like one of the modern preserve affairs. They do these things even better in the stockyards at Chicago, where one can lay in his winter's meat without any very great trouble if he has the price.

If in England sport has been elevated to the dignity of a religious ceremony, and if in France it has degenerated to a form of socialism, in Germany sport is very much as it was in the Middle Ages: a matter of special privilege. The average German lives inside a high fence of bristling restrictions. Personal liberty is a thing unknown to him. In Germany I have sometimes known disconsolate individuals who earlier in life went to America, made their fortunes and returned in middle age or later to enjoy themselves, as they supposed, in the old country. Useless attempt! In each case these men either declared their intention of returning to America or their regret at having left it. If not the greatest colonizers the Germans are the greatest colonists in the world. We have no better citizens than those of German origin. Yet the German in Germany is an odd proposition. At heart a revolutionist and iconoclast and a liberty-lover, in practice he is the most docile and the most Government-ridden person in all the world. He passes all his life side-stepping the ominous word "*Verboten.*" He is worse off even than the man who had no place to go but out, because he cannot even go out. The sports of the open, as we understand them, are utterly denied him. The whole country is thoroughly mediæval In Lucerne, Switzerland, crossbows are made and sold today not to tourists alone but to natives; and there are state competitions, with prizes for crossbowmen, all over Germany and, indeed, over almost all of Europe. But this is the shadow, not the substance, of a past when these northern forests held game as well as hardy, skin-clad warriors.

Once in a while a well-to-do German may rent a little partridge shooting, or, if lucky, get a station in some pheasant *battue*. An officer in the army will once in a while get invitations that include a chance at roebuck, or even the stag, on some landed estate, where also, in some of the denser forests, there may linger a few of the giant grouse known as the capercailzie, a bird almost as large as a turkey. Once in a while, too, he may get some shooting on the handsome blackcock, whose trophy the real sportsman would no more wear, unless he had killed it, than he would the chamois beard, which represents the highest achievement possible in European sport. None the less, the average tourist you meet in the Alps will sport either a blackcock plume or a chamois beard. I recall one German pedestrian who maybe would, if it had not rained, have tramped from the Saint Gotthard tunnel over to the Jungfrau railroad. He had the inevitable *rucksack*, full of bread, and wore what we call a Prince Albert coat, and up the back of his derby hat he wore a kid chamois beard; so after all, he had a sporty look.

The more accessible portions of the mountain regions in Switzerland are leased as game preserves today, in many cases to wealthy Germans. That thrifty republic makes a pretty penny in selling her chamois, her *gemsen*, her fallow deer or her trout on the hoof, so to speak, not to mention chamois beards and chamois leather that never saw a chamois. These tracts usually are leased by the year, but in many of the German-speaking countries sporting privileges may be leased from municipalities for shorter terms. Thus, "*Fisch-sport*" is something regularly advertised among the attractions of many European resorts, and the right to fish may be bought by the week, fortnight or month.

What one may get in return for the fishing permit he has bought is quite another matter, with which the authorities do not concern themselves. The art of angling is not very highly developed in Germany, where the fly fishermen number no large proportion of the population. The scientific German mind turns rather to bait as being more practical. One recalls that once in a German city, where the hotel porter suggested that "*Fisch-sport*" would be another good thing to go against, the most diligent inquiry failed to elicit any proof that there was a real angler in the entire neighborhood. In the fish markets one saw some splendid specimens of trout, which were taken in nets from adjoining lakes, but after being told that bread was the best bait for stream fishing I dreaded carp. Moreover, in the entire town there was but one tackle shop, and the things that there were sold in the name of rods and reels and flies were crimes for which some one ought to suffer. Again one dreaded carp. Would that Providence and a fool Fish Commission had never brought that accursed beast, the German carp, to our American waters! It has done damage which millions of dollars would not repair. As to its food value, raw cotton or baled hay is far better.

How One Fishes in Germany

THE angler who insists on going fishing in Switzerland, where the color of life is German rather than French, will have some new experiences offered him. In the first place, he will learn that he is in a country where thrift and economy govern all things. It is to be hoped that he has provided his own tackle—that is to say, has brought it with him from America. In this case he may take an occasional trout if he be lucky. Every one of these trout is guarded jealously. When the angler goes on the stream he is attended by a lusty lad who trundles along a sort of barrow with a tank on it. Any trout taken by the angler is placed alive in this tank, and at night he comes home bearing the proofs of his prowess, all alive and wriggling. If he likes he can then, after having tipped everybody double, put his fish in the hotel fountain, and afterward eat them *seriatim*. If they are not sold to him they will be sold to some one else. Be sure they will not be wasted. Quite different this from the practices that have prevailed on many of our prolific American waters. I have known one party of anglers to pile up over two thousand pounds of muscallonge on the shore of a Wisconsin lake, and to allow them to rot; men who fished with two and even four rods, one man who even rigged a spring like a clock in the stern of his boat, so that he could kill more muscallonge. Of all these fish not one was returned to the water. Practically all were allowed to rot unused. Anywhere in Europe this sort of thing would be a crime and punished practically by life imprisonment, and it ought to be so punished in this country. But somewhere between these two extremes you can see why Germans come to America. Once in a while they make money and go back to try to restore the Middle-Age atmosphere their grandpapas may or may not have breathed. One of the best-stocked game preserves in all Germany belongs to a wealthy German brewer of St. Louis.

It takes the edge from sport to see it handled as a commodity; but as a commodity, nothing more nor less, sport in Germany must be regarded. For a foreigner to secure shooting there is relatively more difficult than for him to purchase a chance to fish. Let us suppose that he has been foolish enough to leave America during the fishing season in order to gratify the insane American desire to go abroad, and let us suppose that he can no longer endure deprivation of his favorite sport. He hears of a certain stream and determines to purchase a fishing permit, which is called a *Fischerei-Ausweis*, which can be obtained in most of the health resorts of the *Kaiserlicheköniglichebadkommissarial*.

When you first travel in Saxony, Austria or others of those foreign parts you see the letters "KK" staring you in the face on all the art museums, freight cars, haberdashery shops, breweries, bakers' shops and cathedrals, any way you turn. The natural thought is at first that this is a dangerous country, infested by the Ku Klux, but later you discover that "KK" means that everything is under the imperial and royal control. If you see anything, do anything or get anything in that country it is by the gracious condescension of old Mr. "KK." You realize this by the time you get your *Fischerei-Ausweis*, because it will only be issued to you after you have handed in a pedigree like a pointer pup, described the personal appearance of all your ancestors and your wife's folks, and sworn allegiance to the "KK" Government and all the *hochbeamte* and *wohlgeborene* folk who administer the "KK" Government aforesaid. All these matters are checked up with your description in the United States passport, for which you will be asked. When you get your "*Ausweis*" card,

(Continued on Page 30)

This Is Done, as We Say in Chicago, *da Capo*, Several Times

THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. C. YOHN

III

AS DOCTOR BLAKE tucked his racket under his arm and came down to the net, the breeze caught a corner of her veil and let the sunlight run clear across her face. He realized in that moment how the burning interest as a man, which he had developed in these three weeks for Annette Markham, had quite submerged his interest as a physician. For health, this was a different creature from the one whom he had studied in the parlor car. Her color ran high; the greatest alarmist in the profession would have wasted no thought on her heart valves; the look as of one "called" had passed. Though she still appeared a little grave, it was a healthy, attractive gravity; and taking it all in all she had smiled much during three weeks of daily walks and rides and tennis. Indeed, now that he remembered it, her tennis measured the gradual change. She would never be good at tennis; she had no inner strength and no game sense. But at first she had played in a kind of stupor; again and again she would stand at the back line in a brown study until the passage of the ball woke her with an apologetic start. Now she frolicked through the game with all vigor, zest and attention, going after every shot, smiling and sparkling over her good plays, prettily put out at her bad ones.

While he helped her on with her sweater—lingering too long over that little service of courtesy—he expressed this:

"Do you know that for physical condition you're no more the same girl whom I first met than—than I am!"

She laughed a little at the comparison.

"And you are no more the same man whom I first met—than I am!"

He laughed, too, at this tribute to his summer coating of bronze over red. "I feel pretty fit," he admitted.

"My summer always has that effect," she went on. "Do you know, that for all I've been so much out of the active world"—a shadow fell on her eyes—"I long for country and farms? How I wish I could live always out-of-doors! The day might come"—the shadow lifted a little—"when I'd retire to a farm for good."

"You've one of those constitutions which require air and light and sunshine," he answered.

"You're quite right. I actually bleach in the shadow—like lettuce. That's why Aunt Paula always sends me away for a month every now and then to the quietest place proper for a well-brought-up young person," Annette Markham replied.

His eyes shadowed as though they had caught that blasting shade in hers. From gossip about the Mountain House, later from her own admission, he knew who Aunt Paula was—"a spirit medium or something," said the gossip—"a great teacher of a new philosophy," said Annette Markham.

Doctor Blake, partly because adventure had kept him over-young, held still his basic, youthful ideas about the proper environment for woman. Whenever the name "Aunt Paula," softened with the accents of affection, proceeded from that low contralto voice, it hurt the new thing, greater than any conventional idea, that was growing up in him. He even suspected at such times what might be the "something nobler than nursing."

A big apple tree shaded the side lines of the Mountain House tennis court. A bench fringed its trunk. Annette threw herself down, back against the bark. It was late afternoon. The other house-guests droned over bridge on the piazzas or walked in the far woods; they were alone out-of-doors. And Annette, always until now so chary of confidences, developed the true patient's weakness and began to talk symptoms.

"It is curious the state I'm in before Aunt Paula sends me away," she said. "I was a nervous child and, though I've outgrown it, I still have attacks of nerve fag or something like it. I can feel them coming on and so can she. You know, we've been together so much that it's like—like two bees in adjoining cells. The cell wall has worn thin; we can almost touch. She knows it often before I do. She makes me go to bed early; often she puts me to sleep holding my hand, as she used to do when I was a little girl. But even sleep doesn't much help. I come out of it with a kind of fright and heaviness. I have little memories of curious dreams and a queer sense, too, that I mustn't remember what I've dreamed. I grow tired and heavy—I can always see it in my face. Then Aunt Paula sends me away and I become all right again—as I am now."

Blake did not express the impatient thought of his mind. He only said:

"A little sluggishness of the blood and a little congestion of the brain—I had such sleep once after I'd done too much work and fought too much heat in the Cavite Hospital. Only, with me it took the form of nightmare—mostly I was in process of being boiled."

"The Great Medium"

"Yes, perhaps it was that." Her eyes deepened to their most far-away blue. "And perhaps it is something else. I think it may be. Aunt Paula thinks so, too—though she never says it."

What was the something? Did she stand again on the edge of revelation? Events had gone past the time when he could wait patiently for her confidence, could approach it through tact. It was the moment, not for sniping, but for bold charging. And his blood ran hot.

"This something—won't you tell me what it is? Why are you always so mysterious with me? Why—when I want to know everything about you?" After he had said this he knew that there was no going backward. Doubts, fears, terrors of conventionalities, awe of his conservative, blood-proud mother in Paris—all flew to the winds.

Perhaps she caught something of this in his face, for she drew away a trifle and said:

"I might have told you long ago, but I wasn't sure of your sympathy."

"I want you to be sure of my sympathy in all things."

"Ah, but your mind is between!" That phrase brought a shock to Doctor Blake. At the only spiritualistic séance he had ever attended, a greasy affair in a hall bedroom, he had heard that very phrase. A picture of this woman, so clean and windblown of mind and soul, caught like a trapped spider in the web of the unclean and corrupt—it was that which quite whirled him off his feet.

"Between our hearts, then, between our hearts!" he cried. "Oh, Annette, I love you!" His voice came out of him low and distinct, but all the power in the world vibrated behind it. "I have loved you always. You've been with me everywhere I went, because I was looking for you. I've seen a part of you in the best of every woman——" He pulled himself up, for neither by look nor gesture did she respond. "I've no right to be saying this——"

"If you have not," she answered, and a delicate blush ran over her skin, "no other man has!" She said it simply, but with a curious kind of pride.

He would have taken her hand on this, but the grave, direct gaze of her sapphirine eyes restrained him. It was not the look of a woman who gives herself, but rather that of a woman who grieves for the ungivable.

"Ah," she said, "if any one's to blame it is I. I've brought it on myself! I've been weak—weak!"

"No," he said, "I brought it on—God brought it on—but what does that matter? It's here. I can no more fight it than I can fight the sea."

Now her head dropped forward, and her hands, with that gracefully uncertain motion which was like flower-stalks swayed by a breeze, had covered her face.

"I can't speak if I look at you," she said. "And I must speak before you go further—I must tell you all about myself so that you will understand."

The confidence, long sought, was coming, he thought; and he thought, also, how little he cared for it now that he was pursuing a greater thing.

"You know so little about me that I must begin far back—you don't even know about my aunt——"

"I know something—what you've said, what Mrs. Cole, at the Mountain House, told me. She's Mrs. Paula Markham——" His mind went on: "The great faker of the spook doctors." But his lips stifled the phrase and said, after a pause: "The great medium."

"I don't like to hear her called that," said Annette. "In spite of what I'm going to tell you I never saw but once the thing they call a medium. That was years ago—but the horrible sacrilege of it has never left me. She had a part of truth, and she was desecrating it by guesses and catchwords—selling it for money! Aunt Paula is broader than I. 'It's part of the truth,' she said. 'That woman is desecrating the work, but she's serving in her way.' I suppose so—but since then I've never liked to hear Aunt Paula called a medium."

She paused a second on this.

"If I were only sure of your sympathy!" A note of pleading fluttered in her voice.

"No thought of yours, however I regard it, but is sure of my sympathy—because it's yours," he answered.

As though she had not heard she went on:

"I was an orphan. I never knew my father and mother. The first things I remember are of the country—perhaps that is why I love the out-of-doors—the sky through my window, filled with huge, puffy, ice-cream clouds; a little new-born pig that somebody put in my bed one morning; daisy fields like snow; and the darling peep-peep-peep of little bunches of yellow down that I was always trying to catch and never succeeding. I couldn't say chicken. I always said 'shicken'." With that tenderness which every woman entertains for her own little-girlhood, she smiled.

"I've told you of the five white birches. I was looking at them and naming them on my fingers the day that Aunt Paula came. My childhood ended there. I seemed to grow up all at once."

Blake muttered something inarticulate. But at her look of inquiry he merely said: "Go on!"

"She isn't really my aunt by blood, Aunt Paula isn't. You understand—my father and her husband were brothers. They all died—everybody died but just Aunt Paula and me. So she took me away with her. And after that it was always the dreadful noise and confusion of New York—with only my one doll, black Dinah, a rag baby. I thought," she interrupted herself wistfully, "I'd send Dinah to you when I got back to New York. Would you like her?"

"Like her—like her! My—my——" But he swallowed his words. "Go on," he commanded again.

"Afterward came London and then India. Such education as I had I got from governesses. I didn't have very much as girls go in my—in my class. I didn't understand that then any more than I understood why I wasn't allowed to go to school or to play with other girls. There was a time when I rebelled frightfully at that. I can tell definitely just when it began. We were passing a convent in the Bronx and it was recess time. The Sisters in their starched caps were sewing over by the fence, and the girls were playing a ring game—'Go in and out the window'—I can hear it now. I crowded my little face against the pickets to watch, and two little girls who weren't in the game passed close to me. The nearest one—I'm sure I'd know her now if I saw her grown up. She was of about my own age, very dark, with the silkiest black hair and the longest black eyelashes that I ever saw. She had a dimple at one corner of her mouth. She wore on her arm a little bracelet with a gold heart dangling from it. I wasn't allowed any jewelry, and it came into my mind that I'd like a gold bracelet like that, before it came that I'd like such a friend for my very owneet and dearest. The other girl, a red-haired minx who walked with her arm about my girl's waist—how jealous I was of her! I watched until Aunt Paula dragged me away. As I went I shouted over my shoulder: 'Hello, little girl!' The little dark girl saw me and shouted back: 'Hello!' Dear little thing! I hope she's grown up safe and very happy. She'll never know what she meant to me!"

Her lips quivered again. Looking up into her face Blake wondered for an instant at the sudden softness of her eyes. Then he realized that they were slowly filling with tears. He reached again to seize her hands.

"Oh, no, no—wait!" she said weakly. After a pause she resumed:

"That got up rebellion in me. All children have such periods, I've heard. I'm docile enough now. But before I

was through with this one Aunt Paula had to make my destiny clear to me—long before she meant to do so. And I grew to be resigned and then glad, because it was a greater thing."

Here a rapid, inexplicable change crossed her face. From its firmness of health and strength it fell toward the look of one "called."

"I must go back again. Between Aunt Paula and me there was always a great sympathy. It's hard to describe. Often we do not have to speak even of the most important things. When I came to know more about other people I wondered at first why they needed to do so much talking. Things have happened—things that I would not expect you to believe ——"

She had kindled now and she looked into his eyes like some sibyl, divinely unconscious, preaching the unbelievable.

"I knew dimly, as a child knows and accepts, that Aunt Paula had some wonderful mission and that it had to do with the other world—all you're taught when they teach you to say your prayers. Little by little she made me understand. I grew up before I understood fully. The guides—Aunt Paula's—I have none as yet—had told her that I was a Light."

He caught at this word, for his lover's impatience was burning and beating within him.

"Light!" he said. "My Light!"

She regarded him gravely, and then, as though his fervor had frightened her, she looked beyond at the apple leaves.

"Don't—you'll know soon why you mustn't. Oh, help me, for I am unhappy!" She controlled a little upward ripple of her throat. "She, the guides say, is a great Light, but I am to be a greater. They sent her to find me and they directed her to keep me as she has—away from the world. When she first told me that, I was terrified. She had to sit beside me and hold my hand until I went to sleep. It's wonderful how quickly I do sleep when Aunt Paula's with me—she's the most soothing person in the world. If it weren't for her I don't know what I'd do when I get into my tired times."

"You're never going to have any more tired times, Light," he said.

She went on inflexibly, but he knew that she had heard.

"There was one thing that I did not understand, and neither, perhaps, did Aunt Paula. The guides sometimes seem foolish, but in the end they're always wise. I suppose they waited until the time should come. Though I tried to help it along, though I cried with impatience, I couldn't begin to get voices. I've sat in dark rooms for hours, as Aunt Paula wished me to do. I've felt many true things, but I could never say honestly that I heard anything. But the guides told Aunt Paula to 'wait.' And at last she learned what was the matter.

"I don't know quite how to tell you this next. It came on the way back from India. She had gone there—but, perhaps, you won't be interested to know why she went. Though I was more than twenty I'd never had what you might call a flirtation. I'd been kept by the guides away from men—as I'd been kept from children. There was a young Englishman on the steamer. And I liked him."

Blake gave a sudden start and rose automatically. So this confidence led to another man—that was the obstacle! She seemed to catch his thought.

"Oh, not that!" she cried. "He was only an incident. Won't you hear me?" Blake dropped at her feet again.

"But I liked him, though never any more—he was a friend, and girls need to play. But he wanted to be more than a friend. Aunt Paula passed us on the deck one evening. After I had gone to bed she came into my stateroom. When the power is in her I know it—and I never saw it so strong as that night. It shone out of her. But that wasn't the strange thing. Only twice before had I heard the voices speak from her mouth—mostly she used to tell me what they said to her. But it was not Aunt Paula talking then—it was Martha, her first and best control. Shall I tell you all she said?"

Out of the confused impulses running through Doctor Blake his sense of humor spurted a moment to the fore. He found himself struggling to keep back a smile at the picture of some fat old woman in a dressing-gown simulating hysteria that she might ruin a love affair. He was hard put to make his voice sound sincere as he answered:

"Yes, all."

"She said: 'Child, you are more influenced by this man than you know. It is not the great love, but it is dangerous. You are to be the great Light only after you have put aside a great earthly love. This vessel from which I am speaking'—she meant Aunt Paula, of course—'yielded to an earthly love. That is why she is less than you will be. Would you imperil truth?' It was something like that, only more. Ah, do you see now?"

"I see," silently said his sense of humor, "that your Aunt Paula is a most unlimited faker."

"I see," said his voice. "But do you believe it?"

"I've so much cause to believe that I can never tell you all. After Aunt Paula came out of it I told her what Martha had said. She was dear and sympathetic. She put me to sleep, and when I woke I was resigned. I did not see him alone again. Now I understand more clearly. When I have had that earthly love and put it aside, when I have proved myself to my guides—then the voices will come to me. Martha has repeated it to Aunt Paula whenever I have gone away from home. She repeated it before I came up here ——"

"I Might Have Told You Long Ago, but I Wasn't Sure of Your Sympathy"

"They had cause to repeat it," he took her up fiercely—"cause to repeat it!"

"I—I'm afraid so. But how should I know? I looked at you—and it seemed right, everlastingly right, that I should know you. And then I did—so suddenly and easily that it made me shudder afterward for fear the test had come—the agony which I have been afraid to face. Ah, it's bold saying this!" She drooped forward, and her porcelain skin turned to rose.

Blake sat breathless, dumb. Never had she seemed so far away from him as then; never had she seemed so desirable. He struggled with his voice, but no word came; and it was she who spoke first.

"Now I know—it is the agony!"

At this admission all the love and all the irritation in him came up together into a force which drove him on. They were alone; none other looked; but had all the world been looking he might have done what he did. He rose to his feet, he dropped both his hands on her shoulders, he devoured her eyes with his, and his voice was steel:

"You love me. You have always loved me. In spite of everything you will marry me! You will say it before you are done with me!"

He stopped suddenly, for her eyelids were drooping. Had he not been a physician he would have said that she was going to faint. But her color did not change. And suddenly she was speaking in a low tone that mocked his, but with no expression nor intonations:

"I love you. I have always loved you. In spite of everything I shall marry you."

He dropped his hands from her shoulders with a bewildered impulse to seize her in his arms; then the publicity of the place came to him and he drew his hands back. On that motion her eyes opened and she flashed away.

"What did I say?" she exclaimed. "And why —— Oh, don't touch me—don't come near—can't you see it makes it harder for me to renounce?"

"But you said ——"

"I said before you touched me—ah, don't touch me again—that I should make it hard—the harder I make it the more I shall grow. But I can't bear so much!" She had risen, was moving away.

"Let's walk," he said shortly, and then: "Even if you put me aside won't you keep me in your life?"

"The guides will tell me," she answered simply.

"But I may see you—call on you in the city?"

"Unless the guides forbid."

They were walking side by side now; they had turned from the sunken arena which surrounded the tennis court toward the house. Blake saw that the driver of the Mountain House stage was approaching. He waved a yellow envelope as he came on:

"Been looking for you. Telegram. Charges paid."

Doctor Blake stepped away as Annette, in the preliminary flutter of fear with which a woman always receives a telegram, tore open the envelope and read the inclosure. Without a word she handed it over to him.

Annette Markham: Take next train home. Advice of Martha. Wire arrival. PAULA MARKHAM.

"Perhaps the guides know," she said, smiling but quivering, too. "Perhaps they're going to make it easier for me."

IV

"DEAR MR. BLAKE," read the letter. "It was nice to get your note and to know that you are back in town so soon. Of course, you must come to see me. I want Aunt Paula to know that all the complimentary things I have said about you are true. We are never at home in the conventional sense—but I hope Wednesday evening will do?

"Cordially,

"ANNETTE MARKHAM."

He had greeted this little note with all the private follies of lovers. Now, for the hundredth time, he studied it for significances, signs, pretty intimacies; and he found positively nothing about it which he did not like. True, he failed to extract any important information from the name of the stationer which he found under the flap of the envelope; but, on the other hand, the paper itself distinctly pleased him. It was note size and of a thick, unfeminine quality. He approved of the writing—small, fine, legible, without trace of seminary affectation. And his spirits actually rose when he observed that it bore no coat-of-arms, not even a monogram.

At last, with more flourishes of folly, he put the note away in his desk and inspected himself in the glass. To the credit of his modesty he was thinking not of his lawn tie—fifth that he had tied in the process of dressing—nor yet of the set of his coat. He was thinking of Mrs. Paula Markham and the impression which these gauds and graces might make upon her.

"What do you suppose she's like?" he asked inaudibly of the correct vision in the glass.

He had exhausted all the possibilities—a fat, pretentious medium, whom Annette's mind transformed by the alchemy of old affection into a presentable personage; a masculine and severe old woman with the "spook" look in her eyes; a fluttering, affected *précieuse*, concealing her quackery by chatter. Gradually as he thought of her, the second of these hypotheses came to govern—he saw her as the severe and masculine type. This being so, what tack would she take?

The correct vision in the glass vouchsafed no answer to this. His mood persisted as his taxicab whirled him into the region which borders the western edge of Central Park. The thing assumed the proportions of a great adventure. No old preparation for battle, no old packings to break into the unknown dark, had ever given him quite such a sense of the high, free airs where romance blows. He was going on a mere conventional call; but he was going, also, to high and thrilling possibilities.

The house was like a thousand other houses of the prosperous middle class, distinguishable only by minor differences of doors and steps and area rails from twenty on the same block. He found himself making mystery even of this. Separate houses in New York require incomes.

"Evidently it pays to deal in spooks," he said to himself.

His first glimpse of the interior, his subsequent study of the drawing-room while the maid carried in his name, made more vivid this impression. The taste of the whole thing was evident; but the apartment had, besides, a special flavor. He searched for the elements which gave that impression. It was not the old walnut furniture, ample, huge, upholstered in a wine-colored velour which had faded just enough to take off the curse; it was not the three or four passable old paintings. The real cause came first to him upon the contemplation of a wonderful Buddhist priest robe which adorned the wall just where the drawing-room met the curtains of the little rear alcove library. The difference lay in the ornaments—Oriental, mostly East Indian and, all his experience told him, got by intimate association with the Orientals. That robe, that hanging lantern, those chased swords, that gem of a carved Buddha—they came not from the emporia nor from the shops for tourists. Whoever collected them knew the East and its peoples by intimate living. They appeared like presents, not purchases—unless they were loot.

And now—his thumping heart flashed the signal—the delicate, feminine flutter that meant Annette was sounding in the hall. And now, at the entrance, stood Annette in a white dress, her neck showing a faint rim of tan above her girlish *décolletage;* Annette smiling rather formally, as

though this conventional passage after their unconventional meeting and acquaintance sat in embarrassment on her spirits; Annette saying in that vibrant, boyish contralto which came always as a surprise out of her exquisite whiteness:

"How do you do, Doctor Blake? You are back in the city rather earlier than you expected, aren't you?"

He was conscious of shock, emotional and professional—emotional that they had not taken up their relation exactly where they left it off, professional because of her appearance. Not only was she pale and just a little drawn of facial line, but that indefinable look of one "called" was on her again.

All this he gathered as he made voluble explanation—the attendance at the sanitarium had fallen off with the approach of autumn, they really needed no assistant to the resident physician, he thought it best to hurry his search for an opening in New York before the winter should set in. Then, put at his ease by his own volubility and remembering that it is a lover's policy to hold the advantage gained at the last battle, he added:

"And, of course, you may guess another reason."

This she parried with a woman-of-the-world air quite different from her old, childlike frankness.

"The theatrical season, I suppose. It opens earlier every year."

He pursued that line no further. She took up the reins of the conversation and drove it along smooth but barren paths. "It's nice that you could come tonight. Looking for a practice must make so many calls on your time. I shouldn't have been surprised not to see you at all this winter. No one seems able to spare much time for acquaintances in New York."

"Not at all," he said, ruffling a little within. "I shall find plenty of time for my friends this winter." Deliberately he emphasized the word friends. "I hope nothing has happened to change our—friendship. Or does Berkeley Center seem primitive and far away?"

For the first time that quality which he was calling in his mind her "society shell" seemed to melt away from her. She had kept her eyelids half closed; now they opened full.

"I am living on the memory of it," she said.

Here was his opening. A thousand incoherences rushed to his lips—and stopped there. For another change came over her. Those lids, like curtains drawn by stealth over what must not be revealed, sank half-way over her eyes. An impalpable stiffening ran over her figure. She became as a flower done in glass.

Simultaneously an uneasiness as definite as a shadow fell across his spirit. He became conscious of a presence behind him. Involuntarily he turned.

A woman was standing in the doorway leading to the hall.

An instant she looked at Blake and an instant he looked at her. What she gained from her scrutiny showed in no change of expression. What he gained showed only in a quick flutter of the eyelids. He had, in fact, taken an impression of mental power as startling as a sudden blow in the face. She had a magnificent physique, preserved splendidly into the very heart of middle age; yet her foot had made no sound in her approach. Her black velvet draperies trailed heavy on the floor, yet they produced not the ghost of a rustle. Jet-black hair coiled in ropes, yet wisped white above the temples—light-gray eyes, full and soft, yet with a steady look of power—all this came in the process of rising, of stepping forward to clasp a warm hand which lingered just long enough, in hearing Annette say, in tones suddenly dead of their boyish energy:

"Aunt Paula, let me introduce Doctor Blake." With one ample motion Mrs. Markham seated herself. She turned her light eyes upon him. He had a subconscious impression of standing before two searchlights.

"My niece has told me much about Doctor Blake," she said in a voice which, like Annette's, showed every intonation of culture. "I can't thank you enough for being kind to my little girl. So good in you to bother about her when"—Aunt Paula gave the effect of faltering, but her smile was peculiarly gracious—"when there were no other men nearer her own age."

Curiously, there floated into Blake's mind the remark which Annette made that first day on the train: "I should think you were about twenty-eight—and that, according to Peter Ibbetson, is about the nicest age." Well, Annette at least regarded him as a contemporary. He found himself laughing with perfect composure: "Yes, that's the trouble with these quiet country towns. There never are any interesting young men."

"True," Mrs. Markham agreed, "although it makes slight difference in Annette's case. She is so little interested in men. It really worries me at times. But it's quite true; is it not so, dear?"

Mrs. Markham had kept her remarkable eyes on Doctor Blake. And Annette, as though the conversation failed to interest her, had fallen into a position of extreme lassitude, her elbow on the table, her cheek resting on her hand.

At her aunt's question she seemed to rouse herself a little. "What is it that's quite true, Auntie?" she asked.

Mrs. Markham transferred her light-gray gaze to her niece's face. "I was saying," she repeated, speaking distinctly, as one does for a child, "that you are very little interested in men."

"It is perfectly true," Annette answered.

Mrs. Markham laughed a purring laugh, strangely at variance with her size and type. "You'll find this an Adamless Eden, Doctor Blake. I'll have to confess that I, too, am not especially interested in men."

This thrust did not catch Doctor Blake unaware. He laughed a laugh that rang as true as Mrs. Markham's. He even ventured on a humorous monologue, in which he accused his sex of every possible human failing, ending with a triumphant eulogy of the other half of creation. But Mrs. Markham, though she listened with outward civility, appeared to take all his gibes seriously—miscomprehended him purposely, he thought.

Whereupon he turned to the lady's own affairs.

"Miss Markham told me something about your stay in India. I've never been there yet. But, of course, no seasoned Orientalist has any idea of dying without seeing India. I gathered from Miss Markham that you had some unusual experiences."

"It's the dear child's enthusiasm," Mrs. Markham said. And it came to Blake at once that she was a little irritated. "I assure you we did not stir out of the conventional tourist route." Then came a few minutes about the beauties of the Taj by moonlight.

Blake listened politely. "Your loot is all so interesting," he said, when she had finished. "Do tell me how you got it. Have you ever noticed what bully travelers' tales you get out of adventures in bargaining? Or better—looting? Those Johnnies who came out of Peking—I mean the allied armies—tell some stories that are wonders."

"That is true generally," Mrs. Markham agreed. "But I must confess that I did nothing more wonderful than to walk up to one of the bazars and buy everything that I wanted."

"That," Doctor Blake said mentally, "is a lie."

Almost as if Annette had heard his thought, were answering it, she spoke for the first time with something of the old resiliency in her tone. "Auntie, do tell Doctor Blake about some of your adventures with those wonderful Yogis—and that fascinating rajah who was so kind to us."

"The Yogis!" commented Doctor Blake to himself. "Ha, ha! and ho, ho! I bet you learned a bag of tricks there, madam."

"Why, Annette, dear!" Mrs. Markham laughed her purring laugh—that laugh could grow, Doctor Blake discovered, until it achieved a singularly unpleasant quality. "Your romantic ideas are running away with you. Whenever we arrived anywhere, of course, like anybody else, I called at Government House, and the authorities there always put me in the way of seeing whatever sights the neighborhood afforded. I met one rajah in passing and visited one Yogi monastery. Do tell me about the Philippines!" Annette settled back wearily.

Doctor Blake complied

He had intended to stay an hour at this first formal call. He had hoped to be led on, by gentle feminine wiles, to add another hour. He had even dreamed that Aunt Paula might be so impressed by him as to hold him until midnight. As a matter of fact, he left the house exactly thirty-five minutes after he entered. Just why he retreated so early in the engagement he had only the vaguest idea. Even fresh from it as he was, he could not enumerate the small stings, the myriad minor goads by which it became established in his mind that his call was not a success, that he was boring the two ladies whom he was trying so hard to entertain. At the end it was a labored dialogue between him and Mrs. Markham. Again and again he tried to drag Annette into the conversation. She was tongue-tied. The best she did was to give him the impression that, deep down in her tired psychology, she was trying to listen. As for Aunt Paula—if his gaze wandered from her to Annette and then back, he caught her stifling a yawn. Her final shot was to interrupt his best story a hair's breadth ahead of the point. When he said good-night his manner—he flattered himself—betrayed nothing of his sense of defeat. But no fellow-pedestrian observing the savage vigor of his swift walk homeward could have held any doubt as to his state of mind.

V

AS BLAKE drove the runabout north through the fine autumn morning, he perceived suddenly that his subconscious mind was playing him a trick. He had started out to get light, air, easement of his soul among woods and fields. And now, instead of turning into Central Park at Columbus Circle, he was following upper Broadway, where, in order to reach the great out-of-doors, he must dodge trucks and cabs between miles of hotels and apartment houses. In fact, he had been manœuvering, half unconsciously, so that he might turn into the Park at the Eighty-sixth Street entrance and so pass that most important of all dwellings in Manhattan, the house where Annette Markham lived. Any irritation which he had felt against her after the unpleasant evening before was lost in his greater irritation with her aunt. Annette appeared to him now as the prize, the reward, of a battle in which Mrs. Paula Markham was his antagonist.

As he turned the corner into her street ten years rolled away from him; he dreamed the childish, impossible dreams of a very youth. She might be coming down the steps as he passed. Fate might even send a drunkard or an obstreperous cabman for him to thrash in her service. But when he reached the house nothing happened. The front door remained firmly shut; no open window gave a delicious glimpse of Annette. After his machine had gone ahead to such position that he could no longer scan the house without impolite craning of his neck, he found that his breath was coming fast. Awakened from his dream, a little ashamed of it, he opened the throttle and shot his machine ahead to the violation of all speed laws. He was crossing Central Park West and the smooth opening of the Park driveway was before him, when he saw—Annette.

Her honey-colored hair, glistening dull in the autumn sunshine, identified her even before he caught her characteristic walk—graceful and fast enough, but a little languid, too. She was dressed in a plain tailor suit.

He slowed down the automobile to a crawl, that he might enter the Park after her. A boyish embarrassment smote him; if he drove up and spoke to her it would look premeditated. So he hesitated between two courses, knowing well which he would pursue in the end. As he entered the Park, still a dozen yards behind her, he saw that the footpath which she was following branched out from the automobile drive. Within a few paces she would disappear behind a hydrangea bush. On that perception he gave all speed to his machine, shot alongside and stopped.

Even before he reached her she had turned and faced him. He fancied that the smile of recognition on her face had started even before she began to turn; she did not appear surprised, only pleased. Beating around in his mind for a graceful word of introduction he accomplished an abrupt and ungraceful one.

"Will you ride?" he asked.

"With pleasure," she responded simply, and in one light motion she was in the seat beside

He Had Taken an Impression of Mental Power as Startling as a Sudden Blow in the Face

(Continued on Page 33)

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 19, 1910

Prosecuting the Packers

PROBABLY prosecuting the packers under the Sherman Act will be about as helpful in lowering the price of meat as saying "Bo" to a goose would be in cheapening poultry.

We have no doubt that the packers are essentially a trust, acting unitedly for the purpose of lessening competition among themselves; nor have we any doubt that such a condition is necessary to the most economical distribution of meat—as beneficial to the producer and consumer, *under intelligent regulation*, as to the packers themselves. Formerly there was brisk competition among them. At least three packing companies, in whose stocks and bonds hundreds, or thousands, of outsiders had invested, were practically ruined, with great loss to the investors. Continually, one distributive point after another was overstocked with perishable fresh meat which spoiled, or deteriorated. That the great wastes of competition brought material benefit either to producer or consumer is not likely. Its net result was that the three strongest concerns ate up most of the others. Under unlimited competition the strongest will prevail without any permanent gain for producers or consumers.

The large profits of the packers do not arise from an excessive margin of profit on each pound of meat sold, but from an immense volume of business and from the by-products. If their organization should be destroyed by a lawsuit, the meat industry would take a step backward. But no like organization has yet been destroyed by a lawsuit, and we don't believe one ever will be. When the Government talks of supervision, instead of destruction, we shall begin—after twenty years of marking time—to move forward with the trust problem.

A Touch of Coöperation

IN JANUARY a great many people resolved simultaneously to abstain from meat. Naturally, wherever the abstention was extensive enough to affect the demand meat prices declined. Probably this resolution was too sudden and passionate to be lasting.

Many other staple commodities were as oppressively high as meat. That article became the special object of popular indignation, no doubt, because it was supposed to be controlled by a trust and because it was handiest; but the other articles—many of them controlled by trusts, too—are amenable to the same influence. Prices before have been quite as high as this winter, but, broadly speaking, we don't remember that anybody ever proposed to do anything about them. We value the meat incident simply as illustrating the effect of a strong coöperative effort.

The cost of living is not a thing inexorably fixed by the laws of Nature and beyond human control. We should like to see these sudden clubs of vegetarians resolve themselves into permanent bodies and expand. They could prove quickly, for one thing, that Senator Lodge was misinformed when he thought there were no consumers to be considered in revising the tariff.

What a Packer Says

MORE helpful than the economists, perhaps, is the suggestion of a Chicago packer—president of Swift & Co.—who observes in his recent annual report: "I feel that some of the talk about high prices of beef is due to the great demand for rib and loin cuts, which comprise only twenty-six per cent of the total. The proper preparation and cooking of the cheaper cuts, comprising seventy-four per cent of the beef, is given considerable attention by domestic-science authorities with a view of increasing the use of these cuts, which are just as nutritious as the rib and loin cuts, and thereby affecting a saving in the cost of living."

That Americans in general eat rather wastefully—taking to the city culinary habits which were formed amidst the plenty of the country—is no doubt true. Live hogs at Chicago last month sold higher than for several years, and had remained at a high level longer than ever before known in the trade. Receipts of swine at Western packing points had been lighter than for some years; but the demand continued fairly undaunted by the high price. Hardly anything short of bankruptcy, it seems, will drive people from their settled dietary habits.

Much Money and High Prices

TAKING all leading commodities together, we find that 1897 was the year of lowest prices in the United States. Since then the amount of money in circulation in the country has increased a little more than fifty per cent per capita; and the price of all leading commodities, considered as a unit, has risen in almost exactly the same proportion. Many economists agree that the two facts are intimately related; but we don't see what comfort the average man is going to extract from the agreement.

The amount of national banknotes in circulation has risen from two hundred millions to seven hundred millions. Perhaps the Government, by giving the banks two per cent bonds, with a reduced tax, upon which to base this circulation, has fostered some inflation; hence high prices may, in some degree, be chargeable to a mistaken fiscal policy. But when the supply of money runs short, as in 1907, and we have a smash, the average man is rather worse off than before.

That high prices are chargeable, in much greater degree, to a rotten tariff policy is clear enough. But at that point the science of political economy practically deserts us. Its speculations swing through an arc so vast that there's no use trying to adjust beefsteaks by them.

The Indecisive Election

"THIS election may settle the budget," said Mr. Balfour. "It certainly will not settle tariff reform or home rule or the House of Lords. These are issues which the country will have to decide separately."

The Liberals wished the Lloyd-George budget enacted into law. They wished to establish unassailably the constitutional principle that the Lords must not meddle with a money bill, and to put a limit upon the present absolute veto power of that House. They declared that Ireland should have home rule. The Conservatives raised the issue of a return to protective tariff. The first question, which is of strictly temporary character, is the only one that the election really settled, according to the Conservative leader's view; the questions of permanent importance remain open.

They must, he says, be submitted to the country separately. But as general elections are conducted in England, in this country and in most others, it is impossible to submit anything separately. Complicating issues come in; and usually, after all the effort of an election, the will of the people is as debatable as it was before.

Suppose, in this English election, there had been a genuine referendum, and voters had expressed themselves explicitly concerning the budget, the veto power of the Lords, home rule and free trade. The result of the voting would then have been clarity instead of obscurity. The objection to this is that voters are too stupid to express their will upon several important questions at once. Yet the theory of our Government and of the English Government is that the expressed will of the majority rules.

The Broad Base of Conservatism

IN ONE respect the British election is rather depressing. That is, it graphically illustrates how little it is necessary for special privilege to stand on its own bottom. The deepest question at issue was whether the British Government could tax the lands of the Peers and other wealthy proprietors. On that issue one might expect to see a negative party consisting of the landlords and an affirmative party comprising most of the remainder of the nation—just as, on the issue of ninety per cent woolen duties in the United States, one might expect to see the wool growers and the Woolen Trust of one mind, and all the consumers of wool of an opposite mind. But one rural constituency after another voted stanchly for the Peers—adhering to the ancient order, being deeply suspicious of change. In some measure they had been prosperous under an Upper House which possessed the power of absolute veto upon legislation. Who could tell what seas of trouble might lie before them if the veto of the Upper House were made suspensive only as the Liberals proposed? Undoubtedly many an elector felt veneration for the Duke whose taxes he paid and hostility for those upstarts who proposed to make the Duke do his own paying.

If the continuance of privilege depended only upon its beneficiaries, without the stanch support of its victims, how much politics would be simplified.

Another Secret Detected

FROM the wide-ranging, never-sleeping eye of Journalism nothing whatever is safe nowadays. That terrible organ, indeed, may be likened to a giant searchlight whose beams constantly sweep society and reveal, in a calcium glare, the most private situations, the most secret affairs. Modest Grocer Jones, for example, in the covert act of eloping with his stenographer, suddenly finds himself blinded and bewildered by that same fierce light that beats upon a throne.

As another and, perhaps, even more striking example, far-beaming Journalism discovered the other day that about five years ago some forty estimable gentlemen in New York organized an American Academy, modeled upon the famous French institution of the forty immortals. For a long while they immortalized one another in snug and sociable security, negligently discussing spring styles in laurel wreaths, or incidentally speculating upon how many suffrages, above forty, are really required to make an immortal. Of a sudden came the glare of publicity, dazzlingly revealing them to all. What embarrassed blushes must then have suffused their cheeks!

We do not write for the purpose of criticising Journalism, but as a warning. Be very careful what you do, for you are liable at any moment to be found out.

Bad Mental Habits

IF IT is possible so to train the mind of a boy of good understanding that, at the age of eleven, he will be able to present an original thesis on bodies of four dimensions, what was the percentage of defect in the mental training of a man of good understanding who, at forty, is unable to tell what day of the month next Sunday will be without counting it up three times on his fingers?

This little problem—for the solution of which we offer no prize—is naturally suggested by the recent remarkable performance of a lad, the son of an able scientist, before the Harvard Mathematical Society. This youth, no doubt, had something more than a good understanding—perhaps even that insight which is called genius. But numberless men with not less than good understanding study mathematics for sixteen years and still cannot be trusted alone with a problem in simple fractions. They never saw into it—which means that they never really paid attention to it.

Lecturing youth on bad habits is one of the devices by which middle age compensates itself for the burden of its own extensive assortment of bad habits; but even in the classroom there is not much lecturing about bad intellectual habits, and yet no others are more injurious. Far too often, even at college, we accept Dogberry's notion that if a man performs a certain mental feat it is by the gift of God, and if he doesn't perform it he simply lacks the gift.

Who will teach people how to concentrate their minds? By loafing, dodging whatever requires effort, and cultivating inattention they can easily teach themselves how not to.

The Sugar Trust on Sugar Duties

IN A FORMAL statement to the public the Sugar Trust explains itself. "Granulated sugar," it says, "is now quoted for export at three and one-tenth cents a pound, against a domestic price of four and nine-tenths cents a pound. This difference is caused by the refund by the Government of the larger part of the duty previously paid upon the raw sugar"—substantially all the duty levied upon the imported article being, in fact, refunded when that article is exported in a manufactured state.

Because of the protective tariff, then, foreign consumers get our refined sugar at one and eight-tenths cents a pound less than we have to pay for it. As consumption of sugar in the United States amounts to about seven billion pounds of the raw article it is clear that this protection costs domestic consumers something like one hundred and twenty million dollars annually.

The alleged purpose of this duty is to protect domestic producers of cane and beet sugar. Production of cane and beet sugar in this country amounts to about seventeen hundred million pounds a year. If you divide that number into one hundred and twenty million dollars you will see that the domestic grower ought to be getting protection to the extent of about seven cents a pound. But does he? Obviously not.

True, the Government derives a revenue of about half what the duties cost consumers. In this respect the sugar schedule makes an exceptionally good showing. Usually the Government gets a far smaller proportion of what the protective duty costs consumers.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Prudent Fighter

WHO can tell the surges that surge in an insurgent's breast? What pen can portray the frame of mind of the progressive who stands between hope and duty, between inclination and anticipation—inclination to swat Uncle Joe Cannon, and anticipation that if he does he may get swatted himself? Probably no pen in the business can do full justice to that mental state; so we'll try it on a typewriter.

"The prudent man looketh well to his going," says the proverb, and, to amplify a bit, he looketh well to his coming and his staying—particularly the staying, if he is a Member of the House of Representatives. Now, perish the thought that all insurgents are prudent. Some are imprudent, not to say impudent, but, be that as it may, there are enough of them who are prudent to be called a smattering of the entire conglobulation, to leaven the rising, to sound an occasional cautious note, to take an incidental gum-shoe step.

The Honorable Gussie Gardner might be mentioned, the Honorable Gussie who barks unceasingly until a quarter to twelve, and then retires circumspectly to the high grass until after the clock has struck. Still, the Honorable Gussie is congenitally prudent. He comes from a long line of prudent ancestors. His favorite oratorical phrase is "And, then, on the other hand," and there always is as much on the other hand as there was on the other one, which seems ambiguous, but really is ambidextrous.

However, this is an illustration lugged in by the ears—no, hands—lugged in by the hands to lead up to what I have to say, and that is, when it comes to prudence there are few of our fellow-statesmen and patriots who have anything on the Honorable Everis Anson Hayes, of San José—pronounced Hosé—by himminy. Nice name, that. Everis. Poetry for eternal, I reckon. The Honorable Eternal Anson Hayes, shy only a few epochs on it—eternalness, I mean—has a lovely set of red whiskers, whereby his intimates call him Red Hayes, and that, to follow the analogy, means he is a fighting man.

His Intimates Call Him Red Hayes

You may take it from me, if you so desire, that Red Hayes is a fighting man. He is one of the fightingest men we have in our somewhat bellicose midst, but he is also a prudent man. He doesn't believe in doing all his fighting at once. What joy would there be in the shock of battle, he inquires, if after it was all over it was all over? None whatever, is the answer. Wherefore, he is a fighting man who fights just enough to allow himself to desist and spend sweet and restful hours in contemplation of the fighting that is to come. He is a sort of an Epicurean fighter. He does not want to gulp down his combat and have none left. His argument is that you cannot fight your fight and have it, too. One must be scientific about these things. If a man is so constituted that he cannot exist without clashing, he gains nothing by having one supreme clash and then leading a dun, dull life for many unclashed years. His philosophy is to string the ructions out, not to pyramid them; to fight a little now and then, instead of fighting a whole heap all at once.

"The prudent man looketh well to his going," and does not go unless the going is good. Also, the prudent fighter looketh well to his fighting. There is positively no sense in this indiscriminate, unchecked conflict. Be prudent in your contests, and if you can't be prudent be circumspect. Is it the volcano that blows its head off in one grand display and then continues as nothing but a hole in the ground for countless ages that gets the press notices? It is not, dear brethren. The boy that erupts now and again is the one who has the observatories perched at the edge of the crater.

Incarnadine Foliage in the Van

NONE knows this better than Red Hayes. His incarnadine foliage oft may be observed in the forefront of the van, but oft, likewise, he takes a few days' surcease to devote to stroking said foliage and musing, prudently, on what has been accomplished. So long ago as February 13, 1909, Red went into battle—perhaps before that time—I have not searched the index—and gave defiance to all and sundry, including, especially, Mr. Joseph G. Cannon and the Rules of the House.

The Indian Appropriation Bill was under consideration, and Mr. Hayes, having been granted thirty minutes of time, promptly availed himself of an Indian privilege and left the reservation. The previous speaker had attended to the needs of the Indians by discussing at great length the Sherman anti-trust law, and Hayes, having in mind, also, the pressing necessities of our red brothers, arose at his seat, flaunted his crimson hedgerow, and pole-axed Uncle Joe. It was one of his fighting times. Along in his third paragraph he unveiled his motive. He had described how the House elects the Speaker and adopts the rules.

Then he said: "By these two acts most of us abdicate the authority with which the Constitution has clothed us; put our legislative consciences largely into the keeping of the Speaker for the balance of our term; give to one man greater power than is exercised by any living human being, unless it is the Czar of Russia; reduce ourselves to the level of suppliants at the door of the Speaker's room, begging the permission of the Master of the House to make any motion or to bring up any matter in which we may be interested; and reserve for ourselves power to do little more than to be counted when necessary to make a quorum, and to vote yea and nay on such propositions as are permitted to come before us for consideration."

Somewhat belligerent then, don't you think? He knew it, too, for he continued: "These may seem to be strong words, but they are not stronger than I believe the facts warrant," and all the stronger when viewed in the light of the action of this relentless, but prudent, combatant, when the two acts to which he referred in his strong words were consummated—to wit, the election of this Czarlike Speaker at the beginning of the session of Congress which was drawing to its close when the strong words were uttered, and the adoption of the rules. On that bright, sunny December day Everis voted for Cannon, the same Speaker he mentioned, and dodged when it came to the adoption of the rules, being recorded both times on that question in the "Not Voting" list. "The prudent man," as the proverb says, "looketh well to his going."

However, that was one of the times when Everis was resting under his *nom de guerre*, Sometimesis, and besides, it is neither here nor there. Time passed on, Everis, in the interim, voting for Mr. Cannon's tariff bill, and we come to the revolt of January 7, of this year, when the insurgents, combining with the Democrats, leapt into battle and battered the Speaker by a majority of three votes on the proposition of not allowing the Speaker to appoint the House members of the Ballinger-Pinchot Investigation Committee. It was a famous victory, and, by the same token, our old and bellicose friend was away up in front with his hirsute oriflamme the guiding gonfalon. Fight? Why, he fought until the last Speakerized foe expired. He fought like wildcats, bobcats, catamounts, catastrophes, cataclasms and caterwauls. He was superb. It was one of his fighting days.

Well, as I have said, it was a famous victory. They had the Speaker tied to the wheels of their taxicab. But what to do? How to press on and on and win the fruits of this famous victory? "Lick him again!" said the hotheads. "Now that we have got him down let's step on his ancient and benignant face!"

"Hold!" cried Everis. "Let us be prudent." He was resting then, you see. Thus he was prudent, and he shooed most of those insurgents into the caucus provided by the regulars, patched the thing up with the President, and all was peace and quietness in our fair city.

Hayes comes from California, but originally from Wisconsin, where he graduated both in law and letters from the State University and practiced law in Madison and Ashland. He is interested in iron mines in the Gogebic Range and has a fortune. He moved to California in 1887, where he raises fruit and has mines and, with his brother, publishes two daily papers in San José. This is his third term in Congress. He talks well, is a deep student of public questions, is most enthusiastic in his advocacy of legislation benefiting the Pacific Coast and, as has been remarked, is a fighting man—but prudent.

Watch Her Grow!

DANIEL O'CONNELL LIVELY, of Portland, Oregon, who is somewhat of a booster himself, tells a story of two Seattle boosters who met in Portland.

"Hello, Bill."

"Hello, Jim."

"When'd you come down from Seattle?"

"I left yesterday morning."

"I came down last night, and say, Bill ——"

"What?"

"Jee-rusalem! You ought to see her now!"

All in the Family

IN ONE of Pittsburgh's hot municipal campaigns the issue was largely Senator William Flinn, who, by one party, was held responsible for everything bad that had happened in the city for years, and, by the other party, for everything good.

Flinn was a contractor at that time, of the firm of Flinn & Booth. At a mass-meeting of colored citizens an impassioned orator assailed Flinn, and charged him with all sorts of high crimes and misdemeanors, and in his ecstasy of denunciation wound up with: "An', I ast you, who was it what shot down that great man, Abrum Linkum?—I ast you dat. It was Flinn."

"Hol' on, Mistuh Speakah," broke in a Flinn man. "It wasn't no man named Flinn what shot Mistuh Lankum."

"Who was it, den?" shouted the orator.

"Booth."

"Well," yelled the speaker triumphantly, "what's de diffrunce? It was one of de firm."

Hard on the Oysterman

WHEN John P. Jones, of Nevada, was in the Senate of the United States it was his custom, during the free-silver days, to make long speeches on the money question.

One day the Senator regaled the Senate with the history of money from the earliest days until the doctrine of sixteen to one. He went way back to flood times and traced the history of the various mediums of exchange, their development and changes from the days of barter to the days of gold and silver.

"I call to the attention of the Senate," he said, in the course of the speech, "that at one time the medium of exchange was oyster shells. Oyster shells were used for money."

"Delightful," broke in the late Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts. "If that system only prevailed now we could order half a dozen oysters on the half-shell and pay for them with the shells."

No Star Route

SENATOR BACON tells a story of a negro in Macon who wanted to be a carrier on a rural free-delivery route.

The negro made his application and went before the board, whose members were men he had known all his life.

"What's your name?" asked the examiner.

"'Deed, boss," the negro replied, "you done know my name. You's knowed me all your life."

"What's your name?" very sternly.

"Sam Johnson."

"Well, Mr. Johnson, where were you born?"

"Now, look yere, boss, you done knowed where I'se bawn. I'se bawn right on your ol' father's fahm."

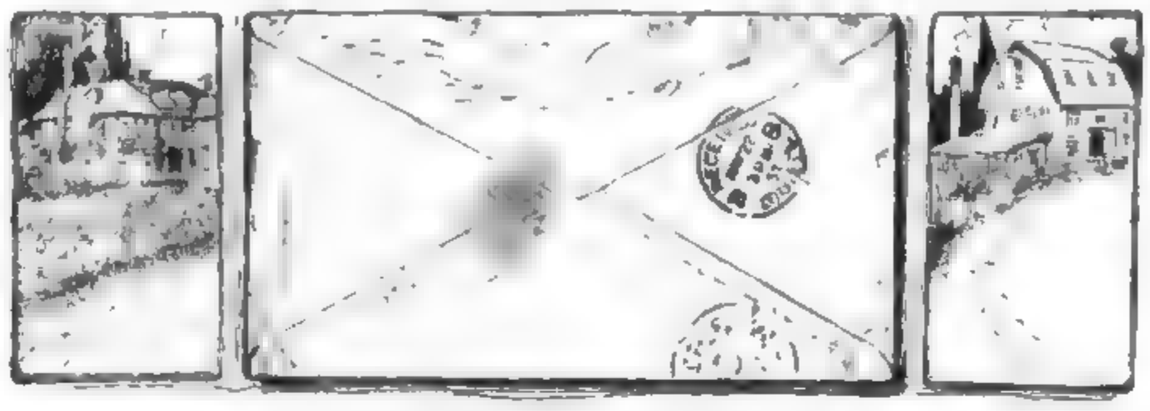
"Never mind that, Mr. Johnson. You were born in Macon. Now, Mr. Johnson, tell this board how many miles it is from the earth to the moon."

"Huh, boss, I cain't tell dat, and I'se goin' to quit dis yere right now. You cain't put me on no such run as dat."

THAT POSTAL DEFICIT

By MARION BUTLER

FORMER SENATOR FROM NORTH CAROLINA

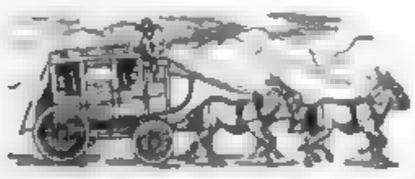


THE annual cry of a deficit in the Post-Office Department has again been raised by the Postmaster-General in his report. This time the culprits named are rural free delivery and the one-cent-a-pound postage rates for magazines.

It is pertinent to inquire—First: Is a postal deficit necessarily a great evil and one that must be remedied at any cost? Second: Is the remedy proposed not worse than the disease?

Let us first look at the purposes for which the Post-Office Department was established. Was it established primarily to raise a revenue to support the other non-supporting departments of the Government; or was it established to perform certain great public functions for all of the people, functions that were too important to be left to the hazard of private enterprise?

The Post-Office Department has been brought to such a state of efficiency that it comes nearer to every man, woman and child in the country with its beneficent functions than any other department of the Government. To accomplish this it has been necessary to charge no more for the transmission of a letter from New York to San Francisco than from New York to Jersey City. It has been necessary to establish mail routes in sparsely-settled sections of the country where the cost of delivering mails to scattered farms and ranches or distant mining camps is often a hundred times as much as the revenues derived from such services. It has been necessary, or has been deemed necessary, not only to pay most liberal rates to the railroads for carrying the mail, but actually to subsidize some railroads by paying a large bonus for putting on extra fast mail trains, and to subsidize all of the railroads by paying them annually a rental for postal cars twice as great as the cost of building such cars.



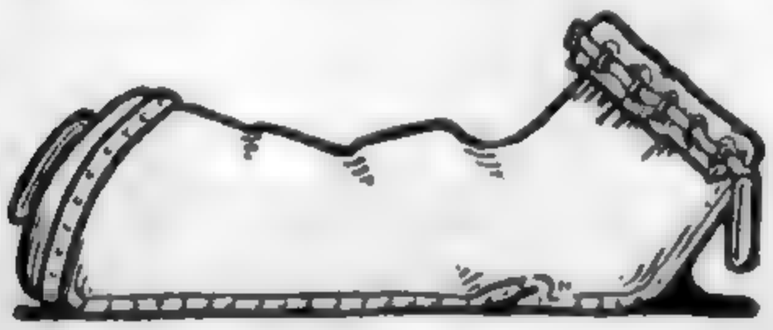
If the policy of efficiency is to be reversed and the policy of revenue is to be the chief object in view, then why not begin by abolishing every postal route in every sparsely-settled community that does not within itself bring in sufficient revenue to pay expenses? Why not divide the country into zones of a hundred or two hundred miles each, and double letter postage every time a letter crosses one of these zones? And why not, at the same time, give some little consideration to whether or not the rate paid to the railroads for carrying the mails is fair or excessive, and to whether or not it is excessive to pay during the life of a postal car—say twenty years—sixty thousand dollars rental for a car that cost only two thousand dollars to build?

At the rate now paid the railroads for carrying the mails, as given by the Postmaster-General in his report, would it not be cheaper for the Government to put a two-hundred-pound sack of mail in the seat of a Pullman car and tack on it a regular first-class passenger ticket to pay its fare, for instance, from Washington to New York?

Would it not also be wise to inquire why the Government should pay so much more for carrying the mails than the railroads charge the express companies for carrying express packages in a car next to the mail car? Surely no one will say that the express rates are too low!

Remedies Near at Hand

THE fact is that a number of publishers now send newspapers and magazines by express for all short distances because the express companies, on account of the low rate that they get from the railroads, are able to underbid the Post-Office Department. This would not be so if the rate per pound charged the Government for mail by the railroads was not so high. Besides, the Post-Office Department should stop the express companies from taking newspapers and magazines for the short haul, which is profitable, and if this were done it would do much to wipe out the deficit. This could be stopped by an order from the Post-Office Department, and it could also be stopped by establishing a system of parcels post, in which event the express companies would not be needed. In England there is a parcels post and there are no express companies, for they are not needed.



This annual cry raised about the deficit in the Post-Office Department is puzzling to the public. Why should the Post-Office Department be required to pay expenses any more than the Department of the Interior, or the Navy Department, or any other department of the Government? Is that department worth so much less to the people than the other departments that it should be penalized for existing? If the Post-Office Department is to be required to meet expenses, then why not have the Post-Office Department charge all the other departments for handling their mail which is now handled free of charge?

Profitable Business Originated by Magazines

IN VIEW of the facts already stated, indeed, is it not remarkable that this great department has been able to furnish to the people from ocean to ocean the service that it does, and lack only seventeen millions of dollars of making both ends meet?

Again, why are the magazines and the rural free delivery singled out as the two chief culprits for causing this awful deficit? Is not the magazine today as great an educator as a daily newspaper, and has not rural free delivery proved to be the most popular and beneficent branch of the whole postal service?

In 1896, when I, as a member of the Post-Office Committee of the Senate of the United States, offered the amendment to the post-office appropriation bill providing for the establishment of the present rural free delivery system, I was met with scores of objections and alarming pictures as to the colossal cost that the system would entail, with no commensurate resulting benefits.

The chairman of the committee stated on the floor of the Senate that if this system were established it would soon cost the Government over a hundred million dollars a year more than any increased revenue that might result therefrom. In reply I pointed to the fact that we were then delivering mail free at an enormous cost to the people of the cities of the United States who lived within a stone's throw of their post-offices, and that the free delivery of the mail in the cities had not increased and could not increase the revenues of the Government one cent, while the establishment of rural free delivery would increase enormously the number of magazines and daily newspapers that would be taken by the farmers, and that this would result in a very large increase of first-class mail.

That prediction has been fully verified by the report of the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, just published, in which he states that during the past five years there has been an increase of ninety-six per cent in the amount of mail handled on rural free delivery routes. I make the following extract from that report:

> This remarkable increase is conclusive evidence that the institution of rural delivery has enlarged the amount of the mails handled, and, therefore, increased the revenues. This is true, although forty-five per cent of the bulk of the mail on rural routes is second-class matter.

Thus it will be seen that the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General states that the rural free delivery has resulted in increasing the revenues, and that only forty-five per cent of the mail carried over rural routes is of second-class matter. This means that a very large per cent of the mail is first-class, which pays a very large revenue. It is to be regretted that the Postmaster-General did not withhold his report until he had received the report of the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, which squarely takes issue with him.

But even if the facts were different, I submit that not a single service which the Post-Office Department is today giving the people should be curtailed, no matter if it caused a deficit twice as great. There is no better way in which the people's taxes can be used than to maintain and extend even further the functions of the Post-Office Department in the interests of every class of our people in every section of our country.

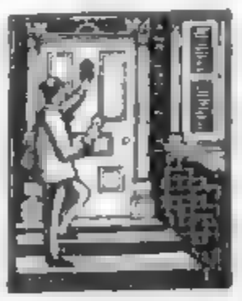
Why should not the Post-Office Department use electricity for transmitting information, as well as steam railroads and mule carts? I submit that under the Constitution establishing the postal service it is the duty of Congress to equip the Post-Office Department with electricity and every modern improvement and agency to facilitate the transmission of intelligence. This can be done, and would reduce the cost today of sending messages by wire by more than one-half, and yet raise revenue more than enough to wipe out the deficit, even without any curtailment of the excessive rates that the railroads now receive for carrying the mails.

Why not equip the Post-Office Department with a parcels-post system, which would also result in enabling the people to send packages through the mails at less than half the cost now paid the express companies, and at the same time raise revenue thereby more than enough to wipe out the present deficit?

In short, the first and chief duty of the Government should be to increase the facilities and functions of the Post-Office Department, and incidentally to do it as economically as possible without detriment to the service. A very little thought along this line would make the deficit vanish and would largely increase the blessings of the Post-Office Department.

Stuffed Society

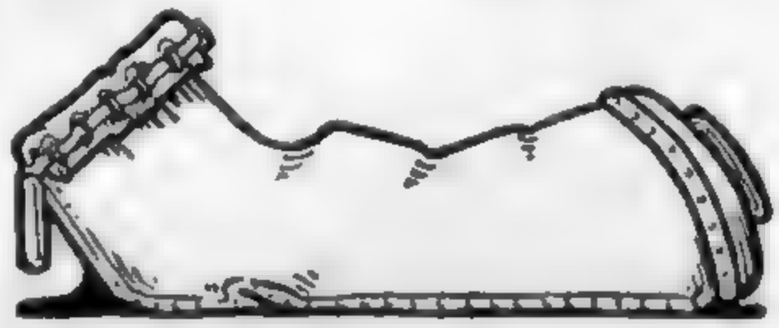
NATURALLY, it is in the shadow of Bunker Hill, in the neighborhood whence came the shot that was heard around the world, that a man arises to declare he will no longer permit his friends to treat him as though he were a Thanksgiving turkey. They must take him unstuffed, he says, or not at all.



Conversation, say the elders, has become a lost art. How could it be otherwise when, by a habit derived from gluttons and drunkards, people seldom have a chance to talk until they are stupefied with food, drink and fatigue? Twelve or more persons sit at a large table. One can talk at most to only two others. They are not the ones he wishes to talk to, or who wish to talk to him. For two hours by the clock he must sit rigidly between them and meanwhile absorb: One gill alcohol with deleterious trimmings, four ounces oysters, one pint soup, five ounces fish, one peck assorted vegetables, half a pound of meat, half a pint frozen cream, an ounce crackers and cheese, one to two pints potent wine, topped with a cup of strong coffee and a fiery cordial to pickle the whole.

About an hour after the time when a man who works should have been in bed opportunity arrives for easy, general conversation. It proceeds as follows: "Yes, the weather is abominable. . . . I didn't care for the opera. . . . I think President Taft—eenie, meenie, minie, moe. . . . Excuse me, but I have to count to keep awake."

It is true that gorging as a social function was highly esteemed by the Romans; but we all know what became of them.



Public Opinion

The majority of first-class hotels throughout the country serve

Snider Tomato Catsup

—quite conclusive proof that the public want it.

It is a well-known fact that patrons of first-class hotels and restaurants demand the best.

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Ski and How to Use Them

THE most sporting snowshoe in the world is the long wooden one which, at some unknown time, originated in the Scandinavian countries. The Norwegians call this *ski*, meaning thereby the plural, and they pronounce the word as though it were spelled "she"; which is only one of the many vagaries of this singular article of winter footwear.

There are more users of web snowshoes than of ski, and although attempts at different times have been made by the sporting-goods trade to popularize the sport of ski-running, both the dealers and the public in this country seem rather ignorant as to what ski should be, or how they should be used.

The step of the ski-runner is a straight-ahead shuffle, with the feet pigeon-toed to the extent of being perfectly parallel.

The Use of the Pole

The ski pole is necessary for most folk, even on level going. It is simply a strong pole, perhaps six or eight feet in length, and sometimes provided at its lower end with a little wheel of wood or of webbing. One uses this with both hands, and it serves to steady the body and, moreover, gives just a little propulsion, the arms thus helping the legs to advance the body, even on perfectly level going, a couple of inches or so at a stride more than the natural step would be in walking. Without this steadying pole the average ski-runner would find himself quite at sea, especially when taking a descent. Of course, in expert work, such as the ski-jumping contests, the pole becomes dangerous rather than useful; but only an expert can dispense with it. Poking one foot ahead of the other, and also stepping, so to speak, *pari passu*, with the end of his ski pole at one side, the traveler, on these long, wooden skates, shuffles and slides along.

Of course, in going down a steep hill on ski it is precisely as though one had a long, narrow toboggan on each foot. If all the country were downhill there would be no such thing as web shoes known. When it comes to going uphill on ski it is quite another matter; and the beginner who essays even a very moderate slope will learn that the rule of the ski is one that works both ways. He slips back quite as fast as he goes forward. Yet an expert might be able to walk straight up the same hill, and would not be obliged to angle or rail-fence up, as the humbler beginner must do. The expert spreads the toes of his ski wide apart and stamps the ski firmly down in the snow at each step, handling them in such a way that he does not break the hold of the shoe on the snow until he is ready for the next step. It sounds simple, but it is not.

This perversity of the ski in uphill work is, perhaps, one reason their use in sport is limited. Sometimes, however, they have to be employed in parts of the country in the course of the regular day's work; and in order to get uphill comfortably on them, many devices have been employed. One of the most practical is that of lining the bottom of the ski for part of the length with raw horsehide, the hair pointing back. Of course, any permanent attachment that will aid in going uphill on ski is just that much of a handicap in going downhill, or on the level.

In the Rocky Mountains, where ski are part of the equipment of every man who intends going out-of-doors at all, the surface of the shoes underneath is usually left entirely smooth. The ski man who wants to get uphill will take a thick strip of coffee sacking and tie it in a large knot, so that the knot will be underneath his foot, the strip passing entirely around the ski. As he advances uphill he raises the ski and sets it down firmly on the snow, the knot thus serving as a brake to keep him from slipping backward. When he gets to the top of the hill he unties the brake and sticks it under his belt.

As to the speed one attains in some of this fast ski work downhill, no one really knows how great it is, because there is nothing by which it can be measured. The sensation is comparable to nothing except travel on a fast ice yacht in a gale of wind. It is more mysterious, however, than ice yachting, because it is absolutely silent and without the slightest suspicion of a jar, unless one should run into a strip of ash-dry, cold snow. In a fast and long *glissade* all sense of motion is lost. The trees far below seem to come uphill as though drawn on a swift ribbon, and their rapid increase in size seems an astonishing phenomenon. There are few descents where the grade is even, or where the snow is all of the same character. Without volition of one's own, one goes faster or slackens speed. There is a feeling of lightness which, perhaps, as nearly as anything approaches actual aviation. It is a weird sensation, that of having the world pulled back under your feet. Sometimes a ski-runner at the bottom of a hill where the descent drops off moderately will actually stop and not know that he has stopped. This seems rather an astonishing statement, yet it is quite true. It shows that everything is relative, and that, perhaps, some things are new, after all.

In very steep country ski-running is dangerous, and no novice ought to undertake it with the ski tightly fastened to the feet. Ten feet of snow makes the softest cushion in the world, but a tumble in it may braid the shoes around one's neck and very possibly wrench an ankle. The writer once saw a man in the middle of the Rocky Mountains who had badly sprained his ankle while he was still twelve miles from the nearest shelter. It was twenty below zero and we dared not stop long, even to build fires. The snow was many feet deep, and without snowshoes one could not travel in it half a mile a day. There was no toboggan, nor could it have been used to drag his weight up those ascents even had there been one. He could not be carried on the back of any one of us. Each step for him was agony, but all he could do was "take his medicine." It was many hours before he got to the little shack where he could rest, and he did not reach civilization until the following Spring.

Ski-Travel in the Wilds

Ski-travel far in the depths of uninhabited country is different from ski-running as a sport practiced close to civilization. Suppose, for instance, that one of your ski comes loose and runs away from you down the hill a mile or so, perhaps jumping into a snowdrift, or losing itself in a thicket at the foot of the run. One has known a ski-runner thus crippled by the loss of a ski that went over a mile before it was found. It had jumped into a snowdrift and left hardly more than a slit to mark its disappearance. You can make shift to get downhill on one ski, but you cannot go uphill on one.

A broken ski is another and not unusual accident. One has known a hunter go to the nearest pine tree with his axe, chop out a splice, nail it on to the broken shoe, smear it over with melted resin, and so get on at least to the next camp. At times, the resourcefulness of outdoor men is extraordinary. It has always been a source of wonder why Frémont lost so many men on his starving march over the San Juans, on his fourth expedition. There was any quantity of dead mules about, and any quantuty of pine trees, yet there was no mention of any attempt made to construct either bear-paw snowshoes or ski. It is difficult to make a good pair of either, with nothing better than a knife and an axe, but one has seen both things done by men who were not willing to sit down and die. There have been two or three instances, also, of sportsmen who were caught in the Rockies in the wintertime, and who perished there.

One party abandoned a man in such a march, and he died. There is no record that they undertook to use snowshoes of any kind. A good ski party can travel and live in the wilderness for days at a time, as the soldiers of Norway prove; but, of course, the packs must be cut down to absolute necessaries, and the men must know how to use their ski. It is safest for the amateur not to undertake too ambitious a trip at first.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers on this subject. The second will appear in an early number.

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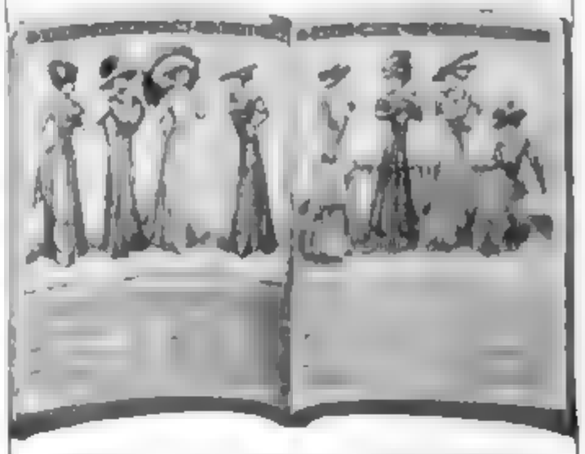

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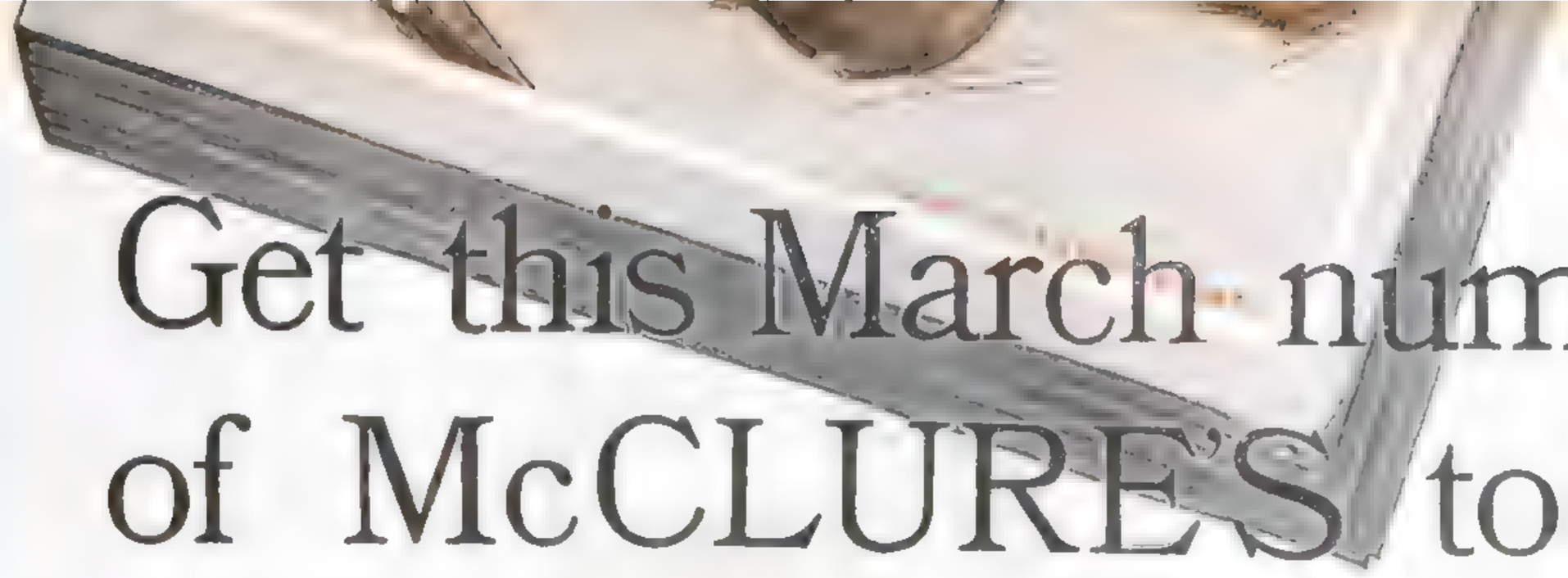

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Sense and Nonsense

The Spread of Conservation

Our fare, never lavish, is stinted of late,
The service grows smaller each day.
The whole food supply were it laid on my plate
Would hardly keep hunger away.
I spoke to my landlady, asking her why,
In tones not offensive or rude.
There was no more to say when she made this reply:
"You see, we're conserving the food!"

The flat where I room is not ever too warm,
I think they must meter the heat;
But lately I've suffered in cold spell and storm
With more than my due of cold feet;
I spoke to the janitor—mentioned the cold,
But he put an end to my dream
Of midwinter comfort, for I was soon told
That he was conserving the steam.

I've noticed the lights, too, are growing so dim
I read not at all well at night:
The lower front hall has a sickly green glim
That daily gives less and less light;
I spoke to my landlord—I did not complain,
I'm not in the critical class:
But what could I say when he told me again
That he was conserving the gas?

My last suit of clothes disappointed me quite,
It was not at all up to snuff:
The fit was quite good and the clothes looked all right
But there was not half wool enough.
I spoke to my tailor, objecting, of course,
To paying wool price for so cheap
And shoddy a stuff, when he told me with force:
"You know, we're conserving the sheep!"

And oft on my car when they ring up my fare
I feel that I ought, when I pay,
To sit at my ease, but there's not a seat there,
And so I stand up all the way
But if I object with some blood in my eye,
The placid conductor still greets
My word of complaint with that same old reply:
"You know, we're conserving the seats."

—*J. W. Foley.*

And Hallowell Chawed

Says Bill the Bad'un, as he blows in:
"You've heard 'em tell of Original Sin?
Well, I'm that party—the toughest yet;
The sort of person who'd just as soon
Shoot up the gang in a bum saloon
As scratch a match fer a cigarette."
Then he shoots the glasses offen the bar
An' the gang it ducks—fer it looks like war;
Yet Hallowell never stops his jaws
As he chaws an' chaws an' chaws an' chaws.

Says Bill the Bad'un: "Say, I'm the worst
That ever carried a man's-size thirst
There's a private buryin'-ground I've got,
A quiet an' peaceful an' lonesome spot;
An' though it's crowded a bit, I think
It could hold a dozen as like as not
If I planted you close in that little plot—
Will somebody kindly purchase a drink?"—
Hallowell doesn't stop ner pause
But chaws an' chaws an' chaws an' chaws.

The tremblin' barkeeper sets 'em up,
An' Bill the Bad'un he waves his Krupp
An' orders the crowd that's left to prance
In a pained an' ponderous sort of dance.
But it don't quite meet with Bill's applause,
Fer Hallowell still just sets an' chaws.

Says Bill the Bad'un: "There's one old gent
Who doesn't appear to know what's meant
By the terpeichorean art I teach—
I'll briefly explain in a louder speech."
So a shot rang out and another, too,
An' the county coroner hove in view.

Now down in that private buryin'-ground
Is a heap of earth in a six-foot mound;
An' often you'll notice, a-settin' there,
A quiet man with a languid air.
Who says, with barely an eyelash flicker,
"There's some is quick an' others is quicker,
But those that's quick is frequent dead
An' those that's quicker is quick instead"
An' havin' expounded these simple laws,
Hallowell chaws an' chaws an' chaws

—*Berton Braley.*

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ANY woolen fabric that is to be made into a garment should be thoroughly shrunk before cutting; or the garment quickly loses shape.

The newest and best way to shrink such fabrics is the oldest method known; cold water. The custom tailor wets a cotton sheet in cold water, rolls up the woolen fabric in this, leaves it a few hours; then hangs it up to dry. We do the same thing; but if we had to do it his way, we'd have to have acres of drying space, and wait days to do it.

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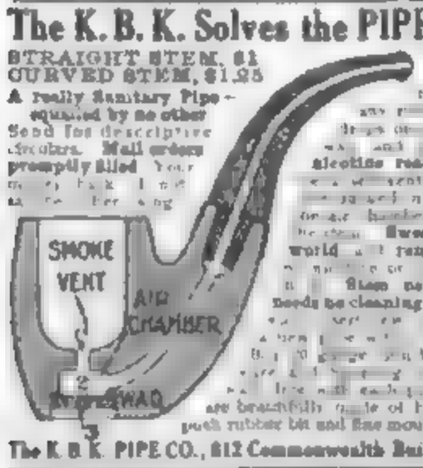

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An explanation of the scope, rates and benefits of savings-bank insurance was made in this department in the summer of 1908, shortly before the first policy was written. Briefly stated, the movement was aimed at the excessive cost of industrial insurance, which up to that time was the only kind of insurance available to the wage-earner. Under an act of the Massachusetts Legislature, the savings-banks, which are the logical custodians of the people's money, were empowered to issue life, endowment and annuity policies at cost. Hence the worker not only was able to get any kind of insurance, but also to provide an old-age pension for himself. Two savings-banks, the Whitman Savings-Bank at Whitman and the People's Savings-Bank at Brockton, took out licenses to issue insurance, and the work began. Now, after a little more than a year, it is possible to get a line on what has been done.

At the close of the fiscal year, which was October 31st, these two banks had written approximately $1,000,000 insurance, not including annuity or pension policies. The total number of policies was 2521, and the average amount of insurance taken out by each policyholder was $393.79.

Though these figures themselves do not appear very large there is a vast amount of significance behind them, for they prove various suggestive things. Geographically, the policies are scattered all over the state, showing the wide area of the movement.

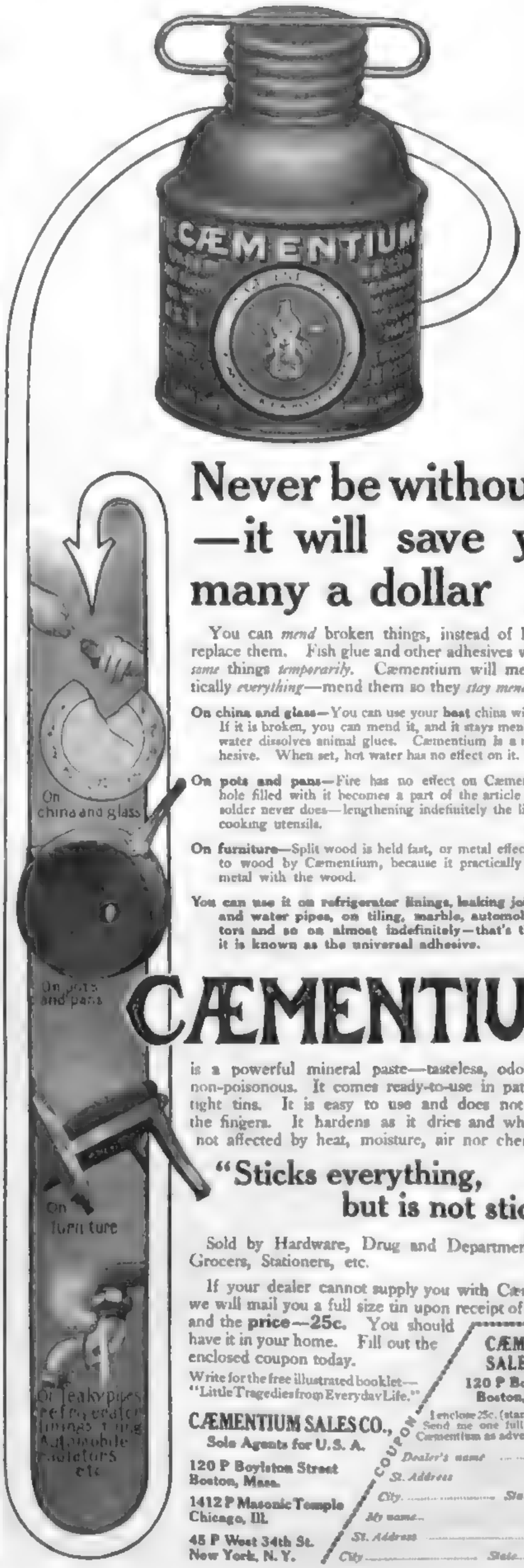
The Value of an Account

But the economic side is more impressive. Despite the fact that this insurance was written at cost and that the first year's business in any insurance is expensive, these savings-banks, in addition to setting aside the full legal reserve, which in Massachusetts is 65 per cent of the premiums, and likewise laying aside an additional sum equal to 4 per cent of the premiums for the general insurance guaranty fund, and further paying interest at the rate of 4 per cent on the special guaranty fund of $25,000 required of each bank issuing the insurance, were able to declare a dividend of 8⅓ per cent to all holders of monthly premium policies. This means that these policyholders got a month's premium free. As a further evidence of economy and precaution this dividend only absorbed one-fourth of the surplus, the remaining three-fourths having been put into a special surplus guaranty fund.

The expenses of conducting business, as shown by the profit and loss accounts of the two banks, is slightly over 21 per cent. This may seem high at first glance, but medical examination fees comprised over 54 per cent of the total expenses, and this is an expense that only occurs once in the history of the policy. In the opinion of the state actuary, the banks will be able to pay a dividend of 20 per cent when the movement is in fuller and wider operation.

The method of distribution of the first dividend is typical of the value of this plan of insurance. The policyholder who received the dividend had the choice of three propositions: to have his premium account credited with it, thus getting one month's insurance free; to get it in cash; or, what was more helpful, to have a savings-bank account started with it. In many instances where the policyholder had no savings-bank account he took that course.

The whole machinery of savings-bank insurance is operated to teach the value of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savings-bank accounts. The optional use of the yearly dividend is only one example There are many others. Part of the contract in the policy is that, if the beneficiary so elects, the amount of the death loss may be put into a savings-bank on the day the insured dies and thus begin to earn money at once. If, as often happens in the case of industrial workers who move from town to town, it is not possible to locate the beneficiary at once, the money is put into a savings-bank and accumulates interest while the search for the owner goes on.

Again, by signing an authorization slip, the policyholder who has a savings-bank account can have the amount of his monthly premium deducted automatically from his account. Then if he will keep up his bank deposits he will run no risk of having a lapsed policy, which was one of the terrors of industrial insurance. Many Massachusetts workers who were not already savings-bank depositors became so because of this very advantage. The People's Savings Bank, of Brockton, alone gained one thousand new depositors during the past year. The values bestowed by savings-bank insurance are best shown by a concrete case. In January, 1909, an employee of a big shoe factory took out a $500 policy. He was forty-two years of age and his monthly premium was $1.70 He paid his premium regularly. On June 11th of the same year he died. The bank promptly paid his widow $500, which was very much more than she would have received from any one of the big industrial companies at the same cost.

Savings-bank insurance has indirectly wrought great benefits to the holders of industrial-insurance policies. For fully twenty years before the Massachusetts movement began there had been no reduction in industrial premiums. Since the movement got under way there has been a total cut of about 20 per cent, the last one having been made in July, 1909. It is estimated that this reduction alone will save Massachusetts policyholders from $1,000,000 to $1,500,000, as the amount of industrial premiums collected each year in that state aggregates more than $8,000,000. At the present time, savings-bank-insurance officials place the cost of their insurance at about 15 per cent less than the industrial rates.

Industries as Agents

Before savings-bank insurance began, only one-fourth of the benefit of an industrial policy was paid if the insured died within six months after the insurance was written, and one-half if he died in the second six months. Now the policies are payable for half the benefit within the first six months and full benefit after six months. The savings-bank policies pay full benefit even if the insured dies the day after the policy is taken out.

So much success attended the monthly premium policies that there were requests for policies with annual, semi-annual or quarterly premiums, and as a result three new $500 policies have been prepared. They will serve to show the cost of this kind of insurance. Take the straight life first. If, for example, you are twenty-five years of age next birthday you can get this insurance for $9.45 a year. If this sum is deposited once a year, or $4.82 every six months, or $2.46 every three months, the savings-bank will pay $500 at death. For the twenty-payment life policy, if you are twenty-five years next birthday, you can deposit $18.36 once a year, or $6.81 every six months, or $3.47 every three months for a period of twenty years. After that time premium payments cease. The bank pays the beneficiary $500 at death, no matter when that occurs. For the twenty-year endowment, if you are twenty-five years at the next birthday, you can deposit $21.04 in the savings-bank once a year, or $10.73 every six months, or $5.47 every three months. The bank will then pay the policyholder $500 at the end of twenty years, or pay the beneficiary $500 if death occurs before that time. All these policies participate in the profits of the insurance department of the bank issuing them. No savings-bank policy can be for more than $500. A man who wants to take out $1,000 insurance must take it in two banks.

Since under the savings-bank-insurance law no bank can have a paid agent or collector, how is this great agency for thrift brought to the notice of the people? By one of the most picturesque and intimate educational savings campaigns yet waged.

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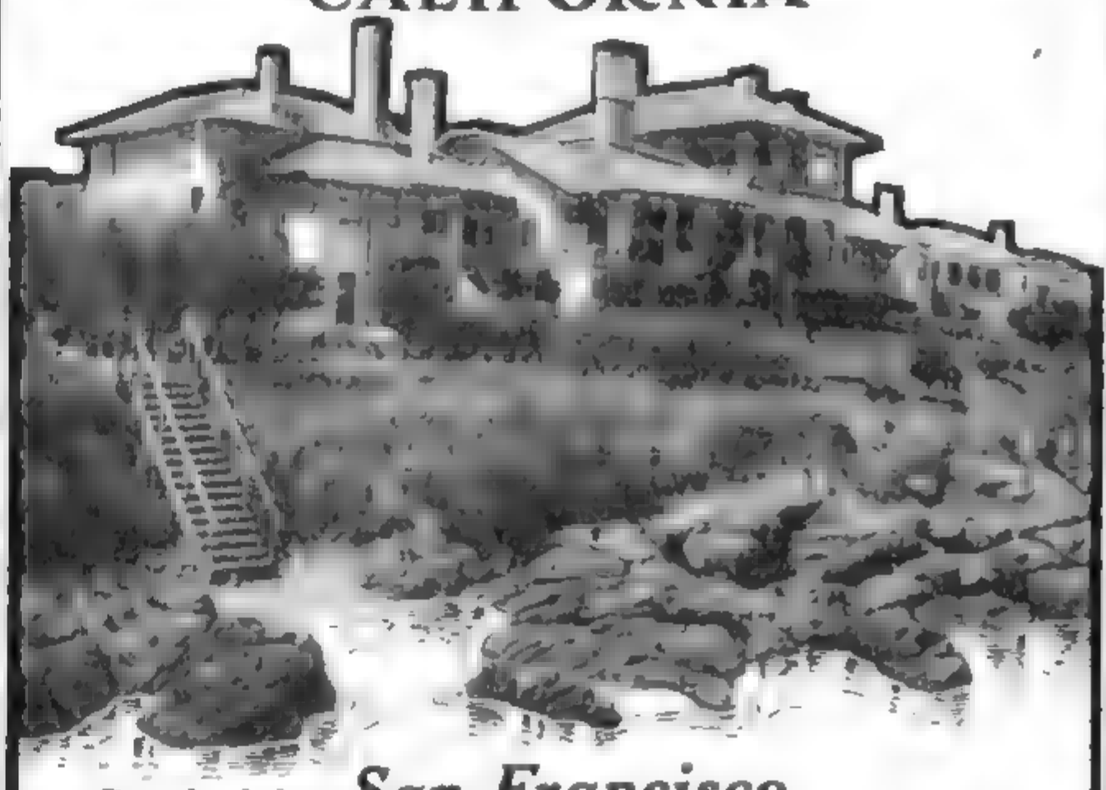

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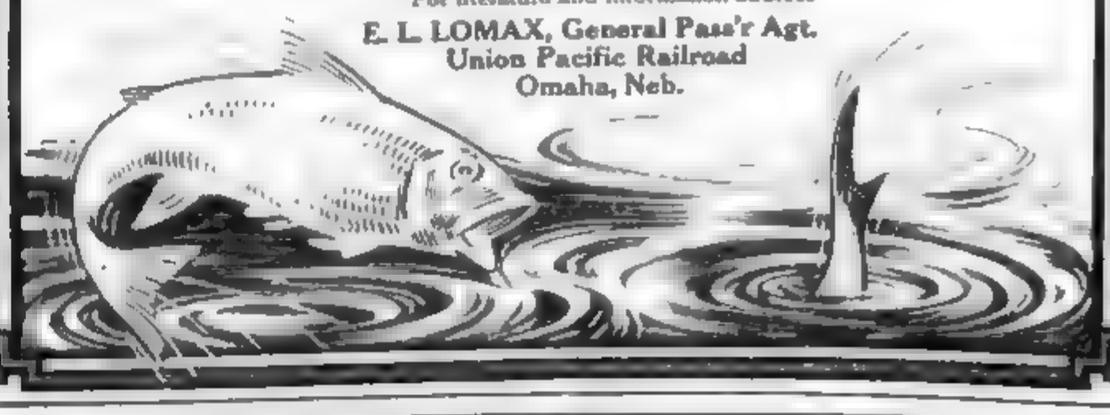

Eitherway

The greatest trouble and often the greatest expense in dispensing drinks at a Soda Fountain is ice. For a long while soda could not be served cold in summer except by buying ice in bulk; and on a hot day a good many pounds of ice and several dollars would melt away, principally through wasted refrigeration. Now ice expense and ice trouble can be greatly reduced, if not entirely eliminated. Our

Walrus Eitherway Soda Fountain
(Ice or Iceless. Use it "Eitherway.")

does this. In other words we have harnessed waste refrigeration. There are no swing open or drop doors about a Walrus apparatus to allow the cold air to escape. The ice packed around the ice cream is now made to do the entire work of refrigerating the whole outfit. (Formerly about 70% of the refrigeration from the ice was wasted.) However, with a Walrus Fountain you are not at the mercy of one particular system, it is Ice or Iceless, use it "EITHERWAY." There are 38 Walrus points of superiority

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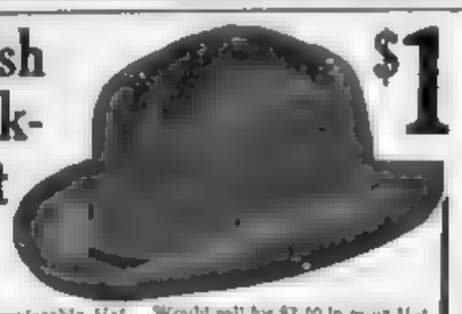

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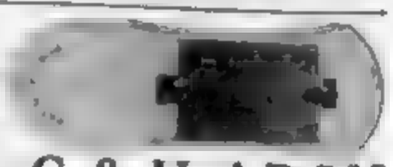

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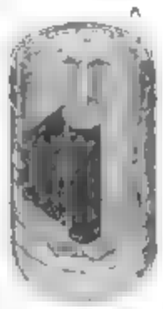

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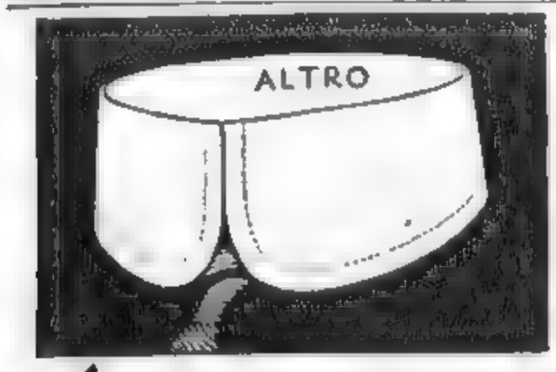

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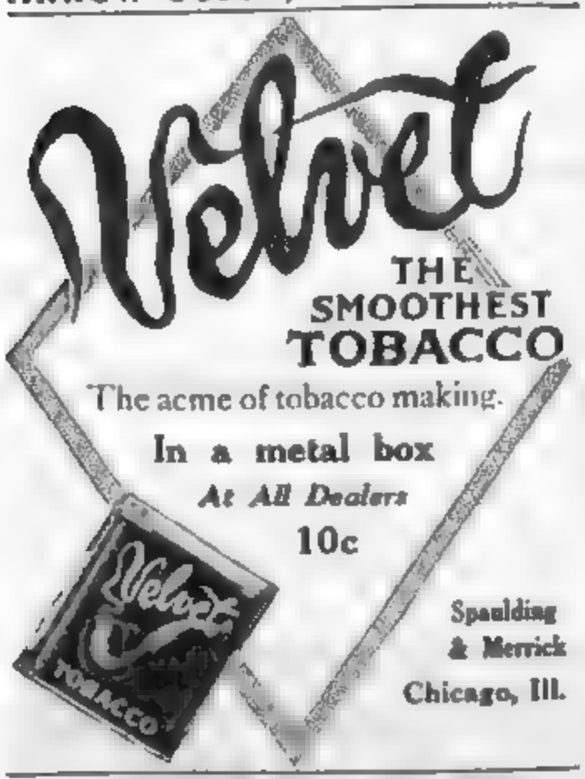

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More than fifty great industrial and other organizations in various parts of the state have become agents for the banks. They regard it as a movement that betters the condition of their employees and they aid it in every way. Among the agents of savings-bank insurance are found representatives of almost all the industries: shoe manufacturers, electric companies, shipbuilding companies, and many others.

The campaign is conducted in this way: The Massachusetts Savings Insurance League employs four men and one woman to give instruction in the operation of savings-bank insurance. When a great concern has expressed its desire to have its employees instructed, one or more of these instructors are sent to the mill. Previous to their coming the firm sends letters to all employees stating briefly the benefits of the insurance and indorsing it, announcing that an instructor will be at the mill. Permission is given the employees to go to the instructor at any time. Sometimes classes are held, but if the workman so desires the instructor goes to him in the workroom. The literature of the movement is so simple and reduced to such elemental terms that very often the foreman and the paymasters can aid in instruction.

How the System Works

As a sample of the way the firms start the publicity for the movement, one of the largest shoe factories in the state sent a circular to all its employees, beginning with this paragraph:

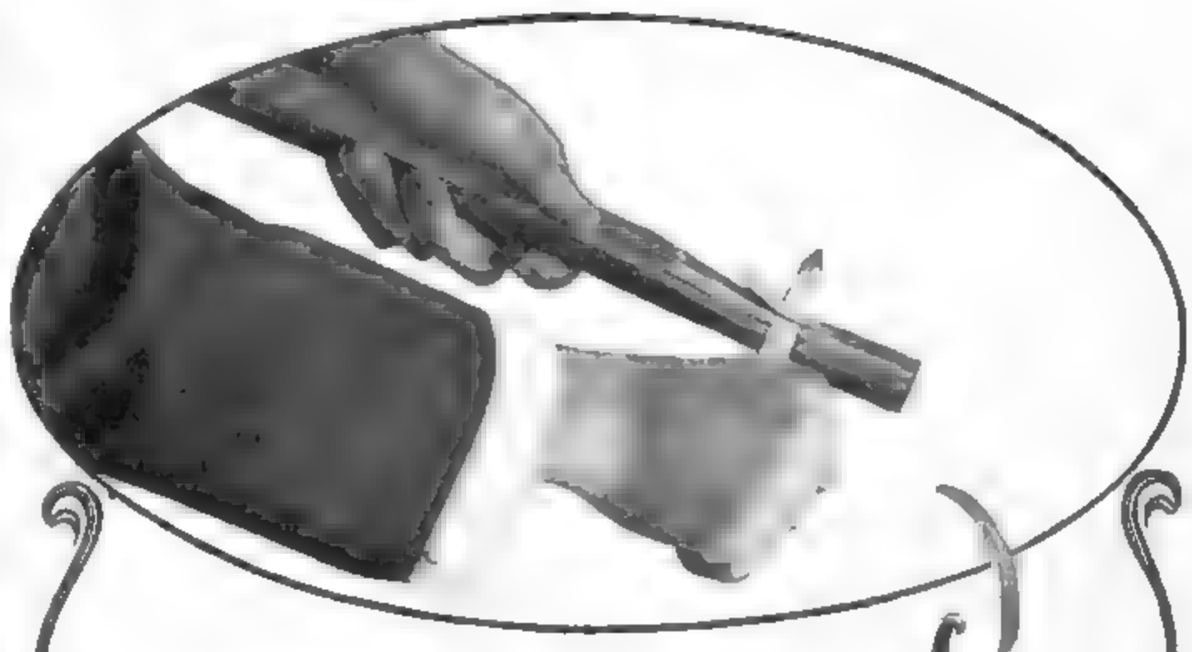
Belgium, France, Austria, Holland—even Russia—all have systems by which the wage-earners get their insurance at cost. In some of these countries the workers are compelled to insure. Massachusetts does not believe much in compulsion of this sort. She claims that her workmen are more intelligent than European workmen, that all it is necessary to do is offer them the chance, that they will seize it quickly. Massachusetts is now offering you that chance.

As a further inducement to the worker the factory collects the premiums, even taking them out of the pay envelope if the employee so elects: and in reality all that the worker has to do is to submit to the medical examination.

I asked the head of one of the largest shoe factories in Massachusetts, who had been the first to introduce savings-bank insurance into his establishments, what was the principal effect on the employees, and he said: "I have found that it not only encourages men and women workers to save but also teaches a very helpful lesson in investment. First of all, it makes savings-bank depositors of many who otherwise would not be depositors. This, in turn, brings the employees into contact with conservative financial methods and safe returns on money employed. Thus they are better able to resist the temptations held out by get-rich-quick promoters who promise big and impossible dividends. Savings-bank insurance is a good substitute for the ordinary workmen's benevolent association. It is more businesslike and gives much more for the money invested. If a workman drops out of one of these societies, or moves away from the town in which he joined, the chances are that he will lose everything that he has put in. With savings-bank insurance he has some equity from the start. We have found that this savings insurance makes the worker a more efficient employee and a better citizen, because it gives him a feeling of security that he himself is paying for."

But what will, perhaps, be more widely beneficial than all this is a plan now being perfected for instruction in savings-bank insurance in the public schools of Massachusetts, as part of the arithmetic courses. The proposition, summed up, is to study thrift, savings and old-age pensions in terms of insurance. A complete set of examples and problems is being worked out with the coöperation of some of the best-known public school officials of Boston. Such a plan, when introduced, will early develop in the child a knowledge of the benefits of savings, thrift and protection.

Herein lies the real lesson of the first year of savings-bank insurance, for, aside from affording much needed protection to the wage-earner's family and providing for his old age, it is stimulating everywhere the savings idea. Other states are taking up the movement. In New York, Wisconsin, Maine and New Jersey legislators are framing laws for it. It may become a nation-wide impetus to thrift.



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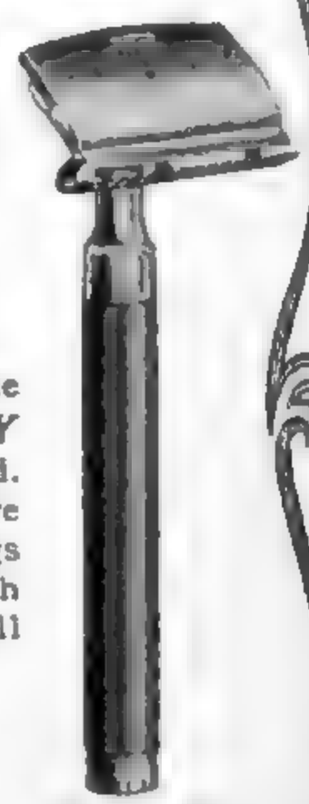

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THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY

(Continued from Page 21)

him. He turned at low speed north, and as his hands moved over wheels and levers she was asking:

"How did you happen to be here?"

He put a bold front on it.

"I drove past your house—by instinct—because I was coming north. And I saw you. Which of your spirits"—he was bold enough for the moment to make light of her sacred places—"sent you out-of-doors just before I passed?"

"The spirit of the night before," she answered, passing from smiles to gravity. "That long sleep without rest has been troubling me again. I remembered how exercise set me up in the country and I started out for a little air. Aunt Paula is out this morning—something about the plumbing. Dear Auntie, how I'd love to take those cares off her shoulders! She'll never let me, though. And next week our housekeeper, whom we've held for two years, is leaving; she must advertise and receive applicants—and likely get the wrong one. So that's another worry for her. I was alone in the house when I woke and I could not waste this autumn weather."

He looked at her with anxiety—the physician again.

"I saw trouble in your face last night. It isn't normal that you should be tired out so soon after the perfect condition you achieved at Berkeley Center."

"No, it isn't. I know that perfectly, and I'm resigned to it."

"I won't ask you to let me treat you, but why don't you go to some physician about it? You know how much this case means to me."

For a time she did not reply. She only kept her eyes on the autumn tints of the park, streaking past them like a gaudy Roman scarf.

"No," she said at length, "no physician like you can heal me. Greater physicians, higher ones for me. And they will not—will not ——" She was silent again.

"Are you coming back again to that queer business of which you told me—that day on the tennis court?"

"To just that."

"What can such a thing have to do with your physical condition?"

"You will not laugh?"

"At you and yours and anything that touches you—no. You know I could not laugh now. Little as I respect that obstacle it is the most serious fact I know."

His eyes were on the steering of the automobile. He could not see that her lips pursed up as though to form certain low and tender words, and that her sapphirine eyes swept him before she controlled herself to go on.

"Aunt Paula says it is part of the struggle. Some people, when the power is coming into them, are violent. Men, she says, have smashed furniture and torn their bodies. I am not strong to do such things, but only weak to endure. And so it takes me as it does.

"Don't you see," she added, "that if I'm to give up so many powers of my mind, so many needs of my soul, to this thing, I can afford to give up a few powers of my body? Am I to become a Light without sacrificing all? So I keep away from physicians. It is Aunt Paula's wish, and she has always known what is best for me."

The automobile was running at an even ten miles an hour down a broad, unobstructed parkway. He turned his eyes from his business and let his hands guide. So he looked full at her as he said:

"She may have a hard time keeping you away from this physician!"

That it seemed, amused her. The strain in her face gave way to a smile.

"For yourself she likes you, I think," said Annette.

"She has a most apt and happy way of showing it," he responded, his slights rising up in him.

"You mustn't judge her by last night," replied Annette. "Aunt Paula has many manners. I think she assumes that one when she is studying people. Then think of the double reason she has for receiving you coldly—my whole future, as she plans it, hangs on it—and she spoke nicely of you. She likes your eyes and your wit and your manners. But ——"

"But I am an undesirable acquaintance for her niece, just the same?"

"Have I not said that you are—the obstacle? Haven't her controls told her that? If not, why did she telegraph to me when she did?" Then as they turned from the Park corner and made toward Riverside Drive something in her changed.

"Must we talk this out whenever we meet? You said once that you would teach me to play. Ah, teach me now! I need it!"

And though he turned and twisted back toward the subject, she was pure girl for the next hour. The river breezes blew sparkle into her eyes, the morning intoxicated her tongue. She chattered of the trees, the water, the children on the benches, the gossiping old women. She made him stop to buy chestnuts of an Italian vender, she led him toward his tales of the Philippines. He plunged into the Islands like a white Othello charming a super-white Desdemona. It was his story of the burning of Manila that brought him back to the vexation in his mind.

"That yarn seemed to make a very small hit last night," he said, turning suddenly upon her.

"I didn't like it so much last night," she answered frankly.

"What was the matter?" he asked. "Why were you so far away? Were you afraid of Mrs. Markham? I felt like the young man of a summer flirtation calling in the winter. What was it?"

"I don't know," she answered.

"No—tell me."

"There wasn't any reason. I liked you last night as I always like you. But we were far away. Shall I tell you how it seemed to me? I was like an actress on the stage and you like a man in the audience. I was speaking to you—a part. In no way could you answer me. In no way could I answer you directly. We moved near to each other, but in different worlds. It was something like that."

"I suppose"—bitterly—"your Aunt Paula had nothing to do with that?"

"You must like Aunt Paula if you are to like me," she warned. "Yet that may have something to do with it. I am wonderfully influenced by what she thinks—as is right."

"Then it's coming to a fight between me and your Aunt Paula? For I'll do even that."

"Must we go all over it again? Oh, like me, like me, and give me a rest from it. I think of nothing but this all day—why do you make it harder? I do not know if I can renounce and still have you in my life. Won't you wait until I know? It will be time enough then!"

"Renounce!" he quoted. "Then you know that there is something to renounce—and that means you love me!" So giddy had he become with the surge of his passion that his hands trembled on the steering wheel. Afraid of losing all muscular control he brought the automobile to a full stop at the roadside. Her eyes were shining, her hands lay inert in her lap, her lips quivered softly.

"Have I ever denied it—can I ever deny it to you?"

The pure accident of location gave him opportunity for what he did next. For they were in one of those country lanes of upper Manhattan which, though inclosed by the greatest city, seem still a part of remote country. Heavy branches of autumn foliage guarded the road to right and left; from end to end of the passage was neither vehicle nor foot passenger. One faculty, standing unmoved in the storm of emotions which had overwhelmed him, perceived this.

He reached for the trembling hands which gave themselves to his touch. She swayed against him. Her hands had snatched themselves away now—only to clasp his neck. And now her lips had touched his again and again, and somehow, between kiss and kiss, she was murmuring: "Oh, I love you—I love you—I love you! I love you so much that life without you is a perfect misery. I love you so much that my work now seems stale and dreary. I love you so much that I don't want ever to go away from you. I want to stay here forever, and feel your arms about me, for that is the only way that I shall ever know happiness or peace. I wake in the morning with your name on my lips. I wander through the day with you. If I try to read you come between me and the page. If I try to play you come between me and the notes. You are my books. You're my

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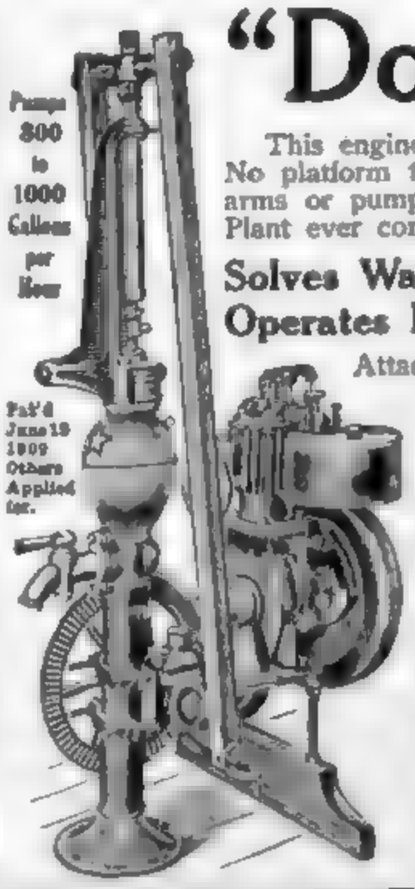

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McKESSON & ROBBINS, NEW YORK

music—my—my—everything. I go to bed early at night often so that I can lie in the dusk and think of you. And, oh, the only nights that rest me are those filled with dreams of the poem we would make out of life—if—if ——" Her voice faltered and he felt the exquisite caress of her lips trembling against his cheek. As though she were utterly spent she ended where she had begun: "I love you I love- I love you'"

He was aware now that another car whirred behind them. He managed—it took all the force in his soul—to put her from him. He turned to see if they had been observed; the passengers in the other car, intent on their own chatter, did not look; only the chauffeur regarded their chassis with a professional eye, as though wondering if it were stalled. When he drew a long breath and looked again at Annette her face was buried in her hands. And now, when he touched her, she drew slowly away.

"Oh, drive on—drive on!" she said.

"Oh, Annette—dearest."

"Don't speak. I beg you—drive on or I shall die!"

And though the car wavered dangerously under his unsteady touch, he obeyed, managed to gain the highroad without a spill and to turn north.

She wept silently. When at last she took her hands away and turned her face on him, his lover's observation saw how beautifully she wept. Her eyes were not red, her face was calm. He took heart from her glance, began to babble foolish love words. But she stopped him.

"You are driving away from home," she said. "Drive back and don't speak yet."

After he had turned her tears ceased. She dried her eyes. Now she smiled a little, and her voice grew natural.

"I must never be weak again," she said. "But it was sweet. Dear, might I touch your arm—no, you must not stop again. Just my hand on your arm."

"Dearest, why do you ask?" She drew off her glove, and all the way a light, steady pressure made uncertain his wheel-hand. They drove a mile or so, two miles, and neither spoke until they came out into inhabited upper Broadway. At the appearance of crowds, trucks and the perils of the highway that silver thread of silence broke. She drew her hand away and took up the last word of ten minutes ago.

"It was sweet—but no more. How long it is since I kissed you! I am glad. I shall pay for it heavily—but I am glad!"

He smiled on her as on a child who speaks foolishness.

"You cannot renounce now!" he said.

"I shall renounce. I have stolen this morning—would you rob me in turn?"

"It will be the first kiss of a million," he said

"It will be the last forever," she answered. "But remember, if you do not kiss me no man ever shall."

He busied himself with guiding the automobile; it was no time to hurl out the intense things which he had to say. But when they had entered the smooth park driveway he came out with it:

"Do you think that I respect that obstacle? Can you think that I believe such moonshine even if you do? And do you suppose that I am going to let Aunt Paula keep you now?"

She touched his arm again, let her hand rest there as before.

"Dear," she said, "I have never thought that you believed. I have felt this always in the bottom of your heart. I only ask you not to spoil this day for me. I have stolen it. Let me enjoy it. I shall not put you out of my life—at least not yet. Later, when we are both calm, we will talk that out. But let it rest now, for I am tired—and happy."

So they drove along, her light hand making warm his arm, and said no word until they came near the Eighty-sixth Street entrance. He looked at her with a question in his eyes.

"Leave me where you found me," she answered. "I shall go in alone."

"But will you tell your Aunt Paula that you met me?"

"I shall tell her—yes. Not all, perhaps, but that I rode with you. What is the use of concealment? She will know ——"

"Her spirits?"

"Dear, do not mock me. They tell her everything she wants to know about me." They had drawn up at the park entrance now; before he could assist she had jumped down.

"Good-by—I must go quickly—you must come soon—I will write."

He stood beside his car, watching her back. Once she turned and waved to him; when she went on she walked with a spring, an exultation, as though from new life. He watched until she was only a blue atom among the foot passengers.

. . . . . .

When Doctor Blake woke next morning it was with a sense of delicious expectancy. He formulated this as his eyes opened. She had promised to write; the mail, due for distribution in the club at a quarter past eight, might bring a note from her. He timed his dressing carefully that he might arrive downstairs neither before nor after the moment of fulfillment or disappointment. He saw, as he crossed the corridor to his mailbox, that the clerk was just dropping in it a square, white envelope. He peered through the glass before he felt for his keys. It was Annette's hand.

So, glowing, he tore it open and read:

Dear Doctor Blake: I think it best never to see you again. Aunt Paula approves of this; but it is done entirely of my own accord. My decision will not change. Please do not call at my house, for I shall not see you. Please do not write, for I shall send your letters back unopened. Please do not try to see me outside, for I shall not recognize you. I thank you for your interest in me; and, believe me, I remain

Your sincere friend,

ANNETTE MARKHAM.

After a dreadful day he came back to the club and found a package—addressed in her hand. Out fell a little bundle of rags, topped by a comical black face, and a note. The letter of the morning was in a firm, correct hand. This was a trembling scrawl, blotted with tears. And it read:

Dear, I have something terrible to write you. I must give you up. I cannot go into all the reasons now, and, after all, that would not help any, for it all comes to this—we must never see each other again. Please do not send me a letter, for, though I should cover it with my kisses, in the end I would have to send it back unopened. I send you black Dinah as I promised. It's all that's left of me now, and I want you to have it. Dearest, dearest, good-by.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Selfmade Engineer

A FARM boy, while attending grammar school, got together eight hundred dollars, his savings from sales of produce, wages for working out, profits from winter trapping and the like. He was deeply interested in engineering, and wanted enough to put himself through a thorough course at the state college.

After some months of investigation he found a way to invest his savings so that they yielded more than enough. One of the eyesores of that countryside was a fifty-acre swamp which, local tradition said, could not be drained. In spring it held water to a depth of several feet. On one side ditches had been cut at various times with no result, because there was not enough fall to take the water off. In another direction there was sufficient fall, but it would be necessary to cut through a high hill, and the lowest estimates for such an undertaking ran into thousands of dollars. Moreover, contractors declared it would be dangerous, owing to the treacherous nature of some soil that would have to be cut into deeply. With the help of his father the boy bought this tract at a very nominal price, paying a few hundred dollars down and carrying the rest on mortgage. Then he made his own survey, got some engineering advice, and attacked the hill in December, when labor could be had at fairly reasonable rates. His own capital was all gone in January, but he had spent it to such good purpose and his plan showed such definite results that it was not difficult to borrow money to finish the job. The whole cost ran to fifteen hundred dollars more than his savings, and the swamp was high, dry and ready for a crop in May. For generations this swamp had been accumulating the soil washings of surrounding farm lands, and its fertility immediately gave it a value of several hundred dollars an acre. Part of the tract was sold to pay off borrowed money and to give the youngster his engineering course, and he owns the rest.

The "Ten-Pin" Bottle.

Look Into This Grape Juice

Yes, look right into it as you see it in the bottle at your grocer's or druggist's.

See how clear it is!

Perhaps you thought all brands of Grape Juice were clear. They are not. Look into some of the others too, and you will see. Floating all through the liquid is a fine purple sediment. Or if the bottle has stood still for a week the sediment will be seen at the bottom in a muddy mass.

Those fine specks are loaded with tannin—the stuff that makes tea and coffee harmful. There is not enough of it in any grape juice to be seriously harmful—but just enough to impart an unpleasant puckery aftertaste.

You won't find it in

Walker's
GRAPE JUICE

"It's Clear Because it's Pure"

We press the grapes less than in any other process. We get all the good sweet juice, but leave out the pulp and sediment.

No difficulty for the most sensitive palate and the most delicate stomach to enjoy Walker's Grape Juice. It's sweet and rich—pure, because it's clear.

Drink it liberally and often. You will find it nourishing and delicious. Walker's Grape Juice is the most healthful, satisfying drink for adults, children, infants, invalids—for everybody.

Try it at some soda fountain. Then order a case from your grocer or druggist. Be sure it's in the "ten-pin" bottle—be sure it's Walker's.

Walker's Grape Juice is sold by druggists and grocers everywhere. Full Quarts, 50 cents, full Pints, 25 cents. Send us the names of your grocer and druggist and we will mail you our booklet of unusual recipes for dainty desserts and beverages. It's just full of surprises.

The Grape Products Company

North East, Pa.

The World's Largest

E-M-F Company's Factories, Nos. 1 and 2, in to the Finished Product, Two Famous

E-M-F 30 THIRTY

$1250

Over 10,000 E-M-F "30" Cars Are Today on the Roads in the Hands of man—That's Why the Demand for this Car Has Brother Flanders "20" is

Here Are the Reasons Why E-M-F Company Can Give Buyers Better Value Than Other Makers

E-M-F "30" and Flanders "20" automobiles are manufactured in two mammoth plants owned by the E-M-F Company and directed by the one head—not assembled from parts made in small plants all over the country.

Here all intermediate parts-makers' profits are eliminated. From the pig iron and the raw steel plate to the finished automobile, including body and even tops and storm fronts, every part save only magnetos and tires is manufactured in our own plants and under the watchful eye of the head of this concern.

To give an idea of the magnitude of these operations is well-nigh impossible. Words will not suffice and figures such as one million and a half square feet of floor space convey little to the average mind. Too great to comprehend. The accompanying photographic reproductions give but a faint idea, though they convey more than mere word descriptions.

If you ever have an opportunity to visit these plants it will be well worth your while and will be a revelation to you. You are cordially invited to do so.

Only those who have enjoyed a tour of these tremendous factories, starting in the foundries where cylinder castings, crank-cases and gear housings are made; thence through the drop forging department—one of the largest in this country and one of three capable of forging a front axle or a crank-shaft complete at one operation; thence through the mammoth rooms full of automatic machines whose operation has something almost weird in it to one unaccustomed to seeing these wonderful machines that seem to think; thence through the various departments where component parts are machined, ground, treated, and finally the great assembling rooms, can appreciate the economies we effect by our superior facilities.

To see the raw material go in at one end and the finished car with polished body and shining brass come out at the other end is a sight that fills the visitor with wonder and admiration. And his greatest wonder is occasioned by the fineness of the work which he sees, and which he learns is necessary in order to turn out cars at the rate we do. Absolute accuracy—absolute interchangeability—are essential.

Because of the superior equipment; the financial resources; the splendid organization; the wealth of experience; the engineering skill; the ability to buy materials at prices smaller makers cannot touch; and finally by producing in tremendous quantities by the most up-to-date automatic machinery—making every part in the one plant and each plant devoted to the manufacture of but one chassis model—the E-M-F Company can produce a better automobile than is possible to any other concern in the world at anywhere near the price.

Here are a few figures that give an inkling of the volume of materials that pass through these two plants:

Plant No. 1 makes 60 E-M-F "30" cars every working day when running full capacity—no overtime. Annual output 15,000 E-M-F "30" cars.

Plant No. 2 has a daily capacity of 125 Flanders "20" cars and will produce in the next twelve months 25,000 cars. Deliveries begin latter part of this month.

These two plants consume 25,000 tons of steel per annum; 75,000 pounds of aluminum; 740 pneumatic tires per day; 160,000 spark plugs per annum; forge the blanks and cut 270,000 steel bevel gears per year; 230,000 steel spur gears and 80,000 spiral gears. Foundry makes 55,000 cylinder castings—Flanders "20" four cylinders are cast en bloc. Testers use 2,000 gallons of gasoline and 185 gallons cylinder oil per day. Sixty railroad cars are necessary to ship each day's output. Over $2,000,000 per month is paid for materials alone—exclusive of labor and other items. Over 12,500 men are directly and indirectly employed in the manufacture of E-M-F "30" and Flanders "20" cars.

Annual revenue for cars and equipment, over forty millions of dollars ($40,000,000). That makes E-M-F Company the largest individual manufacturer in the Licensed Association of Automobile Manufacturers, which is to say largest in the world.

E-M-F "30" TOURING CAR, $1,250.

E-M-F COMPANY

Automobile Manufacturers
DETROIT, MICH.
Licensed Under Selden Patent

"Another Talk with Flanders" is just off the press. It treats of "selling motor cars and making them stay sold" by taking care of the customers afterward. If you read the first "Talk with Flanders" you will want this one. We'll mail it on request.—E-M-F Company, Detroit, Mich.

Automobile Plants

Detroit, Mich., Where, From the Raw Materials Cars Are Manufactured in Their Entirety

Owners and Every Owner is Boosting. A Satisfied Owner is the Best Sales- Always Exceeded the Possible Supply and Its Younger Already So Heavily Oversold.

FLANDERS 20 TWENTY

$750

You Have a Right To Know Who and What Is Back of the Motor Car You Buy

You have that right, and you owe it to yourself to investigate thoroughly the personnel, the engineering talent, manufacturing facilities, and the financial backing of the concern from which you buy an automobile. These are vital considerations.

The purchase of an automobile ought to be a permanent investment—and a satisfying one. Whether it will be or not will depend largely on the quality of the men who make it—their financial ability to stand back of their product. Satisfied as to their financial ability, then satisfy yourself as to their integrity—and their reputation for taking care of customers they already have. That will indicate to you what treatment you may expect.

In these days when suits are impending against unlicensed makers—infringers of the basic Selden Patent—it behooves the buyer also to look carefully before he leaps to the purchase of a car. Not alone may it involve him in a lawsuit, but, more vitally, it may leave him high and dry a year or so hence, when he will require repairs or replacement parts.

The deeper you investigate these matters the more will you be impressed with the impregnability of the position occupied by the E-M-F Company of Detroit—largest individual manufacturer in the Licensed Association; financially strongest and famous in this industry for its uniform liberality and courtesy to owners of E-M-F cars.

We believe that a satisfied buyer is the best salesman. It is not philanthropy on our part, therefore, to look after every customer as if he were our best friend. It is simply good commercial practice—a little broader than some maybe and if so, perhaps that has been one of the chief causes for the phenomenal success of this company from the very first.

Back of E-M-F "30" and Flanders "20" cars there is more money, more experience, more brains, better organization, better factory facilities than any other cars can boast. And, while perhaps we ought not to say it ourselves, we do believe that none other can outdo this company in integrity and fair treatment of its patrons—not only fair, but liberal.

If you will inquire of the next Detroit man you meet, he will tell you that the E-M-F Company was financed and is managed entirely by Detroit men. More than that, he will tell you that these men are the leaders in Detroit financial and commercial affairs. None stand higher in this community. Following are the principal owners and directors of the E-M-F Company:

DR. J. B. BOOK, Director Wayne County Savings Bank; Director First National Bank of Detroit; Director Anderson Carriage Company, manufacturers Anderson Electric Automobiles; also Director Quincy Electric & Gas Heating Co., of Quincy, Illinois. Dr. Book was Vice-President of the Wayne Automobile Company, which concern was absorbed at time of organization of E-M-F Company.

WILLIAM T. BARBOUR, President Detroit Stove Works—largest in the world, makers of the renowned "Jewel" line of stoves and ranges, making more than 100,000 stoves and ranges per annum; Director of Peoples State Bank; Director Home Telephone Company; Director Detroit Manufacturers' Railroad. Also member Advisory Committee of the Security Trust Company.

CHARLES L. PALMS, Treasurer E-M-F Company; Director Michigan Stove Works, manufacturers of the famous "Garland" stoves and ranges, oldest stove works in the United States, also producing about 100,000 per annum; Director Michigan Fire & Marine Insurance Co.; Director First National Bank; Director Union Trust Company, and Director Detroit Journal Company, Publishers of Detroit Evening Journal.

WALTER E. FLANDERS, Pres. and Gen. Manager of the E-M-F Company, is too well known as a producer of automobiles to need further introduction here.

These are the men who manufacture E-M-F "30" and Flanders "20" Automobiles—these are the men who stand back of every promise made in our advertisements—these are the reputations that go with the car when you buy it. And, of course, E-M-F "30" and Flanders "20" are both licensed under the Selden patent.

To E. M. F owners

Regardless of who sold you your E. M. F '30' its makers the E. M. F Co of Detroit stand and always will stand back of it.

W. E. Flanders. Pres. & Gen. Mgr.

FLANDERS "20" RACY ROADSTER, $790

You don't *guess* when you buy a Regal "30"—you *know* it's a *good* car. The *only* five-passenger, four-cylinder touring car at the price that can point to a record of *three years' success*

Licensed under the Selden Patent

Three Models:

Five-Passenger Touring Car;
Baby Tonneau
and Roadster;

107 inch Wheel Base;

32 x 3½ inch Tires;

Weight 2000 lbs.

$1250

Regal "30"

We Point to Our Record

THE Regal "30" is the original touring car of its size and power to be sold for $1250. Other makes may *claim* equal simplicity, style, power and strength, but—no other maker of a car at our price can point to a *record* of *three years' success.*

What does this three years' experience in the hands of the user mean to *you?* It means that when you buy a Regal "30" you get a *finished* product—not an untried, experimental feature. A car that has gone through the most severe and exacting tests in the service of users and come out triumphant for three years.

When you buy a Regal "30" you get a car without the "kinks" that cause trouble, annoyance and expense; a car that, by a series of progressive refinements, has been developed into a harmonious, reliable unit—a machine that is well nigh perfect, with an established reputation for satisfactory service and *low cost* of operation.

In every essential the 1910 Regal "30" is the same car that braved the terrors of Rocky Mountain roads and Western deserts and now holds the touring car record from New York to San Francisco. (Story of this trip mailed on request.)

The Best Proof of Value

We claim that the Regal "30" is, without exception, the greatest automobile value in the world for the money. How do we prove it? Listen to a few letters from those who have bought:

LOUIS WOLF, Wolf Bros. & Co., Bankers, Philadelphia. "While I own a Mercedes, Renault and other high priced cars, I get more pleasure from my Regal '30' than all the others combined."

F. S. GRIFFIN, M. D., Mansfield, Mass. "Since July 2nd, 1909, have averaged over 2,000 miles a month. I consider the Regal one of the sturdiest, quietest and least expensive to maintain of any moderate priced car on the market. My car has given perfect satisfaction." (Dec. 1, 1909.)

Baby Tonneau

O. G. FREYERMUTH, M. D., San Francisco. "In six months have covered over 3,000 miles on all types of roads. Up difficult mountain grades, through deep dust and mud. Cost of maintenance is less than that of a horse."

G. A. LEONARD, Sheffield, Ia. "My car has made 5,000 miles with no expense, except for tires, gasoline and oil. Car is in perfect condition. My next will be a Regal ——"

ALBERT E. GIBSON, Waterloo, Ia. "Drove my Regal over 7,000 miles. Consider it the best thing made today for the money, bar none."

Now read this boiled-down history: In 1907 we built 175 cars. There are

6500 Regals Building for 1910

The extraordinary value of this extraordinary car has built up this enormous demand simply of itself. The Regal "30" will do anything that any car can do.

Comparison will prove that it is just as roomy, just as comfortable, luxurious and easy-riding as any car at any price; easier riding than any car at an equal price.

It has Power, Style, Strength, Beauty; it is so simple in control and so easy to operate that any woman can drive it. Silent, smooth and instantly responsive in operation because of its wonderful refinement.

Specifications of 1910 Regal "30"

Motor: Four cylinder, four cycle; cylinders cast in pairs. 4" bore, 4" stroke, three-bearing crank shaft, 30 horse power. **Cooling:** Water. An exceptionally efficient thermo-syphon system of cooling and large sized fan placed on adjustable bracket on motor. **Ignition:** Remy high tension magneto and batteries. **Lubrication:** Splash System. **Carburetor:** Schebler. **Clutch:** Leather face cone with spring inserts. **Transmission:** Sliding gear selective type, three speeds, forward and reverse. Drive, direct shaft. **Brakes:** Two internal and two external operating on rear wheel drums, double acting and compensating. **Wheel Base:** 107". **Tires:** 32 x 3½. **Tread:** 56". **Springs:** Front semi-elliptical, rear full elliptic scroll. **Speed:** Five to forty five miles on high gear. **Upholstering:** Genuine leather over curled hair and deep coil steel springs. **Equipment:** Two gas lamps, three oil lamps and gas generator, Remy high tension magneto, horn, set of tools and complete tire repair kit.

Order Your Regal "30" Now

Even though our production is large, we urge you to get your order in to your dealer at once. Deliveries are now being made promptly. But in view of past history, it will be wise for you to see the Regal dealer at once or get in touch with us at the factory and we will give name of nearest dealer through whom you can arrange a demonstration. Better write today.

To Dealers—If you want to sell the most satisfactory car of its type, a business builder and a business holder, get in touch with us QUICK.

FILL OUT AND MAIL.

REGAL MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.

Please send me information and literature about the Regal "30."

Name .....

Address .....

Regal Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

Licensed under the Selden Patent

Canadian Trade Supplied by Regal Motor Car Co. of Canada, Ltd., Walkerville, Ont.

For the REAL Motor Boatman

Only those who engage in the larger pleasures of motor boating demand the Ralaco Engine.

It is not for those who are content with the playful performances, close to shore, of engines sold on their cheapness.

200,000 people in the United States own motor craft or have signified their intention to purchase.

Of these, 1,000 have Ralaco Engines—only one in every 200.

Yet the output is constantly taken by boat owners and buyers who want a motor that will take them anywhere in any kind of weather and any kind of sea—who calculate their cruises by hundreds instead of tens of miles; who want to keep their boats constantly in commission; and who want them to respond to any demand—whether merely a day's outing or a cruise to Bermuda and back.

RALACO
THE SILENT SIMPLIFIED ENGINE

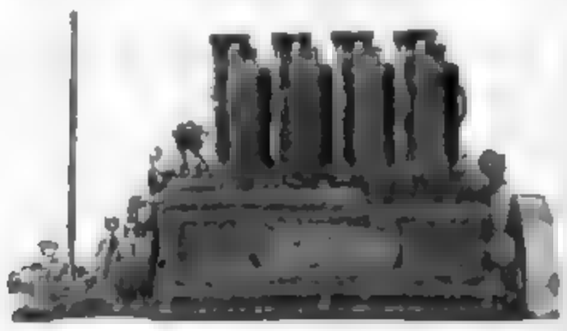
gives this sort of service every season.

It was a Ralaco that took the big cruiser Nomad II from Toledo to New York and back—without being touched by a tool.

It was a Ralaco that ran 6½ days—156 hours—without hitch, skip or stop; 1,442 miles without a spare part on board, and with no attention except oil and fuel.

Send for the Ralaco Book

It tells you all about these famous 4-cycle engines—10 to 50 h. p.—$400 to $3,000.



The S. M. Jones Company

628 Segur Avenue, TOLEDO, O. (1) 136 Liberty Street, NEW YORK

Coöperation: the Small Man's Salvation

(Continued from Page 4)

eating it up. He can find another market for it and order it forwarded, at a heavy loss, or he can accept Smith, Jones & Co.'s offer of three hundred dollars.

In one case that I have in mind the manager did neither, but called in a director whose temper had been ruined when a lad by plowing with an ox-team. The director went at once to Paulapolis. Arriving at early dawn he hunted up the car of grapes and found it, as he had rather expected, alongside the warehouse of Smith, Jones & Co., half empty. That made the railroad company responsible for the car, and he was well aware that Smith, Jones & Co. would attempt no liberties with the railroad. After breakfasting leisurely he dropped in at the firm's office and introduced himself.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Smith at once. "I presume you came about that car of grapes. On a second inspection we found it much better than we had thought, and so decided to accept it. I was just about to send over to the bank and pay your draft in full."

"Also," said the director, "pay my expenses in full and something for the time I've lost coming over here." Which Mr. Smith promptly did.

It may be mentioned here that of late years—especially since coöperative marketing of fruit and vegetables has assumed such large proportions—Smith, Jones & Co. find it increasingly difficult to swindle shippers. The shippers have their own reporting agency, which gives not only the financial but the moral standing of the buyer. It may rate a buyer as worth a hundred thousand dollars, with credit C—which means that he's well-to-do, but a rogue. Also the agency issues a weekly notification sheet in which appear items like this:

Johnson & Robinson, St. Anne, Missouri—Rejected car of Wisconsin potatoes, claiming they were damaged. Inspection showed no basis for the claim.

Whereupon the fruit-shipper crosses Johnson & Robinson from his list. Obviously, the stronger the organization among fruit-growers the less chance the tricky buyer stands.

Now, the grape-growers very generally feel that competition among the associations is not for the benefit of the district. Hence that well-attended meeting at Lawton, where a representative committee was appointed to see whether all the growers, or a large majority of them, could not be got into a single association. But as one advocate of consolidation doubtfully expressed it: "Seems like you never could get farmers all under one tent."

Some Practical Problems

Here is the Southern Michigan, oldest and largest of the associations, having over eight hundred members. The members feel a certain loyalty toward it and think highly of Manager Dunham. Why don't the members of the other associations simply join the Southern Michigan? some of them ask. In what easier or simpler manner could the single association which the district desires be brought into being? On the other hand, here is the Paw Paw Union, with its loyal members who feel that Mr. Wildey has managed its affairs with notable ability and is just as good as anybody else's manager. There is even a little outcropping of local pride. Shall an association with headquarters at Paw Paw be absorbed by one with headquarters at Lawton, when Paw Paw is not only the bigger town but also the county seat? There are a few befuddled economists who argue that, with three associations competing with one another, the farmer will get a better price for his grapes!

Again, there are some, rather pessimistically inclined, who say it would be no use to merge the three associations in one because then somebody would be sure to start still another association and you would have the old conditions of competition over again. The last two or three years, also, another grape-growing district, about St. Joe, over on the shore of Lake Michigan, has come into the market. Last year this new district shipped about fifteen hundred cars, or three-fourths as much as the Lawton-Paw Paw district. There is comparatively little organization in the new district, and the grapes go mostly to Chicago by lake. The older district now ships very little to Chicago So, even though we, of the older district, organize perfectly, we must still meet the competition of the St. Joe district.

In short, nearly every one wanted to stop competition among the associations, with its underbidding and lowering of prices. But they could see many objections to any particular plan, and many difficulties in the way.

A feature of the meeting, not without its pathetic side, was the fear, repeatedly expressed, that if they all got in one association or otherwise maintained prices they might lay themselves liable under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, and presently find themselves in jail—although everybody knows what a rope of sand that law has been when it comes to stopping combinations among railroads and manufacturers.

This Lawton-Paw Paw district is about twenty miles in each direction and contains some fourteen hundred grape-growers. Its output last year was a little over two thousand carloads, equivalent to six million eight-pound baskets, the great bulk of it being Concord grapes. On Concords the average net price to the grower was eleven cents a basket.

The year before the average price was fully five cents higher—which, if the output were the same, would mean a difference of quite a hundred per cent in the net profit of the farmer.

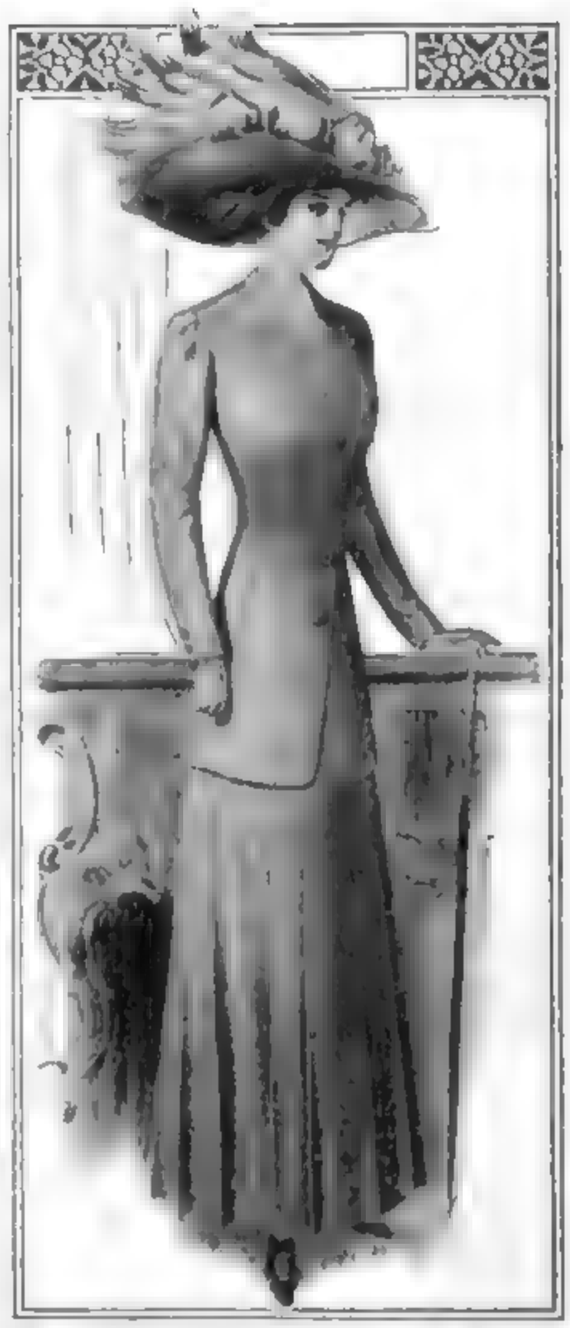
Planting the Vineyard

Grape culture begins with an object that would gladden the heart of a farmer's boy who is taking his first lessons in smoking. That is, grapevines of a year's growth are cut into pieces nearly a foot long and bound with a stout wire into bundles of a hundred cuttings each. One of these bundles looks like a package of long, slim stogies and would suggest quite a debauch to the urchin who is cultivating future trouble for himself by smoking grapevine. In the fall the bundles are buried in about a foot of earth, big end up; and when they are dug up in the spring a tiny sprout has appeared on the upper end of each cutting. The cuttings are then planted in the nursery row, a few inches apart, and by fall the little sprout has developed into a root a foot or more in length. They are taken up again and packed for winter, and when another spring comes around they are planted in the vineyard.

The young vines are usually set ten feet apart. But after every third vine in a row is set a stout post, of wood or of iron, with a metal base, and three wires are strung along the posts for the vines to spread upon. Then for two years the young vineyard must be carefully cultivated and pruned, practically with no return, for only in the third year does it bear plentifully.

The grapes ripen in September and October. They should be picked, packed and shipped as promptly as possible. Usually they are picked in baskets larger than the shipping package, and the baskets are deposited on the ground, along the row, when full. Wagons drive through, gathering up the filled baskets and carting them to the packing house—a water-tight frame shed. Here women—those of the household and also neighboring ones—skillfully transfer the grapes to the eight-pound baskets in which they are shipped and out of which the far-away consumer eats them. The packing house looks very sociable, with half a dozen or a dozen women sitting together at long benches. Perhaps, however, getting up at 4:30 A. M. to prepare the breakfast and do the housework has a little dulled one's zest for sociability.

The crop being gathered, the vineyard, before spring, must be pruned. All the branches of the vine are cut away except four of that year's growth, which are tied to the wires where they will spread and bear the next crop. The quantity of wood that a bearing vineyard will produce is surprising. Occasionally farmers burn it for fuel. In the spring you will see great heaps of it burning along the roadside.



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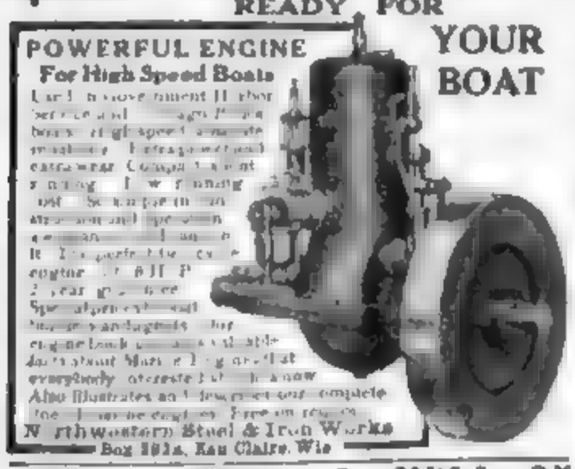

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Yearly the vineyard must be plowed—first with a two-horse gang-plow that cuts only four or five inches deep, for in an old vineyard the earth below that depth is one tangled web of roots. Next it is plowed with a one-horse plow; then with a grape-hoe, which is a light sort of plow with a single shallow blade that can be thrown in and out between the vines. Exercise with a hand-hoe follows, and the ground is dragged twice over with a spring-tooth harrow to keep down weeds.

By this time it is July, when spraying will usually begin—to subdue the vineyardist's arch-enemy, black rot. The sprayer, costing anywhere from seventy-five to two hundred dollars, is filled with a solution of lime and blue vitriol, which it scatters over the vines as horses drag it along the row. The cautious farmer sprays five times.

This slight and imperfect sketch will suggest that grape-growing is not all play, nor all profit. To raise grapes costs more than formerly. Even here in the grape-belt labor is higher and materials cost more. Ten years ago, for example, baskets cost only sixteen dollars a thousand. This last year the associations, by contracting ahead, were able to supply baskets at twenty-one dollars and a half a thousand. But the year before, when the crop was heavy and the farmers neglected to contract well ahead for the season's supply, many of them had to pay twenty-eight dollars a thousand, or nearly three cents apiece, which, of course, comes out of the net price received for the grapes. And it is only in the last three or four years, since rot appeared, that the vineyards have been sprayed. Besides the cost of the sprayer and solution, this doubles the horse work.

A first-rate vineyard, in a good year, will produce a thousand baskets to the acre, or even more. One year, from a vineyard of five and a half acres eleven thousand baskets were picked. That, I believe, is the record, and in an average year the average yield for the district—taking new and indifferent vineyards along with old and good ones—will not exceed seven hundred baskets.

With a thousand baskets to the acre, increasing the price even two cents a basket means an additional net profit to the grower of twenty dollars an acre, and that often means all the difference between prosperity and adversity.

Other Coöperative Movements

So far as I know, there is no very rich man in this grape-belt, and there are not many very poor men. The average holding of land is much smaller than in the western grain country. For the whole state of Michigan the average farm contains only eighty-six acres, against, for example, two hundred and forty-six acres for Nebraska. The vineyards run, in the main, twenty or thirty acres. There are a very few reaching a hundred acres, and, of course, a lot of little ones of only a few acres each. With two thousand carloads last year and fourteen hundred growers, indeed the average product was under only forty-three hundred baskets for each grower. If we say that twenty acres is about the average for a family that makes grape-growing its most important means of support, that additional two cents a basket would increase the family income by four hundred dollars a year. In fine, organization here, even though it becomes monopolistic, will not produce a brood of Pittsburgh millionaires, as monopolistic organization of the steel industry has done.

This is only one among a great many coöperative movements. Altogether these movements promise to become an economic factor of first-class importance. Every one knows how far organization has gone in practically every big line of transportation and manufacture, and what important results have flown from it. The farmers, at last, are beginning to get in line. Many other coöperative movements are larger in number of members, extent of territory covered and value of product than this one is. But in the causes which originally drove the grape-growers to coöperate and which now press them toward still closer coöperation, in the hesitation with which coöperation was adopted and the difficulties experienced in making it fully effective, this Lawton-Paw Paw movement is fairly typical of all the others.

Editor's Note—This is the first of Mr. Payne's articles on coöperation among producers. The second will appear in an early issue.

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TO the average poultryman that would seem impossible, and when we tell you that we have actually done a $1,500 poultry business with 60 hens on a corner in the city garden 40 feet wide by 40 feet long we are simply stating facts. It would not be possible to get such results by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, but it is an easy matter when the new

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THE PHILO SYSTEM IS UNLIKE ALL OTHER WAYS OF KEEPING POULTRY

and in many respects just the reverse, accomplishing things in poultry work that have always been considered impossible and getting unheard-of results that are hard to believe without seeing.

THE NEW SYSTEM COVERS ALL BRANCHES OF THE WORK NECESSARY FOR SUCCESS

from selecting the breeders to marketing the product. It tells how to get eggs that will hatch nearly every egg and how to hatch nearly all the chicks that hatch. It gives complete plans and directions how to make every building necessary to run the system best and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner.

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Yours truly,
A. E. NELSON.

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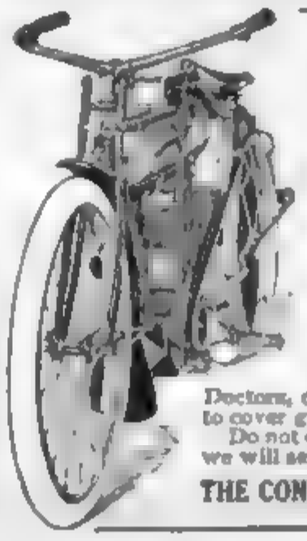

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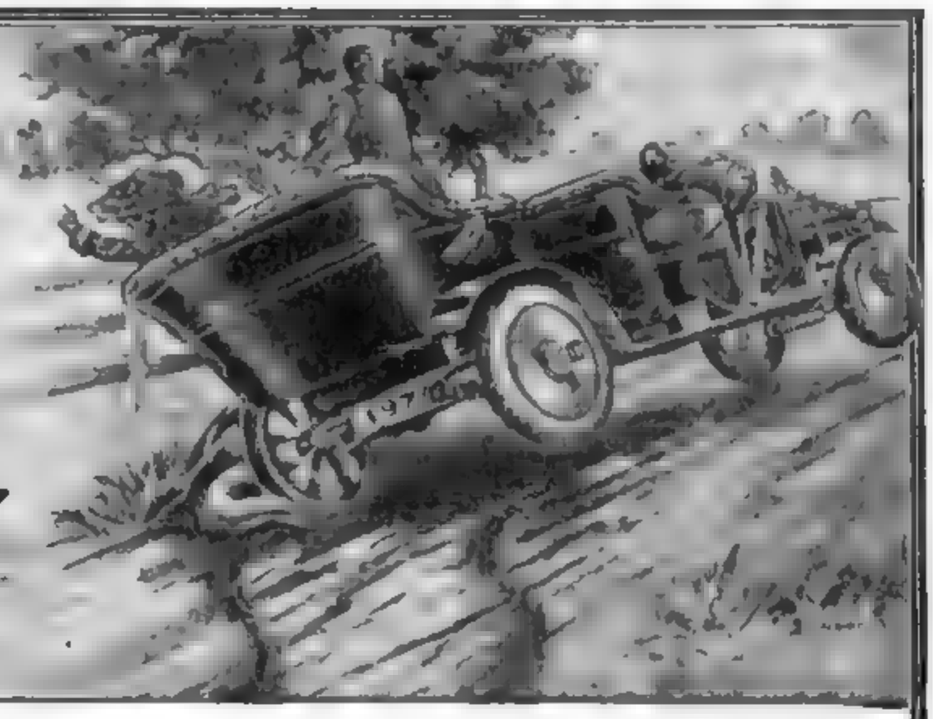

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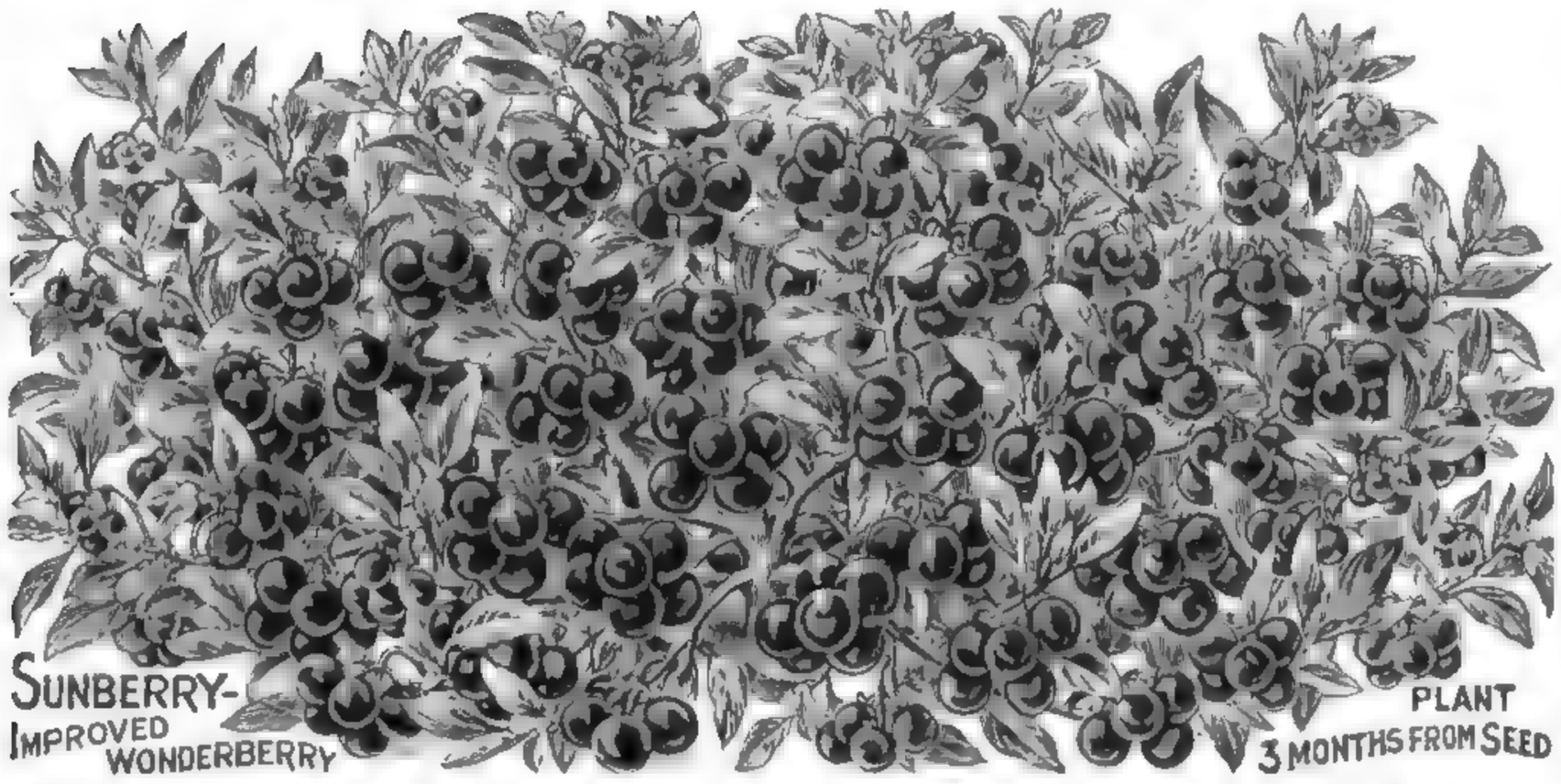

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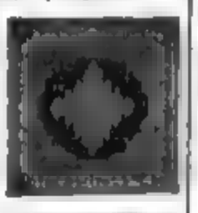

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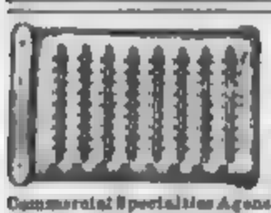

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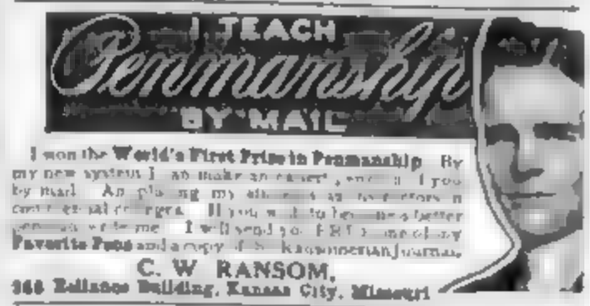

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MAKING OVER MILTON

(Continued from Page 7)

neither," Mrs. Zwiebel replied. "I ask Milton always how he gets along, and he tells me he is doing fine."

"The boy tells me the same thing," Zwiebel continued, "and yet that young feller, Ferdy Rothman, comes up to see me about getting a check for Milton's wages, and he says to me the boy acts like a regular lowlife."

"Why don't you speak to Milton?" Mrs. Zwiebel broke in.

"I did speak to him, Mommer," Zwiebel declared, "and the boy looks at me so surprised that I couldn't say nothing. Also, I speaks to this here Ferdy Rothman, Mommer, and he says that the boy acts something terrible. He says that Rothman's got a bookkeeper, y'understand, a decent, respectable young woman, and that Milton makes that girl's life miserable the way he's all the time talking to her and making jokes. Such a loafer what that boy is I couldn't understand at all."

He sighed heavily and went downtown to his place of business. On the subway he opened wide the Tobacco Trade Journal, thrust his legs forward into the aisle and grew oblivious to his surroundings in perusing the latest quotations of leaf tobacco.

"Why don't you hire it a special car?" a bass voice cried as its owner stumbled over Zwiebel's feet.

"Excuse me," Zwiebel exclaimed, looking up. "Excuse me, Mr. Feigenbaum. I didn't see you coming."

"Oh, hello, there, Zwiebel!" Feigenbaum cried, extending two fingers and sinking into the adjacent seat. "How's the rope business?"

"I ain't in the rope business, Mr. Feigenbaum," Zwiebel said coldly.

"Ain't you?" Feigenbaum replied. "I thought you was. I see your boy every oncet in a while down at Rothman's and he hands me out a piece of rope which he gets from your place, Zwiebel. I take it from him to please him."

"You shouldn't do him no favors, Feigenbaum," Zwiebel cried. "That rope, as you call it, stands me in seventy dollars a thousand, and the way that boy helps himself, y'understand, you might think it was waste paper."

"Sure, I know," Feigenbaum answered. "I thought so, too, when I smoked it. But anyhow, Zwiebel, I must say that boy of yours is all right."

"What!" Zwiebel cried.

"Yes, sir," Feigenbaum went on, "that boy has improved something wonderful. And certainly they think a great deal of him down there. Rothman himself told me that boy will make his mark some day, and you know what I think, Zwiebel? I think the whole thing is due to that young lady they got down there, that Miss Levy. That girl has got a headpiece, y'understand, and certainly she took an interest in your boy. She taught him all he knows, Zwiebel, and while I don't want to say nothing about it, y'understand, I must got to say that that young feller thinks a whole lot of Miss Levy, and certainly I think that Miss Levy somewhat reciprocates him."

"Reciprocates him?" Zwiebel said. "That's where you make a big mistake, Mr. Feigenbaum. They don't reciprocate him; they reciprocate me, y'understand. Fifteen dollars every week they reciprocate me for that boy's wages, and also a whole lot more, too."

"You don't understand me," Feigenbaum declared. "I mean that Miss Levy seems to think a good deal of Milton, and, maybe, you don't think Ferdy Rothman is jealous from them, too? That feller could kill your boy, Zwiebel, and he done his best to get Rothman to fire him. I know it for a fact, because I was in there as late as yesterday afternoon and I heard that young feller tell Rothman that Milton is too fresh and he should fire him."

"And what did Rothman say?" Zwiebel asked.

"Rothman says that Ferdy should shut up his mouth, that Milton was a good boy and that Rothman knew what was the matter with Ferdy, and I knew it, too, Zwiebel. That boy is jealous. Also, Rothman says something else, what I couldn't understand exactly."

"What was it?"

"He asks Ferdy if he could pick up in the street five thousand dollars at savings-bank interest."

"'Senough!" Zwiebel cried. "I heard enough, Feigenbaum. Just wait till I see that feller Rothman, that's all."

VI

WHEN the train drew up at the Fourteenth Street station Zwiebel plunged through the crowd without waiting for Feigenbaum and stalked indignantly to his place of business. When he entered his private office he found a visitor waiting for him. It was Ferdy Rothman.

"Ah, good-morning, Mr. Zwiebel," Ferdy cried, extending his hand in a patronizing imitation of Henry D. Feldman. "Glad to see you."

Zwiebel evaded Ferdy's proffered hand and sat down at his desk without removing his hat.

"Well," he growled, "what d'ye want?"

"I wanted to see you about something personal," Ferdy went on.

"Go ahead," Zwiebel cried; "you tell me something personal first and I'll tell you something personal afterward what you and your old man wouldn't like at all."

"Well," Ferdy continued, "I came to see you about Milton. There's a young man, Mr. Zwiebel, that is a credit to you in every way, and I can't help thinking that he's wasting his time and his talents in my father's place of business."

"He is, hey?" said Zwiebel. "Well, he ain't wasting none of your old man's time, Rothman, and he ain't wasting none of his money, neither."

"That's just the point," Ferdy went on. "I can't stand by and see you wronged any longer. Not only is my father getting the service of a more than competent salesman for nothing, but he's having the use of your five thousand dollars as well. Disgraceful, that's what I call it."

Zwiebel gazed at him earnestly for a minute.

"Say, lookyhere, Rothman," he said at length, "what monkey business are you trying to do?"

"I'm not trying to do any monkey business at all," Ferdy cried with a great show of righteous indignation. "I'm doing this because I feel that it's the only proper thing. What you want to do now is to take Milton out of the old man's place and find him a job with some other cloak and suit concern. That boy could command his twenty-five a week anywhere. Then, of course, the old man would have to cough up the five thousand."

Zwiebel nodded his head slowly.

"You're a pretty good son, Rothman," he commented, "I must say. But, anyhow, you ain't very previous with your advice, because I made up my mind this morning already that that's what I would do, anyhow."

He lit a cigar and puffed deliberately.

"And now, Rothman," he said, "if you would excuse me, I got business to attend to."

"Just one word more," Ferdy cried. "My father has got a girl working for him by the name of Levy, and I think if you knew what kind of girl she is you wouldn't want Milton to go with her any more."

Zwiebel rose from his chair and his eyes blazed.

"You dirty dawg!" he roared. "Out—out from my place."

He grabbed the collar of Ferdy's coat together with a handful of his curly hair and with a well-directed kick he propelled the budding advocate through the office doorway. After a minute Ferdy picked himself up and ran to the stairway. There he paused and shook his fist at Zwiebel.

"I'll make you sweat for this!" he bellowed.

Zwiebel laughed raucously.

"Say something more about that young lady," he cried, "and I'll kick you to the subway yet."

It was nearly half-past twelve when Charles Zwiebel entered the sample-room of Levy Rothman & Co., on Eighteenth Street. He descried Milton in his shirt-sleeves extolling the merits of one of Rothman's stickers to a doubtful customer from Bradford County, Pennsylvania.

"Hello, Pop!" Milton cried. "Too busy to talk to you now. Take a seat."

"Where's Rothman?" Zwiebel asked.

"Out to lunch," Milton replied. "I'll be through in a minute."

Zwiebel watched his son in silence until the sale was consummated, and after

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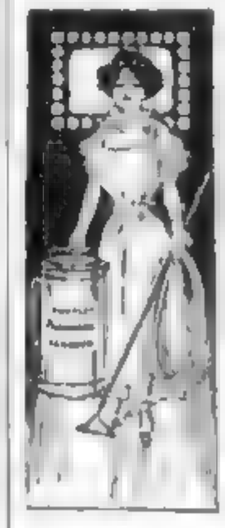

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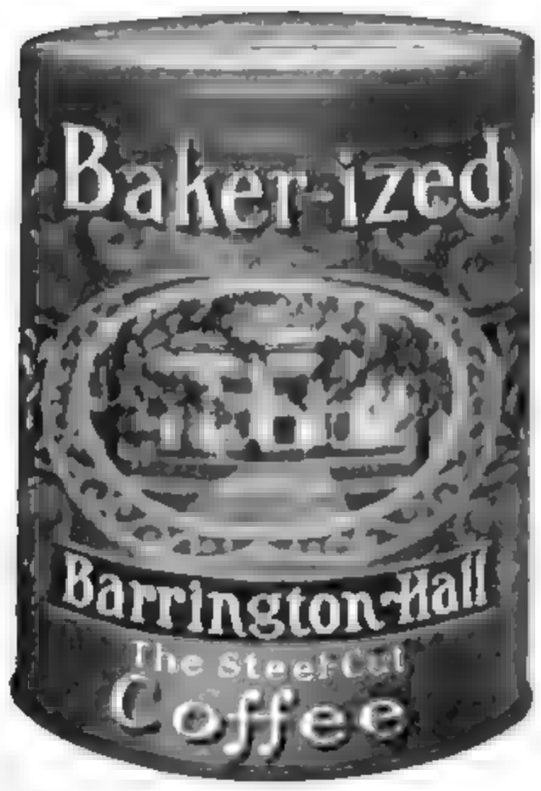

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My Own It

Milton had shaken the departing customer's hand he turned to his father.

"Well, Pop," he said, "this is the first time you've been up here since I've been here, ain't it?"

Zwiebel nodded.

"I wish I would of come up here before," he said. "Say, Milton, who is this here Miss Levy what works here?"

Milton blushed.

"She's in the office," he murmured. "Why, what do you want to know for?"

"Well, I met Henry Feigenbaum in the car this morning," Zwiebel went on, "and he was telling me about her. He says she comes from a family what him and me knows in the old country. The father drove a truck already."

"That's where you make a big mistake," Milton cried indignantly. "Her father's in the real-estate business and pretty well fixed at that."

Mr. Zwiebel smiled.

"That must be Simon Levy, the feller what owns a couple houses with that shark Henochstein. Ain't it?" he hazarded.

"Her father ain't in partnership with nobody," Milton rejoined. "His name is Maximilian Levy and he owns a whole lot of property."

At this juncture Miss Levy herself poked her head through the doorway.

"Milton," she cried sharply, "ain't you got something to do? Because if you haven't there are a lot of cutting slips to be made out."

Charles Zwiebel's face spread into a broad grin. "Go ahead, Milton," he said, "and attend to business. I'll wait here till Rothman comes in."

Ten minutes later Levy Rothman entered. He greeted Zwiebel with a scowl and glared around the empty sample-room.

"Well, Zwiebel," he growled, "what d'ye want now?"

"Oh, nothing," Zwiebel replied blandly. "I thought I'd step in and see how my Milton was getting along."

"You see how he's getting along," Rothman said. "He ain't here at all. That feller takes an hour for his lunch every day."

Zwiebel drew a cigar out of his pocket and licked it reflectively.

"So," he said, "you couldn't do no better with him than that, hey? Well, Rothman, I guess it ain't no use fooling away your time any more. Give me my five thousand dollars and I will take back the boy into my business again."

Rothman turned pale.

"If you would let the boy stay here a while," he suggested, "he would turn out all right, maybe."

"What's the matter?" Zwiebel asked. "Ain't you got the five thousand handy?"

"The five thousand is nothing," Rothman retorted. "You could get your five thousand whenever you want it. The fact is, Zwiebel, while the boy is a lowlife, y'understand, I take an interest in that boy and I want to see if I couldn't succeed in making a man of him."

Mr. Zwiebel waved his hand with the palm outward.

"'Sall right, Rothman," he said. "You shouldn't put yourself to all that trouble. You done enough for the boy, and I'm sure I'm thankful to you. Besides, I'm sick of fooling away fifteen dollars every week."

Rothman shrugged his shoulders.

"Nah!" he said. "Keep the fifteen dollars. I will pay him the fifteen dollars out of my own pocket."

"But the boy is all the time complaining, Rothman, he couldn't live on fifteen dollars a week."

"All right, I'll give him twenty."

Zwiebel rose to his feet.

"You will, hey?" he roared. "You couldn't get that boy for fifty, Rothman, or a hundred, neither, because I knew it all along, Rothman, and I always said it, that boy is a natural-born business man, y'understand, and next week I shall go to work and buy a cloak and suit business and put him into it. And that's all I got to say to you."

VII

MAXIMILIAN LEVY, real-estate operator, sat in his private office and added up figures on the back of an envelope. As he did so, Charles Zwiebel entered.

"Mr. Levy?" Zwiebel said.

"That's my name," Levy answered.

"My name is Mr. Zwiebel," his visitor announced, "and I came to see you about a business matter."

"Take a seat, Mr. Zwiebel," Levy replied. "Seems to me I hear that name somewheres."

"I guess you did hear it before," Zwiebel said. "Your girl works by the same place what my boy used to work."

"Oh, Milton Zwiebel," Levy cried. "Sure I heard the name before. My Clara always talks about what a good boy he is."

"I bet yer that's a good boy," Zwiebel declared proudly, "and a good business head, too, Mr. Levy. In fact, I am arranging about putting the boy into a cloak and suit business, and I understood you was a business broker as well as a real-estate operator."

"Not no longer," Levy answered. "I used to be a business broker years ago already, but I give it up since way before the Spanish War."

"Never mind," Zwiebel said: "maybe you could help me out, anyway. What I'm looking for is a partner for my boy, and the way I feel about it is like this: The boy used to be a little wild, y'understand, and so I am looking for a partner for him what would keep him straight; and no matter if the partner didn't have no money, Mr. Levy, I wouldn't take it so particular. That boy is the only boy what I got, and certainly I ain't a beggar, neither, y'understand. You should ask anybody in the cigar business, Mr. Levy, and they will tell you I am pretty well fixed already."

"Sure, I know," Mr. Levy replied. "You got a pretty good rating. I looked you up already. But anyhow, Mr. Zwiebel, I ain't in the business brokerage no more."

"I know you ain't," Zwiebel said, "but you could find just the partner for my boy."

"I don't know of no partner for your boy, Mr. Zwiebel."

"Yes, you do," Zwiebel cried. "You know the very partner what I want for that boy. Her name is Clara Levy."

"What!" Levy cried.

"Yes, sir," Zwiebel went on breathlessly. "That's the partner I mean. That boy loves that girl of yours, Mr. Levy, and certainly he ought to love her, because she done a whole lot for that boy, Mr. Levy, and I got to say that she thinks a whole lot of him, too."

"But——" Mr. Levy commenced.

"But nothing, Mr. Levy," Zwiebel interrupted. "If the girl is satisfied I wouldn't ask you to do a thing for the boy. Everything I will do for him myself."

Mr. Levy rose and extended his hand.

"Mr. Zwiebel," he declared, "this is certainly very generous of you. I tell you from the bottom of my heart I got four girls at home and two of 'em ain't so young no more, so I couldn't say that I am all broke up exactly. At the same time, Mr. Zwiebel, my Clara is a good girl, and this much I got to say, I will give that girl a trousseau like a queen should wear it."

Zwiebel shrugged.

"Well, sure," he said, "it ain't no harm that a girl should have a few diamonds what she could wear it occasionally. At the same time, don't go to no expense."

"And I will make for her a wedding, Mr. Zwiebel," Levy cried enthusiastically, "which there never was before. A bottle of tchampanyer wine to every guest."

"And now, Mr. Levy," Zwiebel said, "let us go downstairs and have a bottle tchampanyer wine to ourselves."

That evening Milton and Clara sat together in the front parlor of the Levy residence on One Hundred and Nineteenth Street. They had plighted their troth more than an hour before and ought to have been billing and cooing.

"No, Milton," Clara said as she caressed her fiancé's hand, "credit information shouldn't be entered on cards. It ought to be placed in an envelope and indexed on a card index after it's been filed. Then you can put the mercantile agency's report right in the envelope."

"Do you think we should get some of them loose-leaf ledgers?" he asked her as he pressed a kiss on her left hand.

"I think they're sloppy," she replied. "Give me a bound ledger every time."

"All right," Milton murmured. "Now, let's talk about something else."

"Yes," she cried enthusiastically, "let's talk about the fixtures. What d'ye say to some of those low racks and ——"

"Oh, cut it out!" Milton said as he took a snugger reef in his embrace. "How about the music at the wedding?"

"Popper will fix that," she replied.

"No, he won't," Milton exclaimed. "I'm going to pay for it myself. In fact, I'll hire 'em tomorrow morning."

"Who'll you get?" she asked.

"Professor Lusthaus' grand orchestra," Milton said with a grin.

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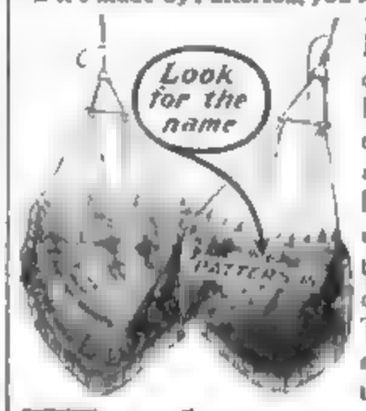

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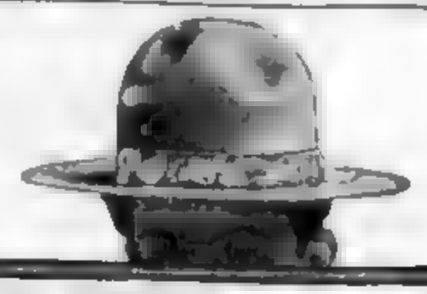

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Irwin Bits are recognized everywhere as the strongest, finest-finished, most accurate, the fastest and easiest boring, and the least liable to choke, of any bits on the market.

They are used in every part of the civilized world in homes, on the farm, for factory and shop, by amateurs, craftsmen, carpenters and mechanics.

All Irwin Bits are of uniform strength. Made of one piece of flawless extra high-grade crucible auger-bit steel. That prevents IRWIN'S breaking or bending at the point, where all old-style bits are weakest—where the twist and shank unite.

The IRWIN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. *GUARANTEED SATISFACTION or MONEY BACK*

Always be sure to see the name "IRWIN" branded on the bit you buy—which guarantees satisfaction or price refunded, and prevents substitution of an inferior bit. Insist on seeing the name "IRWIN" and getting Irwin Bits, either in single bit or in sets, sold by all leading dealers, or write us and we will see that you are supplied.

How Irwins Are Made:

The first step is an extremely careful testing of flawless, extra high-grade crucible auger-bit steel, tested for temper-taking quality, tensile strength, stretching or straining for torsion turning or twisting

Every "IRWIN" Bit is tempered by a secret process, in molten tin, oil and brine. This process does not depend upon "guesswork," as do the processes employed in other tool shops, but is scientifically accurate, insuring perfect temper in every "IRWIN" Bit. When each bit has received the finishing touches from the polishers, it is tested for boring capacity in the hardest of highly seasoned hard woods, such as lignum-vitae, a wood which will ruin most wood-working tools. Then, each bit passes to other hands for final testing, which detects the slightest defect in any particular. The detection of the slightest imperfection condemns a bit to the scrap pile. Every bit that passes this final test is stamped with the name "IRWIN," which guarantees it to you to give absolute satisfaction.

Remember, that all good dealers sell Irwin Auger Bits; and, if you have the slightest trouble in obtaining them, write us, either by letter or use the convenient coupon at the right here.

THE IRWIN AUGER BIT COMPANY

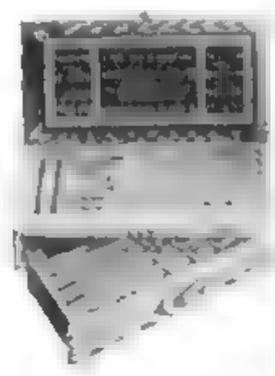
The Largest in the World

Station B. 1, Wilmington, Ohio

Free *These Handsome Cases or Handy Rolls*

SEND US THE COUPON BELOW

If you will send us your name and have the coupon properly filled in, we will promptly see that you are supplied with your choice of either a handsome Irwin Case or handy Irwin roll, without any extra charge. These cases and rolls are most convenient and useful for home and farm, factory and shop; for craftsmen, carpenters and mechanics.



Free Case

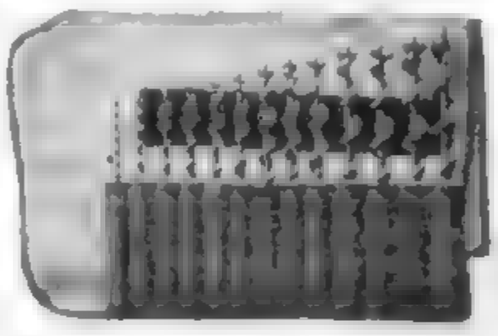
Cases are quarter-sawed hardwood, finely polished, having folding lid and sliding drawer. Two sizes, 20½ quarters and 32½ quarters.

Rolls are of the best canvas, lined with cotton flannel, well made and strong and will last a lifetime, keeping the bits in good condition, easily carried in small space. Each Irwin Bit is regularly wrapped in oiled paper, comes highly finished—full polish—the heads and cutters all sharpened and finished by hand-filing—a perfect product.

Next to the hammer, saw and screw-driver, Irwin Auger Bits are the most useful of carpentering tools, and every man who has a home should have a set of Irwin's.

Free Case

For home and farm use, our Set of 20½ quarters contains one of each, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 sixteenths Irwin Auger Bits and one 6-inch Screw-driver Bit. Each Set of 32½ quarters contains one each 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 sixteenths Irwin Auger Bits.



Free Handy Roll

Every carpenter and mechanic should have a set of "IRWINS" in one of these rolls. It means faster work—easier work—better work, because "IRWINS" are true and never tear the wood, give longer service—do not break.

Just Write Us

READER NOTE.—Send us this Coupon, filled out as requested, and we will see that you are supplied with an Irwin Case or Roll (for 32½ quarters if you purchase $2.00 worth; or for 20½ quarters if you purchase $1.00 worth of Irwin Bits at your dealer's.

The Irwin Auger Bit Co.,
Sta. B. 1, Wilmington, Ohio

Here is my name; also my dealer has signed his name that I have purchased $_____ of Irwin Bits from him. I want an Irwin Case, 20½ size _____ or 32½ size _____; or Irwin Roll 20½ size _____ or 32½ size _____. (Check which you want — Free.)

My Name _____

My Address _____

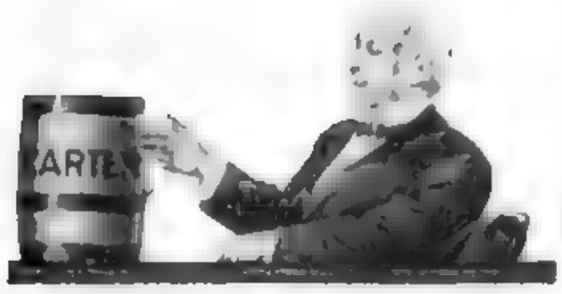
Have your dealer sign his name, and say amount of your purchase of Irwin's ($_____); also his jobber's name and address.

Dealer Sign _____

Dealer's Address _____

His Jobber is _____

Jobber's Address _____



The Good Old Paint

An old gentleman recently remarked: "Twenty-five years ago paint never cracked or scaled. I've seen pure white lead paint wear ten years without a blemish."

That was before mixtures of chalk, clay, barytes, benzine and water began to pose as paint. Those days White Lead and Linseed Oil were applied straight, by practical painters.

Property owners can still be sure of reliable painting—you can still get the "good old-time paint," better now than ever. Many improvements have been made in White Lead manufacture. Today you have the celebrated

CARTER
Strictly Pure
White Lead
"The Lead With the Spread"

which represents the highest development in Pure White Lead production. Carter is the best of all white leads—the purest, most carefully and most scientifically made. Carter is several shades *whiter* than ordinary leads—makes brighter, more true and durable colors.

Carter never cracks or scales. It forms a tough, durable and elastic film. Wears down gradually—only years of wear will remove it.

Carter costs slightly more per pound than other leads, but when figured by years of satisfactory service and square yards of surface covered, is the most economical paint on the market. Your dealer can supply you with Carter—take no substitute.

Please send immediately for our valuable free book, "Pure Paint," which tells how to test paint for purity—how to choose a harmonious color scheme. With the book we send a set of modern and practical color plates showing how real houses look when properly painted.

Carter White Lead Co.
12080 So. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.
Factories: Chicago—Omaha (20)

"To Be Sure It's Pure, Look for CARTER on the Keg"

Watch Fob Given to Bicycle Riders

Send your dealer's name with 4c postage and we will mail this handsome fob. Also catalog illustrating and pricing our high-grade

Indianapolis
G&J TIRES

Admitted by bicycle manufacturers and riders to be the best made. Wear longest, ride easiest and are most convenient to repair.

G & J TIRE CO.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Address Bicycle Tire Dept

IWAN POST HOLE and WELL AUGER

BUYS ITSELF IN TWO DAYS

Does a day's work in two hours. Digs a 3-foot hole in any kind of soil—wet or dry—in three minutes. Bites its way through solid clay, hard pan, sand, gravel. No violent muscle-straining exertion. It works rhythmically along the line of least resistance. If it isn't the best you ever saw, get your money back on request from dealer.

Digs wells, too.

With iron arms, or cheap pipe extensions it's easy to get 40 to 60 feet depth in a few hours.

The name to know

Public Service Corporations find this auger cuts cost of labor in half. One man digging holes easily keeps a crew of two gangs setting poles. Good dealers carry it or have it.

Remember the name IWAN. Made by Iwan Bros. See your dealer or write us today mentioning his name and get free book, Easy Digging, list of dandy [illegible] digging methods. (2)

IWAN BROS., Dept. 105, South Bend, Ind.

Best grade cedar canoe for $20

We sell direct, saving you $30 on a canoe. All canoes cedar and copper fastened. Have you seen our new Mahogany Finished Canoe for 1910? We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalog giving prices with retailer's profit cut out. We are one of the largest manufacturers of canoes in the world.

Detroit Boat Co., 118 Bellevue Ave. Detroit, Mich.

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

"Visible" Typewriters [illegible] other makes sold or rented anywhere at [illegible] Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for [illegible]

Typewriter Emporium, 23-24 Lake St., Chicago

MAKING MONEY OUT OF WASTE

(Concluded from Page 13)

such processes, but apparently they are not worked on an industrial and, therefore, a profitable scale. The chemist who solves that problem commercially will, indeed, earn riches beyond the dreams of avarice. So, too, will the inventor who succeeds in ridding old printed paper of its ink, in order that it may be worked up into fresh, white paper, and thus check the inroads which the paper mill is making into our forests. As it is, old newspapers are now ground to a pulp and made into paper board, the ink being uniformly distributed throughout the mass.

It is hardly more than a generation ago that laws were passed in certain states to punish the ginner who accumulated large quantities of rotting cottonseed, or who cast the seed into streams. In our day and generation the value of the cottonseed crop is about fifteen per cent of the total value of the cotton crop itself. In 1860 cottonseed was a garbage; in 1870 a fertilizer; in 1880 a cattle food, and in 1890 a table food and a useful by-product. From the seed, which the ginner once found it difficult to give away as a fertilizer, oil is now expressed which is a substitute for olive oil, an ingredient of some highly-nutritious prepared foods, and of oleomargarine, a cathedral burning oil, a tempering oil, a lubricant for heavy machine-tools, and a substitute for more expensive fats in soap-making. Curiously enough, after the oil is expressed, the seed is better suited for fertilizing and cattle-feeding than it was before. Indeed, a flourishing industry has been built up merely by grinding the caked seed into meal, which is used directly as a fertilizer or as the principal ingredient of many fertilizers. For every ton of pressed seed about seven hundred and twenty-five pounds of this caked residue are obtained. Even the fiber of the seed, which must be removed before the oil is pressed out, and which amounts to twenty or thirty pounds a ton, is used largely in the making of mattresses, felt hats and pillows; and the hulls, amounting to about one thousand pounds a ton, and once burnt by the mills as fuel, are sold for cattle food.

The By-Products of Grain

Other agricultural refuse, scientifically treated, likewise proves a source of wealth. Rice-hulls, a by-product in the manufacture of rice starch, have proved a good packing material and, unfortunately, a successful adulterant of spices and foodstuffs. Corn, a staple crop which grows so abundantly in the United States that it cannot all be fed to hogs or distilled into whisky, furnishes by-products of considerable value. About ninety-nine per cent of our starch is made from corn, the daily consumption being about three million pounds. The gluten, germ and bran which remain after the starch is obtained are worked up into various salable forms, among them a maltose syrup suitable for table use. By hydraulic pressure the germ is made to give up an oil which is a good illuminant, an excellent dressing for wool, a machine lubricant, a substitute for rubber when treated with sulphur, and a non-drying oil for paints. The cake left after the oil is squeezed out is a staple cattle food, largely exported to foreign countries. The pith of the corn has the property of absorbing water to fully twenty times its capacity uncompressed, and with more rapidity than any sponge. For that reason it is extensively employed as a lining for warships. If the armor is pierced the pith lining swells up almost immediately and closes the opening made by a shot. The recent laws that have been passed to sanction the making of denatured alcohol without incurring a prohibitive internal revenue tax will sooner or later induce the farmer to distill his surplus corn instead of burning it as it stands. As it is, much alcohol is now distilled which is mainly consumed in the form of whisky and varnish. Corn is the chief source of the sugar called glucose; for the process of boiling cornstarch with acids yields sugar. Because this sugar does not crystallize readily it is usually sold as a syrup. In halcyon days, before the Pure Food Law prohibited false labeling, it was frequently palmed off as honey or maple syrup. Large quantities of it are used by brewers and confectioners and by sugar-makers for admixture with cane sugar and cane molasses.

An industry so enormous as that of steel-making necessarily has its wastes. Of these the two most important are the gases that escape from the blast-furnaces in which the ore is smelted, and the slag which remains after smelting. Despite the fact that the escaping gases represent so much money recklessly flung into the air it is only within the last few years that a systematic effort has been made to collect them and to use them for power to drive gas engines.

A Boom in the Soap Business

The great German chemist, Justus von Liebig, once remarked that a nation's degree of civilization might be gauged by the amount of soap that it annually consumed. If that be true then Leblanc, the man who invented a method of changing common salt into carbonate of soda, and thus gave the modern soapmaker his basic material, must be regarded as the greatest of civilizers. Like other great inventors he never received his just reward. Philippe Egalité, his financial backer, was guillotined in 1793, and Leblanc's soda factory, one of Egalité's possessions, was promptly confiscated. Some years later Leblanc killed himself in despair. Before Leblanc's day soap was a luxury; after it, a necessity. In the manufacture of soda by Leblanc's process hydrochloric acid is liberated at one stage. For many years this acid was regarded as an unfortunate by-product of an otherwise valuable process—unfortunate because the soapmaker was quite baffled when it came to its final disposition. He could not pour it into streams for fear of killing fish; and so he allowed it to fume into the air with other gases from his furnaces. As a result all vegetation in the vicinity of a soda plant was killed. In a suburb of Brussels the tools of artisans were so corroded by the acid that they had to be renewed at frequent intervals. One factory attempted to evade public indignation by leading the acid fumes to a chimney several hundred feet high; but instead of mingling with the air at the top the gas dissolved, in wet weather, and descended in heavy clouds of weak acid. Finally this acid menace became such that laws were enacted to curb the sodamaker. Forced either to remove his destructive plant to some district where he would not be a public nuisance, or to devise a means of bottling up his hydrochloric acid gas, he decided to decompose the hydrochloric acid by means of manganese peroxide. Thus he eventually obtained manganese chloride, which he could dispose of without inspiring "Vox Populi" and "Constant Reader" to write hot protests to their favorite newspapers. Up to about forty years ago this manganese chloride was thrown away; but when the price of manganese peroxide rose, because of this new demand, the chloride was recovered and reconverted into peroxide to be used anew. Hence it is that hydrochloric acid, a chemical waste that once gave legislators grave concern, is now a most valuable by-product.

The many ways in which money is made out of waste might be dwelt upon at wearisome length. A host of minor industries have sprung up in the past decade, simply in the effort to place misnamed dirt where it properly belongs. Cork scraps are transformed into vinegar so profitably that the Paris sewers are provided with gratings to strain out the stoppers which a bibulous city throws under its tables. Broken glass does duty again in the manufacture of an artificial building material known as ceramic stone, and in the making of imitation precious stones. Many an artificial perfume is made from a vile-smelling compound. Fusel oil, obtained in the distillation of spirits, is anything but agreeable in odor; yet it is the basis of artificial oil of apples, oil of pears and oil of grapes. Putrid cheese, reacting on sugar, or distilled, rancid butter, treated with alcohol and sulphuric acid, yields an acceptable oil of pineapples. Thus a stench may be elevated to the dignity of a fashionable perfume. Clearly Hamlet was voicing the views of a modern industrial chemist when he inquired: "Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till we find it stopping a bunghole?"

MR. MOTORIST

YOU NEED THE

"STAPLEY" TIRE PUMP

Made by the Bridgeport Brass Co.

You can inflate your tires quickly and with little effort if you use this powerful compound pump. It's not the ordinary kind—but the best tire pump ever devised—the "Stapley" Compound. It is a pleasure to use it. Splendidly constructed of the finest material. Will out-last the life of your car. We've been building pumps since the inception of the automobile—that's why we make a superior product.

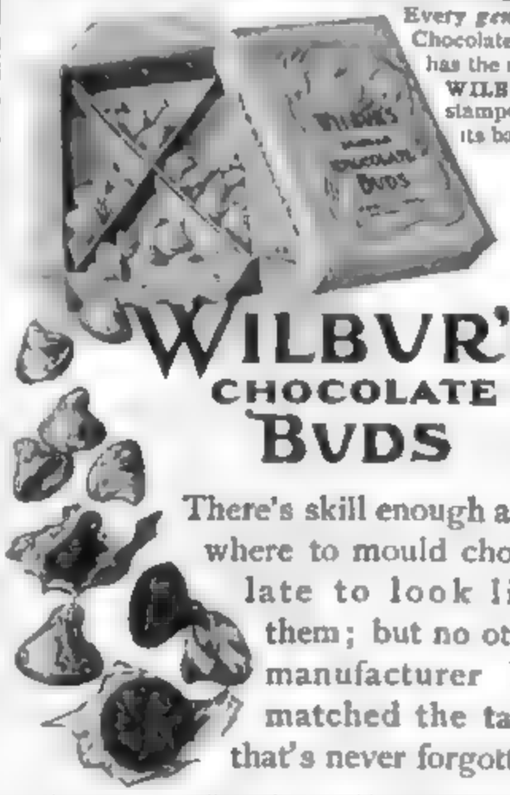
The "Stapley" will not get out of order. It's guaranteed. It has no complicated parts. Will not rust—has seamless brass tube cylinders—not steel or cheap metal. Will withstand the most severe usage. Pressure gauge quickly and easily read. Automatic valve opener allows tire valve to close without any loss of air. No leaky joints. Very handsome in appearance.

Buy a "Stapley" to-day. You realize the necessity of a good pump. The "Stapley" is just what you want—don't fail to get one!

Price without Gauge . $5.00
Price with Gauge . . 7.00

If your dealer doesn't carry the "Stapley," we will send it prepaid in the United States on receipt of price.

Bridgeport Brass Co.
Bridgeport, Conn.



Every *genuine* Chocolate Bud has the name WILBUR stamped on its base.

WILBUR'S CHOCOLATE BUDS

There's skill enough anywhere to mould chocolate to look like them; but no other manufacturer has matched the taste that's never forgotten.

At dealers, or we will send a pound box prepaid for $1. One quarter pound box for 30c and your dealer's name.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Inc.
222 Bread Street Philadelphia

How to Breathe

For Health, Strength and Endurance

Read Lung and Muscle Culture, the most instructive book ever published on the vital subject of

Breathing and Exercise

64 pages. Fully illustrated. 200,000 already sold. Correct and incorrect breathing described by diagrams, etc. Book sent on receipt of 10 cents.

P. von BOECKMANN, R. S.
ROOM 1707 TERMINAL BLDG.
103 Park Avenue New York

PATENT WHAT YOU INVENT!

Your Ideas May Bring You a Fortune

Free book gives list of needed inventions and tells how to protect them. Write for it. Send sketch of invention for free opinion as to patentability.

Patent Obtained or Our Fee Returned.

WOODWARD & CHANDLEE, Registered Att'ys.
1367 F Street, Washington, D. C.

STAMPS 100 [illegible] Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, [illegible] All from 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 10c. [illegible] 50c. [illegible] List Free. [illegible]

C. Stegman 3943 Cote Brilliante Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

EXTENDED [illegible] FOLDED

Canoe and Tent

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

The Lowest Price Possible on the Highest Type of Car

There will be thousands of car buyers this year who will insist upon cars of *positive merit* and *refinement*, but who will expect to get such a car, *complete in every detail*, for from $2000 to $2500.

This Enger "40" has *everything* that such buyers will expect—beauty of lines, abundance of power, plenty of room, rich upholstering, and *complete equipment*.

The Fully Equipped Enger "40" $2000 Complete

"Just get Oil and Gasoline and start"

More than a year ago we first decided to build the Enger "40" Touring Model.

The time since then has been spent in perfecting the car.

* * * *

Initial preparations consumed a large portion of the year. Never did a manufacturer take up a project with more care.

Fortunately the start was made with no handicap. We labored under no difficulties—financial or otherwise.

We entered this field with ample capital. There were several millions of dollars in hand. Resources even more vast were in reserve.

So we began in a big way. It was a beginning with exceptional factory facilities. Abundant space was secured. The machinery installed was the newest, most improved.

Some automobile manufacturers have spent years in reaching the point at which we started. Many have not yet reached it. To the majority of those who have, the progress has been costly.

They have had to abandon expensive machinery, as it became out-of-date. Often this has been a dead loss. They have had further outlay for new. Such expenses they have had to charge to cost of production. Unquestionably it has affected the price of their cars—or what they have been able to give for the money.

This experimental stage we avoided. We had all the money necessary to get the latest machinery—without having a record of costly experiments to charge up against the cars.

We were also able from the first to employ the most expert craftsmen. For every step in the car's construction we selected only the highest type of mechanics.

In looks the Enger "40" is big, roomy and handsomely fitted, with exceeding beauty of line.

Its weight is kept down—to save in upkeep. Yet it has great speed and power. It is a car of amazing vitality. It mounts the most stubborn hills, with a full load. It stands the utmost punishment of the roughest going. It travels muddy roads eagerly.

Each Enger "40" is given performance tests on the roads and hills about Cincinnati—as trying as any in America. A car that shows perfect performance here will do so anywhere.

In material and equipment no expense was spared. We used only the best known, tested and approved material—without thinking then of the price of the car. That, it was felt, would come later. First we wanted to construct our ideal of a motor car. It was determined to fully equip the Enger "40" so that the buyer would only have to get oil and gasoline—and start his car.

Finished, the Fully Equipped Enger "40" is the highest type possible in an automobile,—with all the power and speed you could wish—immeasurably sturdy and durable. Yet not so heavy as to make its upkeep and tire cost a burden.

The price we fixed as low as we could—to give only a fair margin of profit, such as is obtained in other lines of manufacture.

Briefly told, these facts will show you why the Enger "40" is a car of quality unusual at $2000.

Specifications of the 1910 Enger "40"

Motor: Four-cylinder, four-cycle cylinders cast in pairs, 4½ inch bore by 5 inch stroke, [illegible] bearing crank shaft

Horsepower

Cooling Water

Ignition

Lubrication [illegible]

Carburetor

Clutch: Multiple dis

Transmission: Sliding gear selective type, three speeds forward and reverse

Drive

Axles

Brakes [illegible] and one external [illegible] drums

Steering Gear W[illegible]

Frame: Dropped pressed steel, channel section. Width 32 inches

Wheels [illegible] type with quick detachable rear hubs, Hayes, [illegible] tires

Wheel Base. 116 inches

Tires: 34 x 4 inches. Quick detachable

Tread 56 inches

Springs

Control

Speed: 5 to 50 miles an hour

Gasoline Capacity

Upholstering

Finish

Equipment

To You Who Want a Complete Car

This wonderful, new Enger "40" is actually fully equipped. Not a "fully-equipped" car so-called—with a number of exceptions, or "extras."

There are no "extras" to buy with an Enger "40." It is complete—all ready for service.

Because everything is included at $2000, you know the true price of your car at the outset—just what it's going to cost you in full.

Dealers in automobiles and those who have bought other cars in previous years will appreciate this advantage.

Send for our catalog today. Dealers should write us for special proposition on a few open territories.

The Enger Motor Car Company

Summer and Gest Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio

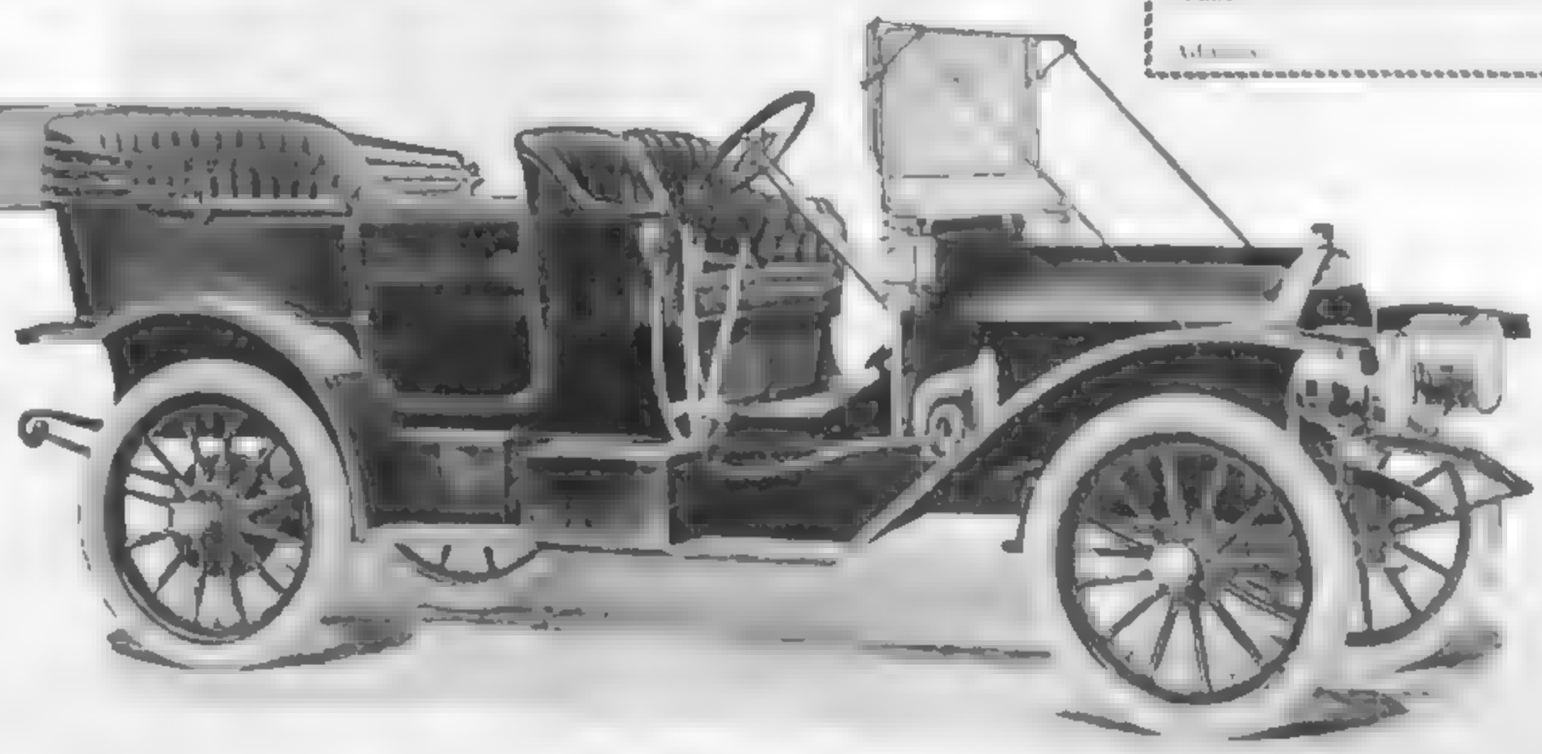
COUPON FOR CATALOG

THE ENGER MOTOR CAR CO.,
Summer and Gest Sts., Cincinnati, O.

You may send me your 1910 Catalog of the Fully Equipped Enger "40"

Name

Address



The Fully Equipped Enger "40"

$2000 Complete

"Just get Oil and Gasoline and start"

STRICTLY IN CONFIDENCE

(Concluded from Page 15)

as strong as I can. I don't mind it, and neither do they. If I had hurt any of their feelings," he says, "I'd apologize so quick they'd feel better than they did at first. But there's an old proverb, you know, that outsiders who butt in without being invited are likely to hear some unpleasant things. So in a case like that," he says, "I wouldn't apologize. I think I would just let the outsider make the best of what he heard."

Let me tell you something. Hartley liked that first-rate. Probably he knew how his little girl was all bound up in this youngster, an' I could see in a minute that he felt like gettin' right out an' shakin' hands. That wasn't ribbon-counter talk. But that was because I knew him—Reginald didn't see it.

"Well," says the old man, "if you meant it all, go ahead an' make good. Sell me a gold brick. I've got a few dollars I could spare. Show us how bright you are. I'll be the 'fall-guy,' just to learn how it's done."

That flustered me, but not Reginald. No indeed!

"I just told you," he said, kind of slow, as if he was thinkin' it over, "that I didn't mean a word of that literally. But, just to be a sport, I don't mind taking what you can spare. How much? Three hundred dollars?"

Hartley blinked once an' says: "That suits me."

"Of course," says Reginald, "you understand that I don't want to get mixed up with the law on this. You'll have to sign an agreement not to prosecute me for swindling, so I'll have something to show later, if there's any talking."

"Trot out your agreement," says Mark. "I'll sign it. Why, boy, you couldn't get three hundred dollars out o' me in three hundred years."

"I'll do it in a month," says Reginald. "I warn you, it's going to be by a trick. Excuse me a minute, and I'll write out the contract."

Old Hartley chats sociable as can be with us for a few minutes, an' then Reginald comes out with his paper.

"Read it aloud," says Mark. "I forgot my glasses." So Reginald reads it:

> I hereby grant permission to Reginald Clark to hunco, beat, deprive or otherwise swindle me out of the sum of three hundred dollars. I agree to make no effort to prosecute him if he should succeed. This agreement to be in force for thirty days after date and strictly in confidence. I promise to say nothing that is detrimental to Reginald Clark to anybody on account of the three hundred dollars thus obtained.

"Give me the pen," says Mark. "It's the craziest fool thing I ever heard, but I'll sign it. You're a good bluffer, son, an' I'm glad, anyhow, to find you ain't all wind. But don't spend any of the three hundred," he says, "because you ain't goin' to get it."

He signed the paper an' Reginald stuck it in his pocket. Jack McDonald, who worked with Mark when he was a cow-puncher himself, offered to bet his month's pay against a plug of tobacco that Reginald would get the money, just to show the old man that all the ranch was with the boy; but Mark shook his head an' drove off.

"Now," I says to Reginald, "you are in a hole! Great snakes! He'll come up here in a month an' laugh all over a hundred acres. Mebbe you'll learn now to be seen an' not heard, like children ought."

"Mart," says he, "could you let me off tomorrow?"

"I'll let you off for the next eighteen years," I says, "an' mebbe by that time you'll grow up."

"Now, then," he says, "what's the use of talking like that? There's many a trick to attract money that you never heard of. Why, back where I came from ——"

"Get out!" I yells at him. "Don't you say that again or I'll scalp you. There's tricks to attract money, all right, but great snakes! there ain't any to attract Mark Hartley's money."

"All right, old man," he laughs. "But don't worry. I may be able to put it through."

So he saddled up next morning an' was gone all day. After that he went to work same as usual, an' we never passed a word about his fool scheme. He wrote a couple of letters to Hartley an' sent 'em off to town to be mailed; but, except for that, he didn't make a move that looked like even tryin' to win.

An' the month seemed awful short. Once, along toward the end of it, Reginald told me that he'd never realized before how blamed many days it took to make thirty, and how blamed long it took the sun to go down each day; but, of course, he was figurin' on seein' Milly one way or another after it was over, an' it was different with him. With me it went quick. Before I really knew it the time come round when Reginald was to show how he'd skinned the old man, an' I was dead sure he hadn't come near it. Sure as fate, right after dinner Mark came up, lookin' so good-natured that I bet he'd been worried to death for fear he'd lose, an' was glad to have it end.

"Well, son," he says, without even gettin' out of the buckboard, "if my count is right this is about thirty days since I was here last. Got your brick plated yet?"

"No," says Reginald.

"Excuse me for not answering your letters about the mining stock an' the Spanish widow that wanted funds to get her fortune back," says Mark. "It was kind of her to offer me half."

"Oh," says Reginald, careless-like, "I forgot about those. I just wrote them to keep your mind on the subject. As far as the three hundred dollars is concerned," he says, "if you came to find out about that, I got it the next day out of your bank."

"What's that?" says Mark.

"Yes," says Reginald. "You remember that agreement, of course. Here's some of it. I cut off the lower right-hand corner," he says, "in order to get the money. I had you sign it for that purpose. I took the liberty of making a slight change in it. I just changed the letter 's' in the word 'say' to 'p,' and it read like this:

> thirty days after date
> I promise to pay
> to Reginald Clark
> three hundred dollars
> MARK HARTLEY.

"I put on the date," says Reginald, "an went down to the bank and discounted it. The cashier said you were good for it, and I had no trouble at all."

Mark brushed his hand over his eyes an' gulped like a small chicken swallowin' a big bug. He never said a word.

"I'll get in the buggy and tell you about it as we drive," says Reginald. And a little later he added: "I was going up to your ranch today, anyhow," he says, "to see Milly."

A Plain Man's Lyrics

On Getting a Raise

The boss has tacked three dollars on my check,
And now I'm drawing down the full eighteen
I asked him for two years ago! By heck,
I thought the grass would sure be growing green
Upon my lonely grave before it came—
But now I'll break the gentle news to Mame.

Say, honest, I've been working like a slave
For years and years and years and years, and yet
I've had to hold him up; he never gave
A raise I didn't ask for, you can bet.
It's great to work for others all your days
And have to scrap for every dinky raise.

But now I'll take the girlie to the show
And tell her that the boost has come at last;
And, maybe, afterward we two can go
To some good place and have a light repast.
I can't afford it—shouldn't spend the cash—
But now and then I like to make a flash.

To Mamie

If I were a regular highbrow
I'd write you a sonnet or two,
An ode to your lips or your eyebrow;
But I'm not, and the best I can do
Is to say that you're all to the candy,
The peachiest kid that I know;
There's a show Friday night that's a dandy—
Just say the good word and we'll go.

I just got a boost in my wages
And I'm anxious to celebrate that,
For the first time in ages and ages
My purse isn't perjectly flat.
So, put on your glad rags and ruffles—
You can make all the others look tame—
And we'll dine upon chicken and truffles
And act like the crême de la crême.

—Berton Braley.

A Revelation to Advertisers

The richest effect that can be obtained on booklet pages with one printing, comes from using two-tone ink on Cameo Plate Sepia. Our specimen book (sent free) will open up to you a new world of printing.

CAMEO PAPER

—White or Sepia—for Printing—

is absolutely without gloss, yet it takes half-tones—not only takes but transforms them—brings out a photographic effect of which ordinary coated book paper gives no hint.

If you are trying to make your printed matter rich and distinguished, use Cameo.

Cameo enriches illustrations, deepens half-tones, dignifies type.

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Makers of Fine Coated and Uncoated Book Papers

ONE store everywhere—usually the leading drug store—is the agency for Whitman's famous Chocolates and Confections. Every package marked "Whitman's" comes direct from Whitman head-quarters and is never handled by jobbers or middlemen.

If your choice is chocolates having hard and nut centers ask for

Whitman's

A FUSSY PACKAGE FOR FASTIDIOUS FOLKS

A real innovation. Contains no cream centers only

Chocolate-Covered Nougat, Molasses Chips, Almonds, Walnuts, Marshmallows, Cocoanuttes, Pecans, Molasses Blocks, Neapolitans, Cream Nuts, Caramels and Bloomers of Solid Chocolate

Sold by all Whitman Agents guaranteed fresh, pure and perfect. Half one two three and five pound boxes. One dollar a pound everywhere. Sent postpaid on receipt of price if no Whitman Agent is convenient. *Write for booklet "Suggestions."*

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
(Established 1842). PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.
(*Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate*).

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HORLICK'S

Rich milk and malted grain extract in powder
A quick lunch

Original and Genuine

MALTED MILK

The Food-Drink for all ages.
Better than Tea or Coffee.
Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Others are Imitations—Ask for Horlick's—Everywhere

We Offer You a Position

We want 250 men right away. Must have them and will pay good money—$3.00 to $5.00 a day according to class of work. You need no money. Everything done on our capital. You deliver our goods and collect. A big outfit. Write for free plans, sample outfit, etc. All free. G. H. GROUNDS, Manager, 1027 W. Adams Street, Dept. 4012, Chicago, Ill.

Old Appliance

LAME PEOPLE

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. Worn with any style of ready-made shoes with perfect ease and comfort. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet.

Our Appliance

HENRY S. LOTZ, 813 Third Avenue, NEW YORK

A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIFE

(Continued from Page 11)

the little it affords from the superannuate fund until he has been on the superannuate list a year; and if he gives up his work in the middle of the previous year that means he must go, say, eighteen months without resources. That is a long time when you have not been able to save anything and when you are old and sick. So, I was sitting in the kitchen door of the parsonage one morning after William had had a particularly bad night, wondering what God was going to do about it, for I felt we could not expect help from any other source. The agnostics may say what they please, but if you get cornered between old age and starvation you will find out that there is a real sure-enough good God, who numbers the remaining hairs of your head and counts the sparrow's fall. William and I tried Him, and we know. There were terrible times toward the last, when we never could have made it if it had not been for just God. And I reckon that morning was one of the times, for as I was sitting there wondering sadly what would happen next, an immense woman came around the corner of the house and stood before me on the doorstep. She was past fifty years of age, and had the appearance of being a dismantled woman. Nothing of youth or grace or loveliness remained. I have never seen a face so wrecked with wrinkles, so marred with frightful histories—yet there was a kind of fairness over all her ruins.

"I am Sal Prout," she said, and it was so deep and rich a voice that it was as if one of the bare brown hills of the earth had spoken to me.

"And I've come to git breakfast," she added, spreading peace over her dreadful face with an ineffable smile. An hour later she was in possession of William and me and the parsonage. She was clearing up the breakfast things when she said:

"You look fagged; go and git some rest. I'll take care of him," nodding her head toward the door of William's room.

When I awakened in the middle of the afternoon he was sitting up against four hot-water bottles, letting her call him "Brother Billy." That sounds scandalous, but listening from where I lay on the sofa in the front room I could tell that they were having a duel of spirits, and that she was taking liberties with William's theology that must have made his guardian angel pale. He wore his red flannel nightshirt, had a quilt folded around his legs, and one of Benson's Commentaries open upon his knees. His hair was bristling in fine style, and his long beard lay like a stole upon his breast. His hands were resting on the arms of his chair, and he was regarding Sal, who sat in the opposite corner openly dipping snuff, with a kind of fascinated disapproval.

"The kind of faith you have in God don't do Him jestice," she was saying. "It's sorter infernal—it's so mean and partial. Your God ain't nothing but a Paradise capitalist and aristocrat—the sort of one that fixes up a flower garden for Him and jest His saints to set in the middle of and sing and harp on their harp, while a right smart chance of the best folks sneak and snuffle around in the outer darkness forever because, like me, they had no chance to be good, and so went wrong before they knowed where they were going. Sometimes these last years since I had my vision of Him I've wanted to tell you preachers that the little ornamental divinity that you shout about ain't nothing but a figger of speech took from the heathens and made over by heathen Christians."

"Stop!" said William, lifting one of his thin, white hands and waving it imperatively at her. "You must not speak irreverently. I know you don't mean it, but——"

"Jest answer me this, sir—is your leg hurtin any worse?"

"No," replied William, mollified.

"Not a mite?" she insisted.

"No, I am much easier of the pain."

"Well, then, I'm goin' to say this much more even if it strangles you: the word God stands for something in the hearts of men and women bigger'n a Paradise gardener with a taste for music!"

"You don't put it fair, Sister Prout," said William, aggrieved.

"I can't put it in as fine language as Saint John, if that's what you mean."

A New Style, Becoming To Most Men, in

Silver BRAND Collars 2 for 25c

with

Linocord Endless Buttonholes

Two Heights: HALLEY, 2⅛ in. COMET, 2⅜ in.

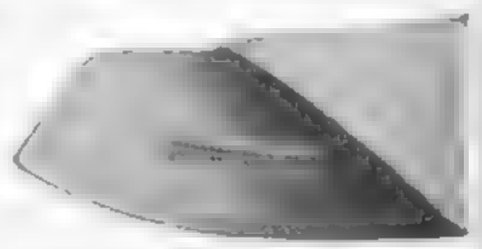
QUARTER SIZES

THE style can be copied but not the buttonholes. Consider a moment and you'll see that in collars *the Style, Fit and Comfort* depend on having strong, sound buttonholes. No matter how good the collar may be in every other particular, once a buttonhole is stretched or broken, you have a gaping, slovenly, ill-fitting collar.

Linocord Endless Eyelet Buttonhole

LOOK AT THE LINOCORD BUTTONHOLE—it's made with an eyelet like the buttonhole in your coat, hence is pliable, easy to put on and off. It is *reinforced all around* with a *Stout Linen Cord*, which makes it so strong it can't possibly stretch or break, even with the hardest or longest wear—therefore your collar will always fit and look as the designer intended it should.

Now look at an ORDINARY BUTTONHOLE—*a mere slit in the cloth*—stiff, unyielding—hard to button and unbutton and *certain to break* after the collar has been worn a few times—then you have your choice of looking ill-groomed or throwing away an otherwise wearable collar.



Ordinary Buttonhole in Ordinary Collar

Only "Silver Brand" Collars Have Linocord Endless Buttonholes.

It matters not whether you follow the fashion or stick conservatively to a favorite design which you have found comfortable and becoming—you can get that style in SILVER BRAND COLLARS and have the safety and satisfaction of LINOCORD ENDLESS BUTTONHOLES.

Send for "What's What."

not only tells what to wear but also what not to wear.

The latest word in Men's Fashions. It embodies the dicta of the foremost fashion authorities with reference to every item of men's apparel. It Fully illustrated. Invaluable for reference. Yours for the asking.

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Established 1865.

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The new finish is liquid—Columbus Liquid Wax—the easiest applied wax sold.

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No heavy polishing brush needed.

And you've never seen a more lustrous finish.

The whole operation consumes less than an hour

The floor is then ready to walk on.

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Columbus Liquid Wax
HARD DRYING
The Easiest Applied Floor Finish

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Columbus Varnish Co., Dept. 10, Columbus, O.

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10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We ship on approval without a cent in advance, prepaid freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT if you are not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY *a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone* at *any price* until you receive our latest art catalogs illustrating every kind of bicycle and lots of useful sundries at prices and terms that will save you from

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to do it. A postal and everything will be sent you free postpaid by return mail. Do not wait write it now.

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Makes you a Profit of 140%. Sells a vest pocket box of matches for 1 cent. Saves giving away of matches. Convenient for customers. Occupies very small space and looks well on a counter.

If your jobber doesn't keep it, send us $7.00 for machine and 720 boxes of matches, freight prepaid. Repeat orders for matches at $3.00 per case (720 boxes) f. o. b. St. Louis. Wholesale Prices furnished on application.

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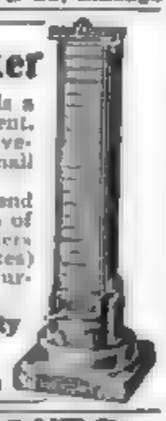

AGENTS

Make big profits selling this 6-piece kitchen set. H. S. Cunningham made $12 a day. Copy of sworn statement furnished. We have agents who have

MADE $40 A WEEK

Write today for terms of free outfit and how to make $5 to $10 a day. No previous experience necessary. All goods guaranteed. Money back to any customer not perfectly pleased. Our elegant display sample case makes sales easy.

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Collect Postage Stamps Ask us for the best way to get the stamps you want. Stamps sent on approval, against good reference.

New England Stamp Co., 44 Washington Bldg., Boston, Mass.

"What is the nature of God as you see Him?"

We are made very queer by the soul, not nearly so much alike as we are in other respects. I saw now the same light pass over Sal's face that I had often seen in William's, yet they could not agree about their one Heavenly Father.

"The God I trust is the One that makes flowers like them bloom for sech as me," she began, pointing through the window at a rose; "that lets His rain fall in my garden same as He does in your'n; that never takes His spite out on me for bein' what I was, but jest made it hard for me and waited patient for me. He's the kind of God, sir, that can change a heart like mine from all the evil there is, and make it so I can think good thoughts and be kind, and enjoy His hills and hear the birds sing again, same as I used to pay attention to 'em when I was a little gal." She lowered her voice as if speaking of a mortal sorrow. "There were years and years, sir, when them little creatures were singin' all around me every day, but I couldn't hear 'em—my deeds were so evil. I don't reckon you know it—livin' the little you have—but sin affects you that way—takes away your hearin' for sweet sounds, your sight for what is lovely. But God, He jest kept on lettin' His birds sing for me, and the sun riz jest as fine above the hills behind my house. He didn't pick at me, nor put a sign on me same as folks did of my shame, as He could have done with a cloud or something over my house. You see, He'd fixed things from the foundations of the world so as they'd work out good and not evil for us every one, beca'se He knowed we'd all git tired and come home some time, the same as I've come. I don't know whether you ever found it out or not, but sinners git awful tired of sinnin'. God knows they just can't keep it up forever."

The next winter Sal Prout died of smallpox, after nursing a community of sawmill hands up in the mountains who had been stricken with the disease, and many of whom must have died but for her.

William never recovered from that attack of rheumatism. His legs got well, but he did not. He was different afterward, as if he had fallen into a trance. He seemed always to look and speak across a space of which he was not conscious. He filled his appointments after a fashion during the remainder of the year at the Bowtown district, but he grew increasingly forgetful of people and all earthly considerations. Sometimes he fell to dreaming in the middle of his sermon, looking over the heads of his congregation as if he was expecting Noah's dove to bring him a token or Michael to blow his trumpet. Then again he would make his prayer longer than his sermon. The people did not like it, and the presiding elder called for his superannuation at the conference that fall, on the ground that Brother Thompson showed signs of "failing powers." Maybe he did, but it was only his mortal faculties that were failing. To the last he retained a clear and definite knowledge of the Kingdom of Heaven that many a man in possession of all his powers never attains. The great charge was that he took on a melancholy attitude to reality.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

A Full Cargo

REAR-ADMIRAL ROGERS, of the Navy, tells a story of a conversation he heard between two old sailors.

"It was a rat ship I was sailin' in that trip," said one of the shellbacks. "One of the dingdest rat ships I ever knew. They was rats in it from bow to stern, rats in the hold, in the galley, in the steerage, in the fo'castle, in the old man's room—everywhere. Rats! Nothin' but.

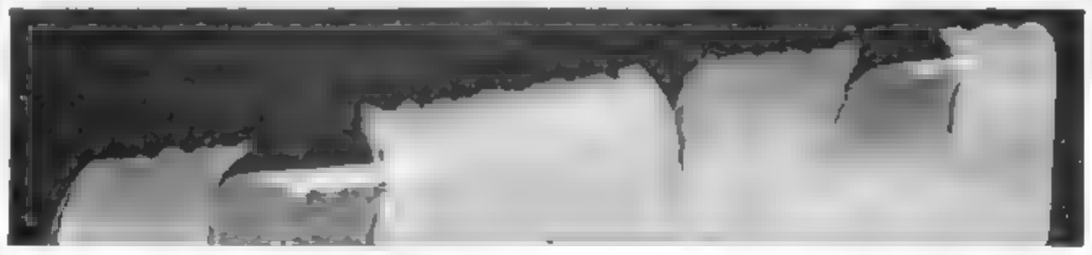
"Bimeby it got so bad we had to put in an' get them off. So we hooked up to a dock and fumigated. I was on deck an' I saw them rats leavin'. I counted 'em. They was fifteen million of 'em."

"Fifteen million?" asked the other. "Ain't that a lot o' rats! Are you sure?"

"Sure? Yes, I'm sure. They was fifteen million rats and I counted 'em. More than that, every rat weighed half a pound. They was big, fat, sassy ones, I'm tellin'."

"Fifteen million rats and every one weighed half a pound and they all came off your ship. That's seven million and a half pounds of rats. Say, Jim, what was the tonnage of that ship?"

"Oh, about a hundred and fifty tons."



Razor Edge After Shaving

After you have shaved one time with a razor this is what the edge looks like under the microscope. By expert stropping you can bend these bent teeth back into line and thereby restore the edge to sharpness again. But without stropping these bent teeth pull, tear and scrape when you try to shave.

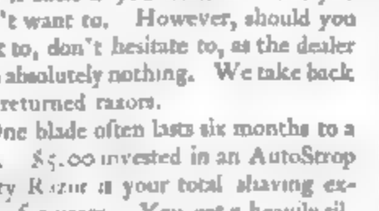
Do you not now see the impossibility of a no-stropping razor, and the necessity of expert stropping?

And do you know that the only razor which anybody can strop as expertly as the head barber is the AutoStrop Safety Razor?

TRY IT FREE
(Dealers Read This, Too)

Don't be over-modest about asking the dealer to sell you an AutoStrop Safety Razor on 30 days' free trial. You're not asking him a favor. You're doing him a favor. You're giving him a chance to sell you a razor. You can take it back if you want to—but you won't want to. However, should you want to, don't hesitate to, as the dealer loses absolutely nothing. We take back any returned razors.

One blade often lasts six months to a year. $5.00 invested in an AutoStrop Safety Razor is your total shaving expense for years. You get a heavily silver plated self-stropping razor, 12 fine blades, and horsehide strop in small, handsome leather case. Price, $5.00.



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Quick Handy Great!

Will you get an AutoStrop Safety Razor on trial today—now—while you have it in mind? Putting it off won't get it done.

"THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS"

is a book that will amuse you. If your lips are cracked, don't send for it. You will be surprised to find in it such a mine of unknown information on a subject we are all supposed to know about—the subject of shaving and razors. It will actually teach you to give yourself a shave that's as good as the head barber's—a shave you can hardly feel.

This book ought not to be free, but it is. Shuffle off the "tug of inertia." Quick! Get your pen and post card and tell us to send it.

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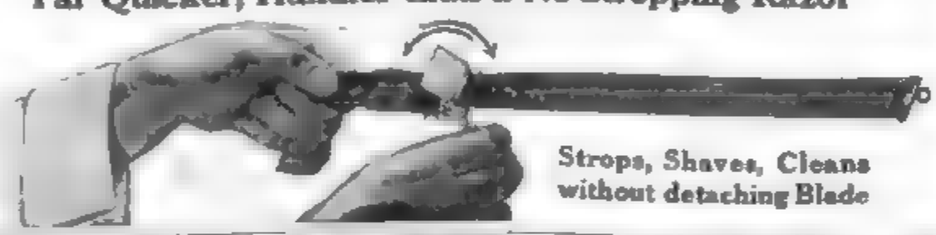
Far Quicker, Handier than a No-Stropping Razor



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NO OTHER SOCK LIKE IT
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—the body colors in uncommon tones of Brown, Grey, Blue and Olive, weaved in with irregular dashes of the same color in deeper shade, or of black—it gives a beautiful effect. Not a heavy sock, nor a light one—warm enough for winter yet perfectly comfortable in spring or fall. Many wear it the year round. Made of fine, pure worsted and mercerized yarns, it is delightfully soft to the feet. In wear, comfort and appearance this sock is equal to many sold at 50c—yet we ask only 35c the pair.

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"Chaos and Bomb-Throwing in Chicago" is a startling exposé of Big Business corrupting municipal politics. Everyone interested in good government must read Russell's Sensational Story of Chicago Traction, the gambler's war, and how great financial interests can throttle any city. In the March HAMPTON'S

"Fighting Bob" Evans

Admiral Evans **"Will the Railroads Throttle the Panama Canal?"** [illegible] freight rates with a view to [illegible] every shipper and every customer [illegible] sanest attack on railroads yet printed. In the March HAMPTON'S.

Robt. E. Peary

"Fighting Arctic Ice with the Roosevelt." His soul-stirring narrative of the American Polar Conquest has sold out three editions of HAMPTON'S in thirty days. The most [illegible] of polar [illegible] ever printed in a magazine, full of patriotism and true American grit. In the March HAMPTON'S

Judson C. Welliver

"The Sugar Trust and the High Cost of Living" Mr. Welliver shows how the Sugar Trust has dominated Congress for years; how Cuba practically has been annexed to the Trust, how the Havemeyers have juggled the tariff under four presidents. An amazing story of graft and greed. In the March HAMPTON'S.

Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.

"The Guggenheims and the Smelter Trust." The Guggenheims hope to grab the whole of Alaska, six billion dollars worth of our natural resources. Mr. Lyle shows how the Guggenheims got hold of the Smelter Trust and the Lead Trust, and the methods they will use to get Alaska. If you own a share of mining stock, don't overlook this series

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The March number has the five *biggest ideas in the United States today*, written about by the men most competent to explain, *written clearly so that you can understand them*, and published at a cost of $25,000 for editorial and art features and allied executive work, entirely in addition to cost of printing, paper, distribution, etc. Peary's Own Story alone, costing $50,000, the highest priced magazine serial that ever appeared, is beyond question the greatest popular magazine feature of the year.

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Jack London has a rollicking humorous yarn, **"The Terrible Solomons,"** about a tenderfoot in the South Seas; **Lloyd Osbourne** a witty sketch, **"A Bolt from the Blue,"** of a Mahatma who flirted; **Harris Merton Lyon** a funny tale, **"The Eye of Power,"** of a vaudeville hypnotist; and **Rupert Hughes** a sweet, comforting, pathetic story, **"The Man That Might Have Been,"** about a little boy who died but whose father made believe the boy grew up and became President. Other short stories by M. B. Deming, and Winifred Lee Wendell.

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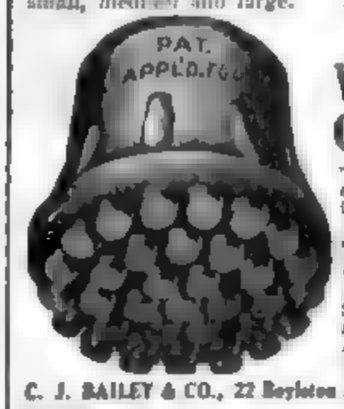

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SPORT IN GERMANY

(Continued from Page 18)

the price of which goes into the "KK" revenue, you have the general and gracious "KK" permission to fish if you can get any place to fish; but for this latter privilege, of course, you will have to pay extra. When you get to the stream you have selected you are advised that you will be allowed to fish between certain marks if you have the coin; but you dare not go on that territory without a duly certified card issued by the lessee of the stream. If the lessee happens not to have his own card with him he will not dare accompany you. If by accident either of you should set your foot outside the permitted territory and on the ground of the *Landgraf*, knight, baron, or what-not, who happens to own the adjacent region, bing! you get pulled for trespass, and all your fishing outfit is confiscated. Everything is *verboten*, except to tip everybody. That is *not verboten*.

Having finally got your *Bewilligung*, or local permit, which you put in your pocket along with your Government *Fischerei-Ausweis*, you are photographed by the proper official, have your Bertillon measurements taken, leave your thumb-print on a piece of paper, and are put in the charge of the forester, in company with a second official attendant and a peasant or so to roll the barrow in which, of course, your trout are to be preserved alive. All this procession advances along the stream with you when you begin your "*Fisch-sport*."

If you have an American fishing rod it will very likely be criticised by all Europeans, who will frankly tell you that their own sort is much better. None the less, since revenue is concerned, the lessee of this stream has seen to it that the stock of trout has not been exhausted, and, granted any kind of proficiency on your part, you will probably catch a few fish, always under the careful espionage of the forest guard. Of course, during the day, whenever you happen to think of it, it will be all to the candy if you hand your attendants a few *Hellers* apiece. Thus your day, novel and amusing to you, if not very keen in its sport, passes on. You wander through a constant succession of signs, placards and posted notices in which the ominous words "KK" and "*Verboten*" prevail.

In the evening the head forester asks you gravely if you want to keep your trout, and if you do he weighs them for you carefully. After this follows a little sum in German arithmetic, and a bill is handed to you for so much trout, at so much a pound. The fish are now yours, after this last process of your liquidating all the requirements and formalities of "*Fisch-sport*" in the Fatherland. In case you do not want to take the fish home with you they are returned to the water, at a less charge; but if any have died in the course of the day you are charged for these, whether or not you take them along! Nothing is overlooked.

The Antics of the Soldier Boys

In most of Switzerland and in some parts of the German and Austrian empires there are many associations of rifle shooters, and, although there is a sort of cult of chamois-hunting in the Alps, the main use of the rifle is in artificial competitions. These are supervised by the Government with a view to military proficiency. The German youth has few opportunities as a sportsman, but all his possibilities as a soldier are carefully watchguarded on a "KK" basis. The physique of the German and Austrian armies is good, but it does not come from free exercise in the open air in such field sports as are known in America. If you visit the barrack yards of any garrison you will see all the enlisted men being put through a severe course of gymnastics on the horizontal bar, under charge of a merciless drill sergeant or lieutenant. There is no escaping from these physical exercises, and they produce, even from material no better than stiff-jointed and cloddy peasant boys, a certain type of somewhat mechanical physical excellence. These soldier boys do such stunts not because they like to but because they have to. A day of actual sport in the open, a hunt in a country really wild, they never know in all their lives.

The student bodies of Germany are sportive enough, sometimes, but smoking,

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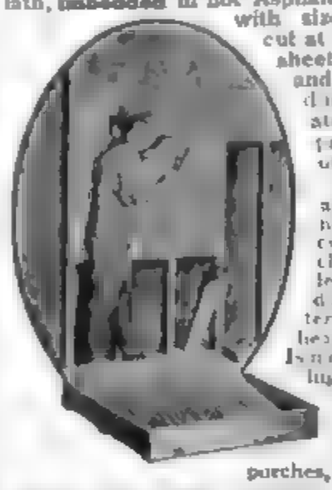

It is guaranteed proof against decay, dryness, will not sweat, shrink, warp, crack, flake or blister, is clean, sanitary and odorless. Being a non-conductor, saves fuel in winter and keeps out summer heat, also deadens sound. Is rationally used for dwellings, pleasure, health-resort and factory buildings, new and old; finishing attics, cellars, porches, laundries and garages.

Immediate shipment in any quantity. Price $2.50 per square of 100 ft. or $6.40 per crate of 256 sq. ft., f. o. b. factories New Orleans or Alma, Mich., or Cincinnati. Write for FREE SAMPLE and [illegible]

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Made of woolen felt coated on both sides with Asphalt Mastic and faced with mineral, making a neat, clean, artistic [illegible] roof which is self-protecting, therefore requires no paint or other coating to preserve it. Packages of [illegible] with [illegible] Prices per square of 108 sq. ft. 1 ply $2.50, 2 ply $2.35, 3 ply $1.70. Nails and cement free. Freight prepaid East of West line of Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Oklahoma and Texas.

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Everybody likes strawberries and to prove that our "BLIZZARD BELT" plants are the strongest rooted and heaviest fruiters, we offer to send ONE DOZEN selected plants to you FREE OF CHARGE. We picked 35 quarts of fine fruit from a test bed of but a dozen strawberry plants set the year before. You can do as well. If you are [illegible] send 2 cents for mailing expense we will send 6 BABY EVERGREENS 2 years old and send all to you at proper planting time. Write to-day and we will enter your name for the plants and send you our CATALOGUE and BARGAIN SHEETS of HARDY "BLIZZARD BELT" fruits by next mail. Address

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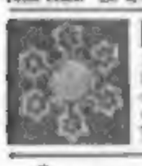

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drinking and *Schläger* dueling are their chief pastimes. The German graduate who has had the biggest slice cut off his nose is the best man, and scars received in these *Schläger* duels are marks of honor. The duels are somewhat perfunctory affairs, arranged methodically by rival student bodies or societies. The hand and arm of each contestant is so heavily bandaged that between the actual bouts the seconds support the arms of their principals at full length to keep them from getting tired. When released they peck away at each other with razor-bladed swords, and chip off as much of each other's heads and faces as they can, until honor is declared appeased. Of course, there is no animosity between the two men themselves, and this sort of thing is done partly for sport and partly through an old custom, just as the boxing bouts are arranged between different classmen at West Point. It is much like the sport of cockfighting, but does not go to a finish.

The Transplanted Hunters

Chess, pinocle, skat and carp-fishing are among the most widely practiced field sports of Germany, and they have been introduced with a certain success even on this side of the water. Indeed, in certain parts of our larger cities the German sportsman himself has been introduced without much change. Once, when out rabbit-hunting in Wisconsin, I heard a sound of revelry and sat down on a rail fence until I saw the cause. Presently there appeared in view a party of half a dozen sportsmen who might have been transplanted, unchanged, from Saxony or Westphalia. They had the old country costumes: jackets, heavy stockings, heavy shoes, Alpine hats with cock feathers, everything complete. Each bore over one shoulder the highly-embroidered sling strap of a heavy-stocked German fowling-piece, and over the other an equally highly-embroidered game-bag, from which, mingled with rabbit legs, there protruded the necks of bottles, the ends of bread loaves, and the wild, sweet fragrance of real imported cheese. They had along a couple of beagles, but evidently their main reliance was placed upon the remaining portion of their rolling stock, which showed that traditions of the Fatherland were not forgot. Behind them walked, or, perhaps, one might better say trailed, four or five feet of dachshund to each man. These sedate, grave, indeed melancholy canines methodically explored each treetop or brush pile, a proceeding which their elongated anatomy made feasible. Once in a while a package of potential *Hasenpfeffer* was started, and sometimes under the general fusillade it fell. They were having the kind of sport they would have liked to have in the old country.

When it comes to sport, or when it comes to anything else, America is the place for men. It makes little difference where these men come from, provided that they be real men, with the love of fair play born in their souls. The laws of sport are good in business, in human life—good, also, in government; indeed, there are no better laws written than the great, unwritten laws of fair play. It is to be hoped that these newcomers to our country will not join in the ruthless ways of the older Americans, and all too swiftly reduce this country, in sport as in everything else, to a condition even worse than that of Europe today.

In Europe, at least, they have a remnant of sport, and have traditions surrounding sport which show that it has been regarded, if not as a cheap and accessible commodity, at least as a thing of privilege and of dignity. Here in America, as in France, the "rights of man" have run riot. Liberty has been made over into license, and sport, which ought to be the equal privilege and the carefully-guarded privilege of all, has all too often degenerated into that waste and slaughter which spell disgrace for a Government and ruin for a people. If there is any lesson at all in the somewhat pathetic spectacle of sport as it is practiced in the old countries of the world, it is that a nation has no greater heritage than the privileges of its wildernesses, not anything more valuable than the usefulness of its out-of-doors. A nation of sportsmen ought to apply the rules of fair play to sport itself. We may smile at the restrictions of sport abroad today. Perhaps one time we may weep that restrictions in this country came too late. We have not yet reached the place in the road where hangs the ominous and un-American placard which says "*Verboten*," but we are on our way.

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Nulife makes you use all of your lungs all the time, and this continued internal massage with Nature's tonic, fresh air, is a preventive of all throat, lung, nasal and many internal disorders arising from improper breathing.

Prof. Charles Munter's

Nulife

For Man, Woman and Child

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Old fashioned braces have been displaced by the modern scientific body support, **Nulife,** which compels deep breathing by straightening round shoulders.

Nulife is not a brace, made of steel, buckles and rubber, but a light weight, washable garment that is pleasant to wear, and so simple that any child can put it on without assistance. Nulife cultivates and permanently maintains a strong, vigorous body, and the natural effect of wearing it is to become buoyant in spirit, muscular in body, active in brain, pleasant in manners, with the step of youth, the figure of health, the curves of beauty, and everything that goes with health and makes for happiness.

Nulife is not a cure-all, or a secret of eternal youth or miracle, but it is a scientific aid to nature, compelling you to breathe as you were born to breathe and as you should breathe every moment you live. Nulife has no equal or substitute for results, for health, for security or bodily support. For athlete or invalid Nulife is equally good. It stores up energy.

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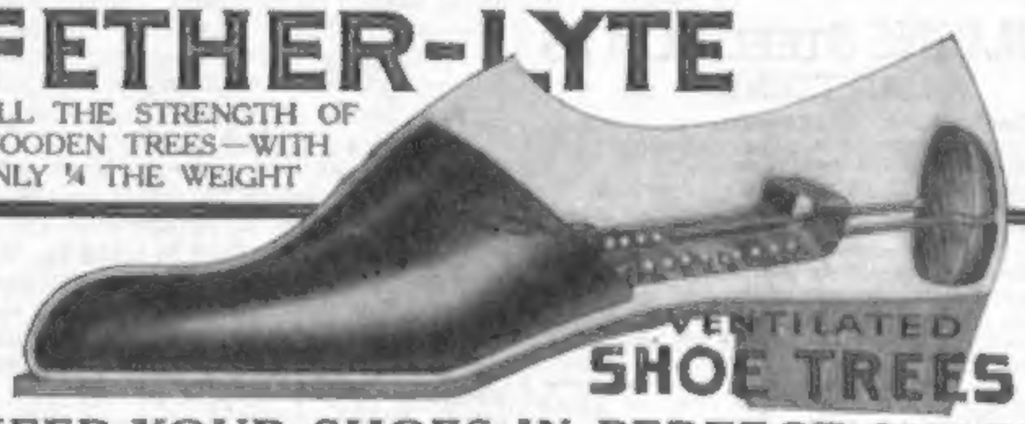
ALL THE STRENGTH OF WOODEN TREES—WITH ONLY ¼ THE WEIGHT



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If you want to get maximum shapeliness and wear out of your shoes, use Spaulding's Fether-Lyte Ventilated Shoe Trees. They will double the life of your shoes, and keep them looking new in the bargain.

Fether-Lytes are made hollow, but of tough fibre, hence they are as strong and rigid as wooden trees. This gives them the double faculty of keeping your shoes up to normal shape, and at the same time allowing free circulation of air throughout the shoes, so that the natural moisture absorbed by the shoes may rapidly evaporate. Fether-Lytes are light, too, weighing but 6½ ounces. If you are a traveling man, this great reduction in weight will appeal to you.

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The Brisco-Kleanwell Seal on the box and the name Kleanwell on the brush guarantee the genuine. Adults' and children's sizes.

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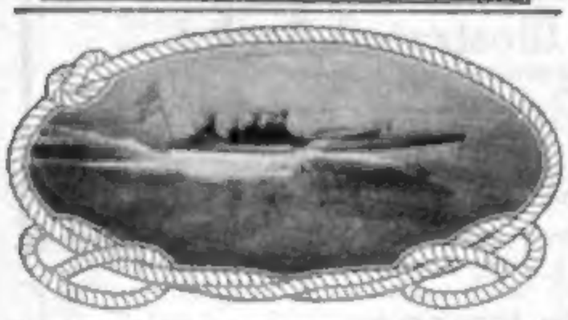

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Other notable Mullins features are: One Man Control; Rear Starting Device; Outside Gasoline Intake; Silent Underwater Exhaust. These and many other points of Mullins Superiority are fully described in literature which will be sent to you on request.

Buy a Mullins and get "A New Boat Every Year for the price of a Coat of Paint."

Write for literature regarding Motor Boats, Launches, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats and Marine Engines.

THE W. H. MULLINS CO.
120 Franklin Street SALEM, OHIO
The Largest Boat Builders in the World

Makes and burns its own gas and produces a pure white, steady, safe, 100 candle power light. No wick, smoke, dirt, grease or odor.

THE BEST LIGHT

Lighted instantly. Over 200 styles. Agents wanted. Write for catalog.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
8-26 E. 5th Street, Canton, O.

ADVERTISING A CONTINENT

(Concluded from Page 9)

An organization was made, with president and other necessary officers and an executive committee composed of representatives of the City Council, the Grain Exchange, the Bankers' Association, the Builders' Exchange, the Real-Estate Exchange, and a score of other commercial and trade bodies, including the labor unions. A commissioner was engaged and offices furnished.

The bureau now has eight thousand registered members, with four hundred and forty business firms as active members, each paying twenty dollars' membership fees every year. The city in question, through its council, contributes as much each year as the total membership fees. The executive committee directs the expenditure of the money, and the commissioner, who also acts as secretary and treasurer, has active charge of the work. Each one of the eight thousand members acts as an agent. Every inquiry about the city or any part of Canada that comes to any member is forwarded to the bureau for answer. It may be from a man who wants to buy a farm, or from a man who wants to go into business or manufacturing, or wants an investment. All are sent to the bureau. This year the bureau will handle twelve thousand direct inquiries.

The bureau does not confine itself exclusively to its home city, although it is its first love. It exploits the whole West. If a man wants to know about Edmonton, or Brandon, or Medicine Hat, or Vancouver, the information is furnished instantly. Every advantage is taken of Government and railway offices to get publicity. Every social and fraternal organization delegate leaving the city for outside conventions first calls at the bureau for orders concerning future conventions and what effort shall be made to get them.

What the Publicity Bureau Does

Publicity is what is wanted and advertising campaigns are carefully planned. The leading advertising mediums of Canada, the United States and England are used, with an occasional excursion into France and other European countries. This periodical and newspaper advertising is all conducted in the same way and on exact lines. Each advertisement contains a coupon which the reader is asked to cut out, sign and mail to the bureau if he desires information about any thing, place or prospect in Canada.

The coupon comes into the bureau and a form letter is sent to the inquirer, with a bunch of literature. The name is placed on the mailing list. At intervals of thirty days, for five months, new literature is sent to the man who made the inquiry. In the second bunch of literature, or in the first, there is a postal card, addressed to the bureau, which recites some of the advantages of Canada and has at the bottom a space headed by this line: "If you want to make more of the future than you have of the past write in this space the nature of business you want information on, whether manufacturing, investment or commercial."

Suppose a man in Minneapolis thinks he would like to make shoes somewhere in Canada. He writes his name on the card and says he wants information on the possibilities for a shoe plant in Canada. When that inquiry comes in the commissioner or one of his assistants dictates a letter to the inquirer, giving him full information about the shoe possibilities, with detailed statements as to cost of light, power, rent, real estate, banks, what the present shoe production is and how handled, and everything essential. This is not a form letter, but a personal, dictated letter to the inquirer, covering his particular case.

There is classified and systematized in the bureau detailed information of this kind on more than thirty industries and occupations, kept constantly up to date, and every kind of an inquiry can be handled. The commissioner was stumped only once. A woman wrote from Toronto on one of the postal cards asking for information that would help her secure a husband. There were no statistics about the available supply of husbands at hand, but the commissioner did the best he could by printing the story in the local newspapers.

Fresh literature is prepared every few months and special advertising campaigns are undertaken from time to time. These special campaigns require additional funds. Not long ago the business men of the city raised three thousand dollars in twelve hours for a particular campaign they desired to make concerning Western Canada. Advertising matter is placed in the railroad ticket offices all over the United States. The Government land offices are pressed into service. The bureau has a booth at the big fairs in the Dominion, where literature is distributed and lists of names are obtained. If an inquirer once gets on the hook they never let go of him until he is landed or has proved himself merely an inquirer from curiosity. The literature is well printed, well illustrated and, as the commissioner earnestly states, presents nothing but facts. He says there is no exaggeration.

The work cost, in 1908, about twelve thousand dollars, and several thousand dollars more in 1909. The results are considered to be more than satisfactory. Men and money have been brought in from all parts of Canada and from the United States.

Nearly every city of any size has a similar organization or an organization working along similar lines. Medicine Hat, the natural-gas town, exploits itself vigorously, using Kipling's phrase, "the town that was born lucky," on every bit of literature. Calgary has a Hundred Thousand Club, and Edmonton and Vancouver are actively at work. Even in the smaller places the commercial bodies and the business men chip in and get out some advertising. In addition, there is the vast exploitation by the big transcontinental lines that own millions of acres of land, by the land companies, by the mining companies and by the Government land offices. The big railroads maintain immigrant stations in the United States and Europe, where they tell of the wonders of the wheat belt.

Everybody is boosting, from laborer to captain of finance. They are looking for capital and for people, and they intend to get them if constant advertising can bring them in. "Canada," they say, "is in her short frocks. Come on, boys, and dress her up! The finest place in the world! The greatest opportunities in the world! Everything the greatest in the world! 'Rah—'rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!"

And, you know, they need the money.

Saving in Earnest

A CERTAIN accountant, earning thirty dollars a week, saves by a sliding percentage. During the first half of the month there is a payment on his home to be met, together with household and other expenses. So he saves ten per cent the first week—three dollars. But from his second and third pay envelopes he saves twenty per cent, and then in the last week of the month, when the man who saves what is left would probably have nothing, he contrives to put as much as possible into the nest-egg, taking care of all money obligations earlier in the month so that this percentage may be made from one-third to a clean half of the final week's salary. His month's savings stand thus:

First week, 10 per cent	$ 3.00
Second week, 20 per cent	6.00
Third week, 20 per cent	6.00
Fourth week	$10.00 to 15.00

This gives him average yearly savings of two hundred and fifty dollars, besides money paid on his home and for life insurance. In March and September, when insurance premiums are met and clothes bought, he sets aside nothing.

The president of a large manufacturing company urges his employees to save twenty per cent of their salaries regularly, not merely for the money gained, but because the company is anxious to promote those who can manage their own incomes—the same principles used in managing a ten-dollar salary, he says, can be applied to the management of a ten-million-dollar corporation.

Twenty per cent is a stiff ratio—it is almost one week's salary out of the month's income. The chief struggle in such a plan comes the first year, when, perhaps, the whole method of living must be adjusted. So the sliding percentage is often best to start with, instead of the out-and-out resolution to save twenty per cent.

Why You Should Wear

CRAVATS of "SUPERBA SILK"

"Superba" is a special fabric with strong body, hardy weave and peculiar fitness for men's wear,—not just common silk!

This fabric is 10% elastic wool surfaced with finest quality silk,—this means longer wear and fewer wrinkles.

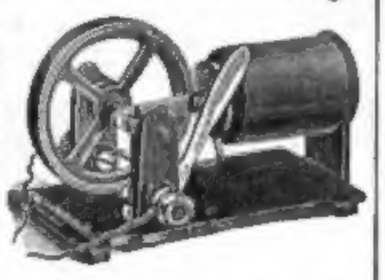
"Superba" shows pin-holes less than other silks because of its remarkable elasticity.

Shown by leading haberdashers in 50 plain fashionable shades, and 50c and $1.00 grades. If your dealer hasn't "Superba" we will forward cravat and free booklet on receipt of price.

H. C. COHN & COMPANY
Rochester New York

FREE With One Year's Subscription to

Popular Electricity



This electric engine is not a cheap cast-iron toy, but a perfect engine, built on scientific principles, with speed control and reversing lever. Runs 1000 revolutions a minute on one dry battery. Amusing and instructive for you and your friends.

Haven't You Often Said to Yourself: "I must read up on Electricity. I'm ashamed not to know what's what"? Thousands of people are saying that and it's for them and **you** that Popular Electricity is published. It's plumb full of interest to **everybody.** Written in plain every-day English that everybody can understand. Not dry and technical, though electrical workers wouldn't miss it for anything. Full of hints for efficiency and economy in business—interesting to the woman in the home, too. Tells all that's happening in the electrical world and has about 100 illustrations every month. Your boy will be delighted with the **Junior Section.** Give him a chance! He may have the making of an Edison in him. Send us $1 (Canadian $1.35, Foreign $1.50), our regular price for a year, and get this engine and Popular Electricity monthly for the next 12 months.

Popular Electricity Publishing Co., 1227 Monadnock Block, Chicago, Ill.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Window-glass lamp-chimneys are cheap, as paper-soled shoes are cheap—cheap to buy, but dear to use.

Macbeth on a lamp-chimney means it is made of tough glass, clear as crystal and that it won't break from heat.

Best grocers and lamp stores sell Macbeth Chimneys.

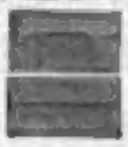
My lamp-chimney book insures your getting the right chimney for any lamp. It is free. Address

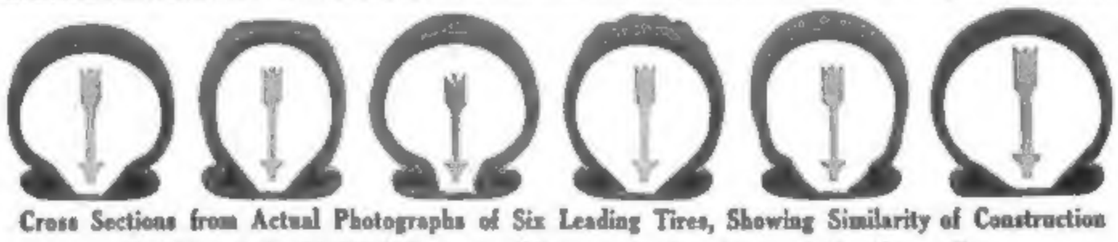
MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

Safety Razor Blades Made Sharper Than New 2½c 2 EA.

Dull razor blades resharpened by Kennedge Electric Process ("the only way"), 50c the dozen. 80,000 repeating customers. Send address for convenient mailing wrapper.

KENNEDGE CO., 401 Kennedge Building, CHICAGO





Cross Sections from Actual Photographs of Six Leading Tires, Showing Similarity of Construction

Outside of the STEIN the only difference in tires is a variation in quality.

All Alike but STEIN

The Stein Tire is the only tire on the market that makes "pinching," "chafing," or rotting of the inner tube impossible.

It is the only tire with a solid wall between the rim and inner tube.

It is the only tire that holds securely to the rim without lugs or bolts that would chafe the tube.

The casing cannot be injured by working loose or by the wearing of sand and dirt that works in behind the rim.

No internal trouble of any kind can occur. Punctures, deterioration, or any other trouble must come from without.

The over-lapping of the bead ends of the Stein keeps the inner tube wholly separated from the rim.

No dust or moisture can creep in. No rusting of the rim can rot the tube.

When the tire is inflated, the base is locked firmly and solidly to the rim.

Besides this unequaled advantage of the Lap-lock Base, the Stein is backed by the highest grade of material and workmanship.

It has a heavier tread (either wrapped or anti-skid), thicker walls at point of contact with the rim, and more plies of fabric in the casing than 95% of all other tires.

It is interchangeable, fitting all clincher and Q. D. rims.

THE STEIN DOUBLE-CUSHION TIRE COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Agencies in all Principal Cities

STEIN LAPLOCK TIRES

PATENTED

Send for Free Booklet "S" with Full Details

Make Money Enjoy Life

¶ Apples, pears and peaches realize $500 to $1000 per acre per year; berries and grapes $300 to $500 per acre; potatoes $150 to $250 per acre. You have a good income, from pleasurable work.

¶ And it gives you out-door life — contentment — health. It makes you one of the Nation's Providers, with a demand and a ready market for all you can supply.

¶ The irrigated lands in Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, reached by the Northern Pacific, offer the most profitable farming and fruit-growing opportunities to be found anywhere in the United States.

¶ Non-irrigated and "dry-farming" land, available at much lower prices, afford great returns from grain, grasses, alfalfa and forage crops.

In the Land of Fortune

¶ Cattle raising and dairying are exceedingly profitable pursuits. A certain man raising chickens on five acres averages $2,300 per year.

¶ The prize winning fruits nowadays almost invariably come from orchards in the Northwest. An Idaho man gave his family a vacation at the seashore on the season's proceeds from 11 peach trees!

¶ The climate and the soil are great factors in the popularity of this country. People are constantly buying Northwestern lands.

¶ The Northern Pacific extends into or through Minnesota, Wisconsin, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon. New rich territory is being opened up by extensions now building.

¶ Don't delay — clip the slip and send it tonight for information about the state that interests you and about the low one-way colonist fares effective daily from March 1 to April 15.

L. J. BRICKER, General Immigration Agent
A. M. CLELAND, Gen'l Pass. Ag't, St. Paul

NORTHERN PACIFIC

CLIP THE SLIP FOR A FARM HOME TIP

Name .....

Address .....

Send me information about .....

The popular reason for eating

Quaker Oats

A BIG dish of Quaker Oats for breakfast or supper with sugar and a little milk or cream is perfectly delicious; it is economical and wholesome.

These things furnish the popular reason for the tremendous consumption of Quaker Oats, exceeding all other oatmeals combined and greater than the consumption of any other food sold in packages.

The appetizing appearance, the rich, delicious flavor, the satisfaction of eating body-building, wholesome food and the great economy of it have been the things that won the millions of friends to Quaker Oats.

The family that eats frequently and plentifully of this delicious cereal is sure to be a family remarkable for good health and vigor; the baby, the school boy and girl, the college chap, the business man, the housewife and the old folks, all, will gain steadily on such food.

Economical, delicious, strengthening.

Regular size packages 10c, also packed in special round packages at 15c, and in the larger size family packages and in hermetically sealed tins for hot climates.

The Quaker Oats Company
CHICAGO

The 10c and 15c prices do not apply in the extreme South and the far West.

Slezak

The prince of all Grand Opera tenors, sings the great Italian arias that have made him the sensation of the Grand Opera Season in New York, *exclusively* for the Edison Phonograph, and they are rendered only on

Edison Amberol Records, the longest playing Records made

There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Amberol Records and get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us.

The Amberola

A new Edison Phonograph

combines all the tonal beauty of the other types of the Edison Phonograph, with the added richness, simplicity and charm of a masterpiece of cabinet work. The Amberola plays both Edison Standard and Edison Amberol Records. It is made in several finishes of Mahogany and Oak to harmonize with its surroundings in your home. Has drawers for holding 100 Records.

Standard Records, 35c. Amberol Records (play twice as long), 50c. Grand Opera Records, 75c. and $1.00.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY
11 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

In Oak and Mahogany Finish

Price $200.

Other Types of Edison Phonographs $12.50 to $125.